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CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K.C.B.

Arthur Helps

CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS K.C.B., D.C.L. EDITED BY HIS SON, E. A. HELPS

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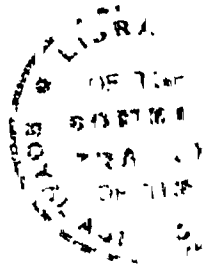

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PREFACE

In looking through my father's voluminous correspondence some years ago, I found so many letters of interest, that I determined to make a volume of them for private circulation. Various circumstances, however, prevented me from doing this, and I left them untouched for a long time. On taking them up again it seemed to me a pity to condemn them to oblivion, for they throw light upon one who in his generation had considerable influence, which was always used for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and who played a not insignificant part in the Victorian era. Also I think the letters will enable those of this rising generation, to whom Arthur Helps is a mere name, to understand the purpose of all his writings, whilst to those of his contemporaries and friends who remain—alas, but few—they would bring him to mind and renew old associations.

The collection, which covers a period from 1829–75, is one chiefly of letters bearing upon current politics and literature. It is, however, far from being a full and complete synopsis of my father's voluminous correspondence. There are gaps of many months, and even years, during which I am unable to chronicle any correspondence.

This is due to several causes. In the first place my father moved from London to the country, and

from thence to Kew, and at each move some papers of course were destroyed. Secondly, he had a dread lest correspondence relating to private and confidential matters, or indeed anything which might betray confidence or cause the slightest annoyance to any one, should ever be used, and I have of course respected his wishes, not only in the letter, but in the spirit. And all correspondence with Queen Victoria naturally passed into Her Majesty's possession. Still, I think there is sufficient matter of literary interest left in the letters selected, to justify their production.

To those of the rising generation who know nothing of Sir Arthur Helps's life and works, it may be well to say that from his position, both as a literary man, and as an official holding a post (that of Clerk of the Privy Council) which brought him into communication with the Ministers of successive Governments, he had a large circle of literary and official friends. Moreover, he was one to whom all sorts and conditions of men came for advice and sympathy. As the letters show, many of the high officers of the State with whom he was brought into relation during his occupancy of the Clerkship of the Council for fifteen years, became his friends.

A certain monotony in the letters arises from the fact that many of those to my father are in acknowledgment of his books. It was his practice for many years to send a copy of any new writing to a certain number of his friends, and to those from whom he had received books. This was his way of keeping in touch with his friends, and of endeavouring to interest them in matters which he had at heart. Moreover he was not given to writing letters, even to his most intimate friends, without some strong reason.

I have included some articles written by him in *Fraser's Magazine* in the sixties, giving his views on certain political and social problems, as they bear upon questions of the day.

I am much indebted to Mr. Alexander Carlyle for finding and sending to me four further letters from Sir A. Helps to Carlyle. Unfortunately these arrived too late to be embodied in the book, but they are to be found in an appendix at the end.

E. A. HELPS.

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INTRODUCTION

ARTHUR HELPS was born in July, 1813, at Balham Hill, where his family resided. His father, Thomas Helps, was the head of a large Mercantile House in the City of London. Judging by a "Declaration" of the Ward of Cripplegate, of the 11th December, 1820, in which he heads the list of persons in the Ward, he seems to have taken a prominent position in it, and to have been a loyal subject, for the Declaration is to the effect—"That we view with the greatest disapprobation and abhorrence the attempts which factious and designing men have long been making, in an infinite variety of ways, to excite disaffection in the country, and their endeavour, by degrees, to bring into contempt the Christian religion, the sacred person of the King, the administration of justice, and all our venerable and invaluable institutions: convinced, as we are, that at whatever sacrifice it may be of the happiness or property of their fellow-countrymen the ultimate object of the founders of these attempts is to subvert the established order of Society and the Constitution of the Kingdom." (History repeats itself: some people would say this "Declaration" is not out of date.)

Thomas Helps was also Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital for many years, and his name etc., appears in one of the windows of the Chapel. He married Ann Frisquett Plucknett, the only surviving

child of John, fourth son of the Rev. C. Plucknett, of Wincanton, and his wife Hester Heaven, of Lundy Island.* The family tradition is that Mrs. Helps was a clever and remarkably cultivated woman, with a keen appreciation of literature, which was not a very common trait in her day. Her portraits, in which the eyes are luminously intelligent, show her to have been an attractive personality. It seems probable that Arthur Helps derived his intellectual qualities from her: his father was a man of marked ability and of a very benevolent disposition.

Arthur Helps was the fourth and youngest son. Thomas Williams the eldest, a barrister by profession, survived him. Of the others one died in middle age, and the other died in early life from injuries received in the hunting field.

He showed marked intelligence at a very early age: at eight years he could read Greek. He was sent to a preparatory school, and then to Eton, where he soon showed his literary proclivities, for he was one of the founders of the school magazine, among the contributors to which were many boys distinguished in after life. He was a delicate boy, and made no mark in school games—he was a "wet bob." One of his contemporaries, an elderly clergyman, told me that he remembered seeing him as a small boy sitting over the fire receiving insult and injury from a big bully, with apparent meekness, when suddenly he jumped up with a red-hot poker and made for his adversary, who fled. From Eton he went to

* The Plucknetts, according to their genealogy in my possession, were descended from a Norman stock, which goes back to Hugo de Pluggenet in 1155, who is described as in high favour with the Empress Maud, from whose son, Henry II., he obtained the grants of the Manor and lands of Hedendune in Berkshire. The modern Plucknetts can be traced back without a break to William Plucknett of Milton Port in Somersetshire, who died in 1541.

Trinity College, Cambridge. He took his B.A. degree in 1835. His health was not very good whilst at the University, and he seems to have devoted himself to general reading rather than to any special studies; also he made his maiden effort in literature in "Thoughts on the Cloister and the Crowd," a curiously mature book for a man of his age. He came out thirty-first wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos. In after years I often heard him dilate upon the high value of Mathematics in training the mind to concentration, accuracy, and clear thinking.

That he was regarded as a man of superior gifts is evident, for he was elected a member of the "Apostles," which then included such men as Tennyson, F. D. Maurice, Monckton-Milnes, Richard Chenevix Trench, Charles Buller, and Arthur Hallam. He made many life-long friends, chief among whom were Robert Phelps, afterwards Master of Sydney Sussex College, Stephen Spring Rice, and Kingsley.

He entered the public service as private secretary to Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle), Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Melbourne's Administration. In 1840 he went to Ireland as private secretary to Lord Morpeth (afterwards Lord Carlisle), who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland, and he occupied this post until the fall of the Melbourne Government in 1841.

In 1836 he married Elizabeth Fuller, daughter of Captain Edward Fuller and Elizabeth Blennerhassett daughter of the Rev. John Blennerhassett of Tralee (the Fuller family claims descent from Thomas Fuller, the author of the "Church History of Britain"). From 1840–41 A. H. and his wife lived in quarters in Dublin Castle. Shortly after leaving Ireland he was appointed one of the Commissioners of French, Spanish and Danish claims—claims relating

to the bombardment of Copenhagen. When the Commission came to an end, he devoted himself to study and literary work, writing "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," in which he embodied the results of his official experience. Later on he wrote two historical plays: *Catherine Douglas* and *Henry II.*, but his most serious thoughts were being given to social reforms, such as the need for better sanitation in large towns, and the economic conditions of labour. He visited several great industries, and in 1844 wrote "The Claims of Labour," in which the distressed condition of the labouring classes, the relations bewteen master and man, and the sanitary state of dwellings, are considered by the light of the Reports of that day presented to Parliament, and remedial measures were suggested by him. Any one taking up this book now cannot fail to be struck by its modernity, and I think it will be admitted that his foresight, in this, and other subjects, was far in advance of his generation. Many reforms he advocated have since been carried out. About this time he joined Kingsley in the writing of a series of papers called "Politics for the People."

At the death of his father, a house in Chester Square (No. 46) had been left to him, and he lived there until 1843, when he bought a house in Hampshire. This was a queer, old-fashioned, rambling house, called Vernon Hill, after Admiral Vernon of Portobello fame, who had lived there. It stood on the top of a hill, and commanded fine views stretching away to the Isle of Wight, with the village of Bishops-Waltham, the ruins of a palace of Henry II., and a small lake in the foreground. There were woods near, and downs, called Stephen Castle Downs.

At Vernon Hill many of the walks and discussions described in "Friends in Council" took place, and

among those who joined in them were Charles Kingsley, the Doyles, Dr. Phelps, George Lewes, W. G. Clark (public orator Cambridge), Carlyle, Emerson, Theodore Martin, and Woolner. Arthur Helps entered into country life with zest. He added land to the house, enlarged it, and took up farming on a modest scale. He took great delight in laying out plantations about the house, which reminds me of a saying of his in after years, when leaving Hampshire and asked what sort of a situation he preferred, " Vast woods at the back and a cabstand in front," was the answer.

His democratic sympathies were noticeable, for he established friendly relations with all his poorer neighbours: he had the faculty of placing people entirely at their ease and drawing out their best. In several ways he endeavoured to make their lives brighter: a lending library was greatly appreciated, for in those days books were scarce in the country. He never cared for country sports; his humanitarianism forbade shooting or hunting, but he was a good, though careless horseman—he would, when meditating, forget where he was, and allow the reins to drop on his horse's neck—and a cool and skilful whip.

To return to his literary work, in 1847 he wrote " Friends in Council," a series of essays on social and political questions. In this book he adopted a method he employed in many other writings—the discussion or criticism of each essay by an imaginary coterie of friends, of opposite characters and opinions. These essays became very popular, and the different characters became as it were materialised to readers.

At the time of the Chartist troubles in 1848 he went out as a special constable, and afterwards wrote a pamphlet on the subject, which is included in this volume. It may be said here that, strictly speaking,

he belonged to no political party. He called himself a liberal-conservative, but could not be justly labelled as of the camp of any party.

For a long time he had been oppressed by the evil of slavery—one of the essays in "Friends in Council" treats of this—and he now felt moved to show how it came to pass that in the West Indies and South America these countries came to be peopled by a race not native to the soil; "how the black people came to the New World; how the brown people faded away from certain countries, and what part the white race had in these doings." He, therefore, after consulting many Spanish authorities, wrote "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen." This "sketch," as he afterwards called it, led him to see that there was much to be told about these early discoveries and conquests in America which was not to be found in history, and he determined to pursue his studies further, and with a wider scope. This involved much labour and two visits to Madrid, to consult authorities and obtain copies of MSS., etc., for, as he says, his story lay sometimes wholly at the Court of Spain, sometimes wholly in the New World. He spent seven years in writing this history (The "Spanish Conquest in America"). The work, though I believe it is now considered a standard authority on the subject, at that time did not meet with the reception it deserved. The author's method was totally different from that of the historian of that day. There is nothing of the partisanship or enthusiasm that were then looked for in any historical writings, and no doubt the continual interruptions caused by the author stopping to balance motives, analyse character, and philosophize (defects, if so, subsequently remedied), did detract from its continuity. Its accuracy has never been impugned, and

I have seen a letter from an American historian describing it as "a book which does the soul good to read."

Whilst engaged upon this history he turned aside and wrote "Companions of my Solitude," which treated of certain social evils. In 1851 he was greatly moved by Mrs. Stowe's book, and he addressed an open letter to Charles Eliot Norton on the subject of slavery (which is to be found among the letters of this volume); he also wrote a second series of "Friends in Council." In 1853, when the sanitary condition of London was attracting much attention, owing to the fear of an epidemic of cholera, he endeavoured to promote a scheme for aiding local boards of health by means of a health fund, to be raised by public subscription, "to carry out a system of efficient sanitary action." He wrote a pamphlet called "Thoughts for next Summer," and enlisted the sympathy of many friends in his project, but it fell through from the lack of public support. In 1858 he also wrote a tragedy, "Oulita, the Serf," in which the evils of serfdom were depicted.

At one period of his life he felt strongly impelled, as the letters show, to enter Parliament to advocate the reforms he had at heart, and as a speaker he would certainly have made his mark in Parliament, for he spoke with ease and eloquence. He was conscious of his gifts as an orator, for in a letter to an old and greatly esteemed friend—Lord Monteagle—he wrote: "What I am going to say will probably astonish you, but the truth is I am a speaker rather than a writer, and have always been so. I never feel so much myself as when I see a great number of heads looking up to me, and waiting to hear what I shall say next. My usual shyness and timidity vanish, the subject arranges itself before me in a

clearer manner than I ever see it elsewhere. I have presence of mind on these occasions to abridge here, and enlarge there, accordingly as I see my audience coming to, or going from me: in a word, I was born a speaker as my father was before me." Later in life he considerably modified the opinions expressed here, as one of his letters shows.

He would not have stood the storm and stress of parliamentary strife, and the chicanery of party politics would soon have disgusted him.

In this connexion I may say that all his writings were dictated and often sent to press without correction. His daughter Alice for many years, and until the last, was his devoted literary assistant and amanuensis.

In 1860 he re-entered official life. Lord Palmerston, who had previously offered him the Chair of Modern History at Oxford, offered him the Clerkship of the Privy Council, vacated by the Hon. W. L. Bathurst. This post he accepted, and held until his death.

The chief work of the Privy Council was the drawing up, submitting to Her Majesty, and registering, etc., of Orders in Council, which deal with many appointments and matters, both at home and abroad. His official duties brought him into contact with all the chief officers of State and the chief members of the Government of the day. His discretion and reserve led to his being treated with confidence by men of the most opposite views in politics, and his judgment was often sought. He made many personal friends—as the letters show—chief among whom were Lord Palmerston, Lord Granville, and W. E. Forster. With the last mentioned his friendship was intimate. Mr. Bryant, Mr. Forster's private secretary, in writing to me says: "He told me at

your father's death that Sir Arthur was the one man whose opinion he sought to have, and cared for."

Those who worked under him at the Privy Council Office were devoted to him. An amusing story is told of his quiet correction of a clerk convicted on several occasions of coming late to the office. The clerk who had left "Men of the Time" on his desk, found a slip inserted in the book, on which was written, "It appears to Sir Arthur Helps that Mr. —— is a man *after* his time."

The Privy Council Office in those days had a considerable literary reputation, for Henry Reeve, the Registrar of the Privy Court of Appeal, was the Editor of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and the Rev. W. Harness, Registrar of Clergy Returns, who had been a friend of Byron, was a brilliant writer.

In consequence of the increasing work entailed by the Orders in Council respecting the movement of cattle under the Cattle Diseases Act, a separate department was added to the Privy Council Office for dealing with infectious diseases, and the transit of animals was also placed under its jurisdiction. Arthur Helps, who was the Chairman of the Committee for dealing with these matters, was able to put a stop to much cruelty, and to ameliorate the conditions of the carriage of cattle by sea and land, so as to lessen their sufferings—a most congenial task to him.

In arranging or attending Privy Councils his duties of necessity brought him into official relations with the Queen and the Prince Consort. They soon recognized his faithful and chivalrous nature, and treated him as a friend. The Prince Consort my father held in great esteem. He considered him a man of the highest principle, remarkably well-informed on many subjects, with the uncommon

combination of a love of science and art. In 1862 Her Majesty asked Arthur Helps to edit for private circulation a selection of his speeches and addresses (afterwards published by the Queen's desire in 1863), and he gave a sketch of the Prince's character which by those who knew him best was considered to show great insight and truth. Indeed, I fancy it led to the demands made upon him at the death of any eminent man for an *In Memoriam* from his pen; in a letter to me he says, "I feel now I am as certain to be called in as the undertaker." *

His admiration for the Prince's character was no doubt a bond between him and the Queen. Her Majesty subsequently asked him to undertake the editing of the extracts from her Journal, published under the title of "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," a somewhat difficult and delicate task. The book was a great success, and was translated into several languages.

It was not only in the editing of books, however, that he served the Queen. His wise and impartial judgment, and knowledge of men and affairs were ever at her command, and were often sought. As the editor of the "Life of Queen Victoria," in mentioning his services to Her Majesty writes, "he was also much in her confidence, and aided and advised her in her private and personal affairs until his death."

In the 'sixties a bed of clay was discovered on his estate, which experts declared to be of considerable value in the manufacture of a hard blue brick, and also for terra-cotta. Arthur Helps, who was of a somewhat sanguine temperament in regard to his own affairs, thought he saw his way to the establishment

* He wrote notices "In Memoriam" of Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, Dickens, and Kingsley.

of a great industry, in which he hoped to carry out his ideal of the right relation between capital and labour, and he embarked upon the development of the work with great interest. Several of his friends joined him in a company to carry on the manufacture. The enterprise, however, failed, for it was found that the cost of fuel and the transit of goods swallowed up the profits; and that, though the output was of good quality, it could not compete with that of Staffordshire; also the company were unfortunate in their managers. Arthur Helps had invested nearly all his capital in the company, and his losses were very heavy: his affairs were embarrassed for some years, and the trouble and worries affected his health.

His losses obliged him to give up his estate in Hampshire, but the Queen offered him one of her houses at Kew Gardens, which he accepted. The house had a private entry to the gardens, and my father greatly delighted in strolling in them after a hard day's work in London. Here, too, he found a congenial friend in Sir Joseph Hooker, and in the intervals of his literary and official work cultivated his neighbours. Kew in those days was a very different place to Kew as it now is, spoilt and vulgarised by tea-gardens and motor-cars.

From this time he employed his leisure in writing upon those subjects which from early years had claimed his most serious thoughts, and which he had most earnestly at heart. Some of these writings, such as "Thoughts upon Government," and "War and Culture," deal with political reform; others, like "Brevia" and "Social Pressure," with social questions. He even used the drama, allegory, and fiction, as in *Oullta, Realmah* and *Casimir Maremma*, to gain the interest of his readers in the causes he

advocated. In all his later writings he often returned to the matters treated of in his earlier books, endeavouring to drive home his arguments with increased force and wealth of illustration.

In 1864 the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. He was made C.B. in 1871, and K.C.B. in the following year.

In 1875 his health had not been very good for some time, and he contracted a chill in attending a levee, held by the Prince of Wales. An attack of pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs followed, and he succumbed to this on the 7th March, after a few days' illness.

The following notice of his death appeared in the *Court Circular*:—

"By the death of Sir Arthur Helps the Queen has sustained a loss which has caused her Majesty great affliction. As a loyal subject and as a kind friend, he rendered to her Majesty many important services. He assisted with a delicacy of feeling and an amount of sympathy which her Majesty can never forget, in the publication of her records of the Prince Consort's speeches and of her 'Life in the Highlands,' to which he willingly devoted the powers of his enlightened and accomplished mind. The Queen feels that in him she has lost a true and devoted friend."

To give a true impression of any man must always be a difficult task, for the biographer cannot possibly understand and appreciate all sides of a man's character: in description he will probably gravitate towards those which appeal most to him, and in weighing the available evidence in favour of his own views he is very likely to lose all sense of proportion.

A son, in attempting to describe his father's character, is naturally prone to be partial and limited in his estimate, for he has known him chiefly, if not entirely, from one point of view. However, in

my case there was a closer and more enduring bond between father and son than is usual, though there was thirty years' difference in age between us, and this close association lasted until I had attained the age of twenty-six and took up an appointment abroad. To me he was from boyhood a delightful companion, and, as I grew older, a most sympathetic friend and adviser, always tolerant and patient of youthful views, however extravagant.

As regarded the material welfare of his children and their mental and physical development he was certainly not as anxious as the modern parent, nor was he particularly clear-sighted either as to their worldly interests or prospects in life. Indeed, in the matter of providing for his sons he was more likely to interest himself for a friend's son, than for his own. He loved to have his family about him and to make them happy, and would have been content to keep them always at home if possible. He was always interesting and suggestive in his talk to them, not discussing people or trivial matters, but current views and topics of interest. He was worshipped by all his dependants, being ever kind, considerate, and just to them. He had a naturally sweet disposition and equable temper, but cruelty or injustice to men or animals moved him to a wrath, furious, deep, and fierce.

He had great tenderness for the lower animals—indeed this moved him to write " Animals and their Masters," in which " the enormous extent of thoughtless and purposeless cruelty to animals " is discussed in all its bearings with much learned illustration by the " Friends in Council." He was a great lover of dogs : I have a vivid recollection of his pleasure in the society of two of my dogs—a greyhound and a bull-terrier, for I often found the terrier ensconced

comfortably in his study in one of the two arm-chairs, while the greyhound would delicately and deliberately insert himself at my father's back and gradually oust him from the other, but he would never turn them out, and they imposed upon his good nature in every way.

I also remember an amusing episode in connexion with a tame jackdaw I had, which turned out a perfect terror and imp of mischief. When detected in some felonious act it would fly at the hand of the disturber, and with shrill cries inflict sharp pecks. It attacked my father one day, when, in self-defence, he struck at it with a stick he had in his hand and apparently killed it, to his great dismay. He came full of contrition to tell me this, and we went to the place where he had left Jack motionless, to find him very much alive, though in a chastened spirit.

As all who knew him are aware, he had a hatred of war, a disbelief in competitive examinations, and was ever oppressed by a sense of the evils of crowding, unhealthy dwellings, and insanitation in large cities. But he never intruded these subjects in conversation, and in his writings he never suppressed any facts which militated against his views, and was always perfectly fair to those whose opinions differed from his, nor, except now and then in his writings, did he ever give rein to the keen vein of satire which he possessed.

It is noticeable in his historical writings that he was rarely carried away by enthusiasm, and that he never withheld anything which detracted from the greatness of his hero, but held the balance evenly. Yet surely he must be regarded as an idealist, for his chief work, which entailed years of close labour, was undertaken to " afford the least aid or enlightenment to those who would legislate merely upon

matters connected with slavery or colonization." Of inaccuracy he had a perfect horror, and was very impatient of it in any shape or form. As one who knew him well wrote of him: "No expenditure of toil or money did he ever allow to stand between him and a truth, of whatever kind. Were the only copy of a manuscript at Simancas, to Simancas he would go—were a book written in a language he did not know (bitter experience had given him an absolute distrust of translations) he would learn that language." He was a master of three modern languages, French, Italian and Spanish, and late in life took up German. His memory was extraordinarily retentive. Scientific theories, such as the nebular theory, interested him greatly, and he had a great reverence for scientific men.

He was not greatly interested in art, though, as his letters show, he had considerable intuition, and I think he liked quiet English scenery, and especially forests and downs, more than the grandeur of the Alps—a not uncommon attitude in the Victorian era. But for music he had a great love, and it always seemed to set his thoughts in train: he preferred simple tuneful music to severely classical.

His personal tastes were of the simplest. He did not care what he ate or drank, and was quite devoid of any personal vanity; indeed, his indifference to such things was sometimes a trial to his family.

Though much sought after in society he preferred quiet domestic life—a book, a rubber, or some music. He cared little for the things that agitate mankind—party politics, sport, society, amusements, though he was, of course, obliged to go into society a great deal, and was closely interested in politics bearing on war or social conditions.

He delighted in hospitality to old and young, and

at Vernon Hill, in the 'sixties, would often entertain guests of light and leading in literature, who in those days afforded a curious contrast to the country neighbours of our remote district.

His sense of humour was very keen, and I believe it often mitigated the tedium inseparable from his official life. A scene flashes across my memory in which his sense of humour overcame his indignation. In taking a country walk we were caught in a storm, and found ourselves, wet through, at a little roadside station, where we proposed to take shelter. The doors were locked, and after much shouting and knocking the station-master appeared at a window and refused us entrance. My father then poured forth a flood of impassioned scathing eloquence, denouncing his folly and inhumanity, of which I remember the words: "Sir, humanity shudders." I subsided into laughter at the poor station-master's astonished face, in which my father after a few moments joined heartily—the station-master, overcome, admitted us.

Were I asked what his aims were in life, and what really interested him, I should say his writings abundantly show this. He was animated by a desire to arouse men to a sense of the horrors, miseries, and brutalities of war, and to improve the condition of his poorer fellow creatures—to make men think of these things. Nearly everything that he wrote bears directly or indirectly upon these subjects. He did not write for fame, and was singularly devoid of ambition. He appreciated, however, the honours bestowed upon him. As he says in discussing the question of an honour bestowed by the State, "It should not only be a recognition of past services, but it should also give increased weight and influence to

a man who will continue to be of service to the State."

To conclude, I would quote what some of his contemporaries, who knew him well, wrote of him :—

Ruskin.—" He always exercised his influence, both in speech and writing, for the benefit of his fellow creatures." *Charles Eliot Norton,* in writing to him, says : " You enjoy what I believe to be the highest reward of authorship, far higher than any worldly fame ; the knowledge that what you have written has been, and is, of service to others, helping them in difficulties, encouraging them in disappointment, and stimulating them to exertion in doing their part of the work which is to be done in the world." *Sir Theodore Martin.*—" No man was more eager to do what he might towards obviating and curing the folly, stupidity, and lethargy, to which so much of the misery, the ill-health, the suffering, and the sin of the world is due." *Dr. Phelps,* the Master of Sydney Sussex College, who had known him from his college days, wrote : " Your father was unquestionably the finest character I have ever met with. No other influence was ever so good to me as my acquaintance with him. I am not surprised at the estimation in which he was held by the Queen. She, who sees so many, and who is said to have in a very high degree the power of discerning and appreciating the character of those she admits to her presence, could not fail to form a very high estimate of him, whose loss I shall deplore till my last day." *Lord Chief Justice Coleridge,* a friend of forty years, wrote : " He was widely known and greatly beloved. But I have known him for many years, he knew me by calling me his friend, and I cannot bear to keep absolute silence when he is taken from us. For he was not only a wise and thoughtful counsellor

to me—that he was to all the world in his books—but a genial and kindly and warm friend, and the personal loss is even greater than the public."

In conclusion I give a letter from the Prince of Wales.

Marlborough House,
March 8, 1875.

DEAR LADY HELPS,

Although I hardly like to intrude so soon on your great grief—still, as I was on terms of the greatest intimacy with your poor husband, I cannot refrain from writing to express to you how deeply and sincerely the Princess and myself condole and sympathize with you at the irreparable loss you have sustained. There is no one for whom I entertained a greater regard and I may say affection, as there were so many matters about which I had occasion to consult him, and his advice was of the greatest value to me. To the Queen his loss will be indeed an irreparable one, and to all those who had the advantage of knowing him. Of his public services I hardly like to speak—as they were so well known and justly appreciated.

Once more, dear Lady Helps, allow me in the Princess's name and my own to express our deep sympathy for you, and

Believe me,
Very truly yours,
ALBERT EDWARD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K.C.B.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K.C.B.

ARTHUR HELPS regularly corresponded with his elder brother, Thomas Williams, a barrister living in Dean's Yard, Westminster, who took an affectionate interest in his younger brother's welfare, and was proud of his success as a writer. The first letter is from A. H. when at Eton to him.

To T. W. HELPS.

Eton,
June, 10, 1829.

MY DEAR WILLIAMS,

It was a very good Montem, at least so the townspeople say who are the best judges, and also a good collection, between 12 and 13 hundred pounds, but it was a miserable day for me, as after walking three times round the yard, which you must well remember is very fatiguing, particularly so this time, as it took us more than an hour, I had such a headache that I could hardly look up for the rest of the day. I am very sorry to hear of the general poverty of the family, I certainly expected to have seen you yesterday, there were quite *gangs* of old Etonians here, one of the name of Hanley, told me he had been your fag formerly, and that you were a remarkably good fellow in those days, I told him you

had altered. Talking of gangs reminds me that in your letter you call the Etonians "Latrones," which in English from its derivation you must be aware particularly applies to pick-pockets, now we consider ourselves very much above that part of the business, and think that "Itinerum grapsatores" is the only epithet that can be applied to such a noble gang who, according to the newspapers, are taught to rob by *rule*. But to return to the subject of poverty, which I know will be so interesting to you, the time for me to give the 5th form supper approaches, and I have left at present the immense sum of three half-pence to provide the said supper. I offered to provide the wine for my share, but they would not agree, in fact they wanted to do the same thing themselves, so it was divided between two of us, my share being 1 of Sherry, 3 of Moselle, 1 of Bucellas besides 2£, the others have 3£, but then if wanted I can give my remove money and I wish of course to do with the least I can. If either of those wines are expensive. You can send others, so that they are light wines, but no Port. But I am talking to you as if you were to be the donor, whereas I *only* request you to mention it to my father.

Your affectionate brother,

ARTHUR HELPS.

Professor Anster, to whom some of the letters herein are written, was a life-long friend of Arthur Helps, who had made his acquaintance when he was acting as private secretary to Lord Morpeth (afterwards Lord Carlisle), Secretary for Ireland. He was a writer of some distinction: he is best known by

his translation of "Faust." His handwriting was very difficult to decipher, and I have been obliged to omit some apparently very interesting letters from him on the state of Ireland, as I could not read them. My father on going abroad asks him to write "one of those Rosetta stone inscriptions, which I can diligently decipher during some long journey in a diligence, which when made out are very pleasant, but Heaven knows how much of the pleasure consists in the overcoming a difficulty." He adds, "It has as many readings as a difficult passage of Sophocles."

The following passage from a letter to Professor Anster refers to Arthur Helps's second book. (He wrote "Thoughts on the Cloister and the Crowd," at the age of twenty-three, whilst at Cambridge.)

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

November 12, 1841.

I am glad to find that you hear pleasant things about the Essays *—so do I—for the publisher told a friend of mine that *he did not think I should lose much by it*, which is an extremely pleasant hearing. Lord Monteagle says that Sir Hastings Doyle (is not that his name) actually made £9 by his poems, a thing the like of which has not happened, I imagine, to any young poet for a long time. What should we do if one were to make so much by a poem. I should change it into coppers—melt them down—and have a bust, not of myself but of my publisher made out of the metal, the publisher being taken in a thoughtful attitude composing, or giving directions for, an elaborate puff.

* "Essays written in the Intervals of Business."

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

46, Chester Sq.,
November 8, 1842.

I was very glad to get your letter. I have half a mind to go and buy up all the copies of the "Faust"* remaining in Longman's hands, and to persuade them that there is such a general call for the book that they must require your attendance forthwith. Seriously though, I do trust you may find your way here at no distant period, and mind, whenever you have determined to do so, write and tell me.

Since my last letter to you I have seen Lord Morpeth; he is looking very well. I did not attempt to extract his opinions of the Americans; indeed to my mind there is nothing more disagreeable than being cross-questioned in that manner, perhaps it is because I myself am never prepared (to use an official phrase) to give off-hand opinions about large classes of human beings, still less of nations. There is always so much to be said, that one view, however faithful in itself, seems to be insufficient, if not incorrect. But to go back to the Americans—if the extracts which I have seen from Dickens's book are average specimens of the book, why then, after all Mrs. Trollope's account is not so far wrong. By the way, I must tell you an Americanism which if you never heard me tell it before, will delight you. About a year and a half ago there was a batch of Americans in London: I do not know what they came about;

* Anster had just published his translation of "Faust."

but, however, one morning they went to breakfast with a man who rejoiced in a cast of the Venus de Medici. One of the Americans, after looking at the statue, observed to the host, "I guess, Mr. —— you've fixed that stone girl well." Repeat this to yourself with the proper nasal twang and it will have a good effect. . . .

I have been reading Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," a very remarkable book—very hard to understand, although it is written with admirable method. I do not know whether it would interest you, but if it comes in your way look at it.

I saw by the papers some time ago that you were chairman of some meeting to glorify Mr. Montgomery. You remember what Charles Lamb said to some poor puzzled creature who asked him something about Coleridge's deep sayings in divinity. "Oh, it's only his fun"—Coleridge's *fun* upon such a subject!! So when I read about this meeting I said to myself, "It's only Anster's fun." But really now, Anster, is this said Montgomery a poet? If so I have been very remiss, for I have never read a line of his.

Talking of poetry puts me in mind of Macaulay's "Lays." For me such things have no interest whatever. It is like fortifying Paris—an attempt to return to a past age which one feels to be hopeless. But I must confess I do not delight in border minstrelsy in general. Its simplicity has no charm for me. I want more stuff in it.

Always yours,
ARTHUR HELPS

To T. W. HELPS.

August, 1843.

. . . Touching politics there is little to be said. I hear that the Session will crawl on till the end of this month; this however will be very little matter, as by that time there will be a Parliament in Dublin, the "Preservation Society." What a name! I will tell you a thing which I heard yesterday that I have not heard remarked before. I was calling upon a lady, and the conversation turned upon railroads; and she said she had noticed a decided improvement in county society since the existence of railroads. The people came up to town, and though it might be only for a few days, it seemed to open their minds greatly. I have often thought how sad a thing it is for the poor being stuck down in one place, and having so little to compare—but what good it must do a county justice, or a Lincolnshire parson to come up to London, and actually discover that there is a conglomeration of eighteen hundred thousand persons not one of whom takes off his hat to him—and the poor justice or parson does not see his way to putting them all in the stocks.

I am afraid I have no time for more. I am going to that delight of my life—the British Empire. We are to have a general meeting there to-day—a thing to which Directors, however honest, naturally entertain a great repugnance. There is no knowing what anybody may say. There is a Mr. Alchaley or some such name, who, Buckingham says, attends public meetings with a view to making them go off unpleasantly—a noble way of spending life. I have

reserved the tail of this letter in order to give you the news of the day if I should find any to give. The only noticeable thing in last night's debate as far as I can judge from the summary is Mr. Cochrane's speech in which he attacks Peel for his strict discipline (and the *Times* says there was a marked cry of "hear hear" from members in the back Ministerial benches). Sir R. P. in the same debate remarks naïvely enough "that he believed the established church of Ireland had been and would be one of the strongest links of union between the two countries!" What a power of countenance a man must have to say these things.

There is not a bad joke current about Young England. A knot of steady-going Ministerialists were talking over the demands of Young England, when one of them observed, "What a fool Old England must have been to have got such a son."

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

Weybridge Common, Surrey,
August 27, 1843.

We have been at this place, which is about 17 miles from London, and close to a station on the Southampton Railway, for some weeks; and we intend to remain here for 7 weeks more. I like this part of the country very much, and then the opportunity of getting up to town in about an hour's time is at present very convenient to me, as I am obliged to be frequently in London.

I enclose you a critique in the *Athenæum* which is the counterpart of one in the *Examiner*, at least as regards my being an imitator of Henry Taylor.

I do not think either of these Reviewers was actuated by any ill-will or intentional unfairness. On the contrary, I believe they would have been glad to praise if they could—but they give their opinions: and the world will follow—*for a time*: for, after all, that impartial thing "the stream-like public ever the same and never the same," as Lavater calls it, finds out eventually the merit of a thing, if it has any. So I keep up my spirits and work away as if I had some acknowledged claim upon the world's attention. Enough of authorship.

What are you doing? Second part of Fausting? or other things? or proving that maniacs are not so mad as they might be? By the way it is a shame that I never read your paper on that subject. But I did not care about the matter, and could not whip myself up to caring about it. I can well imagine though that as a branch of the metaphysics of law it would interest you greatly. . . .

Touching politics, what is to be said? It seems to me that one of the most melancholy of all conceivable sessions has passed away, leaving only the gaps for things that might or ought to have been done. As far as I can see into these matters, I am very sorry that those alterations have been made in the H. of Commons, in the Libel Bill, which is, I take it, the important measure of the Session.

. . . I don't know whether I ever told you—but Phelps, whom you remember meeting at my house, has been elected Master of his College, Sidney-Sussex, Cambridge. I am very glad for his sake; but it is a melancholy thing to find one's friends and

companions becoming great dignitaries, and showing tendencies to wear shovel hats. It makes one feel prematurely old and dull. I don't know anything that startles one more than to find that a rollicking, roystering, practical-joke sort of a man, whom one used to laugh with or at, at college, has become a schoolmaster; or a popular preacher. One does not see the end of it. One almost feels as if one might get up some morning and find oneself in a similar, strange, predicament. It shakes one's faith in any stability in human nature. One tries to think what the boys think of Mr. ——, and whether they would believe you if you were to enlighten them a little.

Never mind, Anster, let all the world put shovel hats on their minds, we will resist, and will laugh as much as we can, and as long as we can, despite even of reviewers.

There's a sentiment for you, as they say at a public dinner.

Ever yours,
A. H.

From his next letter to his brother (of September 7, 1843) I extract an amusing passage.

. . . As regards politics the usual fishiness prevails. I do not see that O'Connell loses ground at all. It has been a great Godsend to the newspapers the Queen going over to France, and has prevented many murders which must otherwise have been committed to fill their fearful columns. I suppose that evening papers are not expected to provide murders, which must always make a wide difference between their rank and

that of the first-rate morning papers, who can order anything to be done, in any quarter of the world.

Having nothing particular to say, I will tell you an anecdote which I heard the other day. There is an Irish gentleman of great landed estate, who in former days commenced a speculation of this nature. He used to buy up, or take as rent, all his tenants' corn, and was very unfortunate in his speculation, became an embarrassed man, and it was many years before he extricated himself.

However he did extricate himself, and now in his old age he has commenced the former speculation. His son remonstrates vehemently. "Ah, my dear boy," rejoins the old man, "whence should one find one's money, but where one lost it?" Is this not the perfection of a Smithian argument? Can you hesitate to subscribe largely to the good luck mine?

Writing a few days later to his brother, who was abroad, he writes on Free Trade with a curious foresight.

To T. W. HELPS.

Vernon Hill,
September 13, '43.

I have just received your letter from Venice. I can easily imagine how much you must have been annoyed by the prevailing filth of Italy, people who think Balham not over clean, and Chester Square positively dirty.

However that part of Kate * (whatever small bit it may be) which is brought back again will be very tolerant for the future of nice English dirt.

* His sister-in-law.

We also have had our adventures with poisonous creatures, for we have caught what our nurse calls a "hadder," but to be sure there is some trifling difference between finding such a thing in your asparagus beds and in your bedroom.

Politics are very insipid. The *Times* is attacking the *Quarterly* for its defence of the Government; what a difference of feeling there will be whenever another election comes. I was sitting next to a farmer yesterday in the railroad train, and he was intent on an anti-corn land league pamphlet. He might have been reading it as an adversary, perhaps intending to answer it—but if these things are read by farmers, what progress it makes in the cause of free trade.

The result of my recent studies in political economy is that there are things yet to be said, and views to be taken, which the world is hardly aware of, notwithstanding the subject has been so vexed. What I mean is, not that there is anything new to be said for the old system, but that the mode in which a new one ought to be carried out is not yet seen by statesmen.

These articles in Kemble's review are most surprising things. They were written by a man whom I have met, of the name of Banfield, and who I suppose has had the best opportunities of making himself acquainted with the financial and commercial state of continental countries of any European living.

He was Private Secretary to one of the smaller princes, I forget whom. He married a German woman, and has lived among them as one of themselves, and must have been a most laborious person,

with this idea of collecting information and working it, for many years in his head. Now we English are so apt to look at questions of commerce, etc., as if we settled them all, that it rather surprises me, that other nations have feelings and interests connected with the matter which will materially affect it.

I must tell you a story which Coxon told me about Sheridan. There were several reports of old Sherry's death, before he himself had made up his mind to depart. A friend of young Sheridan met him and began to condole with him on the death of his father. I am very much obliged to you, said the young man, but you are mistaken, I saw him myself this morning, and he said that he was alive, and well—but really he is such a d——d liar there's no knowing.

Dean's Yard,
September 14, 1843.

I had no time for writing at Windsor, and I am now finishing this letter in your own home, which must give it a peculiar value in your eyes. I must tell you an anecdote which I have found in Mackintosh's life, and for which you may find many an application in the course of your travels. A traveller remarks to a Carthusian monk who is showing him over the Monastery, somewhere in Italy. "What a fine situation for a residence." "Transeuntibus," replies the monk. I have no doubt you have seen many noble sites whereon to build residences for passers by.

I was much delighted with my Windsor excursion yesterday. I had never seen the castle from that

part of the park which you enter at Bishopsgate, about three miles from the Castle.

The view is magnificent. In going over the Waterloo gallery I could not help thinking what a poor set of faces the lords of the earth at that time had. Now even Metternich's does not strike me as a good face; I mean intellectually; and as for Nesselrode's it is full of Stock-Exchange Diplomacy. Well then, as to statesmen. There are Lord Liverpool, and Lord Castlereagh, poor creatures to look at, and as for Canning he must be maligned by the picture of him there, for he has no height of forehead in it. I am afraid I am beginning to have a taste, for I do feel the wretchedness of modern art, which I never used to feel before. As a great artist on these matters once said to me: "You have the sensation of its being a painting always in your mind."

There is a daubiness, a perpetual presence of the brush, a want of depth and rotundity. It is worth while to consider these matters, now that you are in the midst of what is best in art, and especially in colouring.

To Professor Anster.

46, Chester Sq.,
November, 1843.

I am in the land of the living; at least, like Rogers, I pretend to be; though I ought to be half dead, having been for some time nearly overwhelmed with occupation of various kinds.

Sir Aubrey de Vere is in town, at Lord Monteagle's, and I have had some very pleasant conversations

with him. I do think he is one of the most agreeable men I ever met—two centuries and a half before his books, which is a rare thing with most authors who wisely enough, give away but little of themselves. I believe it is rather a shame to say so, seeing the number of agreeable people one knows who are authors. I retract—not having the statistics of such matters in a tabulated form before me, without which it is impossible to form an opinion.

Poor Southey! I am reading his life of Cowper, which seems to me to be very well written indeed. But then it is a life affording so much to be said—more in it a great deal than in that of the tempestuous little man Nelson: whose greatness was somewhat one-sided, and in whose character there was a dash of vulgarity. Don't you think so?

I only write you this note as a short certificate of my being here and well. You must excuse its brevity.

Next month we move into our house—I suppose about the 24th. It is strange that Shakespeare in the enumeration of ills—"the law's delay," &c., did not put in this one of "moving house."

Yours ever,

ARTHUR HELPS.

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

December 5, 1843.

I have been neglectful in not writing to you before, but I have been very much occupied lately,

having given up a great deal of my spare time to going over factories, which are in my eyes most interesting things. I have been obliged to come up from the North on account of some legal matters connected with a property I have purchased. At first I was greatly ashamed, thinking that I had given the consideration for the purchase of something which the seller was not entitled to sell, but I have hopes now that it may be settled without law, and without great loss on my part . . .— "Catherine Douglas" is the book I promised—— Perhaps my description of it was not of that faithful nature which would have enabled you to discover Catherine amongst the other new books of the month as my especial production, but still it is a better description of it than I have given to others. I held out to one family that it was to be a book on turnips: and to another that it was to be a sort of continuation of Lady Morgan's "Woman and her Master." It is seldom, you know, that an author does exactly understand what subject he is writing about: and, therefore, you must not expect to make out anything precise from his own account of the matter.

You will be surprised that I do not talk about politics and O'Connell's trial and the like; but I do not see my way in these matters sufficiently clearly to talk of them. One thing seems certain that the attorney general's temper is not suited for these occasions. . . .

Yours, etc.

A. H.

The next letter is on his first visit to Paris.

To T. W. HELPS.

Hotel de Douvres,
August 12, 1844.

MY DEAR WILLIAMS,

I have received your letter of the 8th, and am sorry to hear that Mr. Harrison will not buy. I am not surprised. Indeed I wonder that anybody ever buys anything, at least when there are solicitors on both sides.

I have been in Paris two or three days, and am beginning to know my way about the streets. I did not come by Châlons and Fontainebleau, but by Rouen and Orleans. A new spirit has come over the diligences from Lyons. They go with great rapidity, change horses in a minute, allow very little time for eating, and in fact these pursy, bloated creatures are imitating our Quicksilver and Bristol mails of yore. You hear nothing but "montez," "roulez," "allez, allez, allez." And really they contrive with the aid of the railroads from Lyons to Rouen and from Orleans to Paris, to do the distance from Lyons to Paris in 38 hours, allowing an hour and a half at Orleans. I have been greatly interested with what I have seen and heard at Lyons. I went there solely for the purpose of seeing a manufacturing place in France. At Rouen I gained some information that I wanted; but the manufacturers would not allow me to see their mills. I made personal application to three of them, but could not make any impression, as if forsooth we had anything

to learn in the way of cotton spinning from [redacted] people. This is the only instance of discourtesy (and perhaps it is rather jealousy than discourtesy) that I have met with in France: and I have met with several instances of courtesy and kindness. To us individually I believe they have no dislike whatever, but it is a national feeling that drives them on to a rabid love of war. I daresay the Tahiti question may dissolve in smoke; but it is not this or that question; it is the spirit of animosity which one fears must at no great distance of time find a vent.

I went to the Louvre for the first time yesterday; and was of course greatly delighted. It was the last room that arrested me in which are the Titians and the Raphaels. I think we have in England Murillos which beat any of theirs. There is one picture that especially delighted me by Campaigne. It is a child, put down thus on the catalogue, "Portrait d'une jeune fille ayant les mains jointes." As for the pictures called French I have no liking for them at all. Indeed I rather dislike looking at them. But I am chiefly thinking of David's; and must not extend this censure to the whole school, for I have not had time as yet to consider it. I am surprised to find how very little notion the print of "Titian and his Mistress" had given me of the surpassing beauty of the original. There is a coarseness in the print which has always offended me, and which the original is totally free from.

I am going to Versailles to-day to see those square miles of historical pictures.

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

46, Chester Square,
Sept. 24, 1844.

It is a huge time since I have heard from you. Before I went abroad I was incessantly occupied in bringing out this Essay on the claims of Labour. While I was abroad I was perpetually scudding along with huge velocity, for I very much dislike absence from home, and was simply anxious to see as much as could be seen in the shortest possible space of time: and since I have returned I have been constantly occupied with matters of business and rubbish in general. The above is the account which I have to give of my life for a long time past. Now tell me what you have been doing, thinking, dreaming, imagining, and the like—above all what you have been eating, which, perhaps, will explain all the rest. One can easily fancy a man of good conscience and tranquil mind triumphing over some restless, turbulent, ne'er-do-weel individual by saying, "Sir, I can eat lobster salad for supper with impunity." So if you tell me that you have, unhurt, been eating lobster salad lately I shall take it as a significant manner of expressing that life has gone well with you—that many vessels have been conveniently stranded *—that Goethe has made himself less incomprehensible than usual, and, especially, that the north side of Dublin has become to you as welcome and as affluent in friends for you as the

* Apparently Professor Anster had some pecuniary interest—probably official—in connexion with stranded ships.

south ever was. In earnest, Anster, tell me about these things. If my wife had not received a note from you, I should not be sure where you were, or what you had become. I am not sure by any means that you are not a repealer; and now I think of it, I must consult the newspapers again, and see whether your name was amongst the number of the guests at the banquet! By the way, were you invited to the Burns' festival?

I have not left myself much space or time to tell you about my travels. Of all the works of art that I saw, Rubens's pictures at Antwerp delighted me most; and of all the works of nature, the distant views of the Bernese Alps. Cologne Cathedral also is a thing worth going some distance to see.

Remember me to my friends Curran, Wilson, and Grierson when you see them.

Believe me,

Yours ever,

ARTHUR HELPS.

P.S.—In return for your amusing story I will tell you one of Sidney Smith's jokes which I heard at a dinner-party last night. A Scotchman here, who has done something in literature, is said to have been a sculptor in former days,—a sculptor of a humble kind, and Sidney speaking of him, said, "He used to do tombs and Scotch cherubs upon them *with high cheek bones*."

Imagine a cherub with high cheek bones.

The next letter contains an interesting reference

to G. H. Lewes, who afterwards became an intimate friend of Arthur Helps.

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

Nov. 27, 1844.

Have you ever read "The Election," a poem published by Murray? It is very clever: and shows much power of versification. You remember my talking to you about a review written by a friend of mine on "'Tis an old tale and often told." The editor of the *Edinburgh Review* declined it simply on the ground that the book was published four years ago—a noble reason truly—so because a good work has modestly escaped notice at the time it was published, nothing more is to be done. No Humane Society is to drag the deep waters for it, it is to be voted extinct. What a beastly idea of literature—current literature they may well call it. Well, I wrote to the Editor of the *British and Foreign Review*, who replies to me desiring that the Review may be sent to him without delay. He happens to have read the book and to like it much. This is a piece of good fortune at which I am very glad, as I was particularly anxious that my friend's efforts should not go for nothing.

Kemble lives near Weybridge, he is an old friend of mine, and we saw a great deal of one another this summer. He lent me a set of the Review: and there was one article in it that delighted me, a review of Goethe. (By G. H. Lewes.)

I think it is one of the best specimens of

biography I have ever read, or rather it showed the way in which biography should be written.

Whether the view taken of Goethe is a right one, I do not know enough of the great G. to pronounce.

I have since read several of the same man's reviews and they are really extraordinary productions.

He is the author of that article in the last *Edinburgh* on the drama, which, I think, seems to have some good practical notions in it.

If the *British and Foreign* is easily accessible to you, it is worth while to turn to the article on Goethe.

I am glad to hear that the "Faust" is calling for a new edition. Of course you will make the next a much cheaper edition.

You speak of not being able to work. One of the great rules, I suspect, is to eschew various reading, and to resolve to give certain set times to the work. I always seize upon two or three hours after breakfast if I can; and then the rest of the day goes to other things: I very seldom indeed attempt to renew my work in the evening. My reason is—not that the one time is so much better than the other, though I think the morning has the pre-eminence, but if you get yourself into a state of excitement in the evening, it does not go off at night, which is a very bad thing. Then, too, working by candle-light exhausts the mind and body, through the eyes.

In 1845, writing to Professor Anster, he touched upon the acerbity which distinguished the literature of that day, in the following words:—

"Perhaps I am wrong in saying that Literature is in some instances conducted quite in the spirit of a war between class and class, but I hardly know in what other words to express what I mean, and what I certainly see. You know what I mean, what would you call it? I assure you, being a peaceable man, and particularly reluctant to be drawn into any literary squabbles, I am very unwilling to say what I have said: but I felt it an imperative duty."

[It may be said, I think, that no one in his time did more in bringing about a better spirit in literary controversies than Arthur Helps.]

In 1843 A. H. bought a house in Hampshire, near Bishop's Waltham, called Vernon Hill—Admiral Vernon had lived there. The house is situated on the top of a hill commanding views as far as the Isle of Wight. Here he retired later on and devoted himself to literary pursuits, and it was here that many of the walks and talks recorded in "Friends in Council" took place.

To Professor Anster.

Vernon Hill,
March 9, 1846.

Here I am located at last in the country—but not for the summer—as I have only come to make arrangements for our inhabiting the place in a month or two. It is a very quaint house, that has grown out of a cottage by three or four additions. These are always pleasant places to live in, but for

one thing, namely the number of steps up and down in unexpected parts of the house. Most people get their necks broken before they learn the ways of the house, but the survivors have an agreeable time of it.

I hope you will some day come and see me here——

I have just been interrupted by a neighbouring farmer. We have had a discussion about the corn laws. He told me they had had no good time since "Bonnyparte left off." Bonnyparte therefore must share with the Dukes of Buckingham and Richmond the proud title of the farmer's friend. . . .

Yours ever,

A. H.

The next letter to Professor Anster refers to Newman's "Apologia."

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

March 24, 1846.

I should have been glad to see what you had written about Carlyle, and I dare say should have agreed with most of it. I particularly agree with what you say about Newman's book. I was quite surprised at the weakness of some part of it that I read. The facts, for example, which he brings forward to support Papal sway seem to me a ragged regiment. I thought they had something much better than that to say for themselves. You put in a very striking way the feebleness of the saint and relic system, by imagining what a man living

from the early times would think of it. I do believe that that is the best way of getting rid of the delusion that has yet been thought of. There is a depth of argument in it, if it were worked out. I dare say you have hardly yourself felt the full force of it——

Now to other matters, and especially to tell you what I am sure you will be glad to hear—that I am delighted with my country house. It is now undergoing much repair and addition, but I hope to be there again in a few weeks. There is one dreadful nuisance. "Bad water," you will say. No—guess again. "Rats." No—guess again. "A neighbour's bull always breaking down your fence." No—guess again. Give it up? "Yes." A clergyman, who, from what I hear, is a man capable of coming to ask why one has not gone twice to church on a Sunday, with other things of the same nature. You may laugh, but this is to me a real nuisance. However, when you come and see me, you can do enough of service to last for the rest of the year. And the parson will say there is at least one good man who comes to see that wicked household.

Yours always,

A. H.

In 1847 he went to Spain to gather material for a work he had on hand—"The Conquerors of the New World." He stayed some time at Madrid, making research there and copying MSS. The following letters to his brother give some idea of travel in Spain in those days.

To T. W. HELPS.

Madrid,
April 8, 1847.

You really must some day or other add Spain to the rest of your foreign travel: and in a few years, when the railway is completed to Bordeaux, this journey will be a much less affair, for to my mind the travelling in France is the worst part of it. The Spanish diligences go very fast when they do go; but they take an inordinate time changing mules, which I rather like, as it gives an opportunity for a walk. Once or twice I walked on so far before I heard anything of the diligence, that though I could see no turning that they could have taken, I felt nervous, imagining that somehow or other they had gone another way. In dining, too, on the road they take their time. They feel that they have plenty of time, and they spend it like gentlemen. Gentlemen they certainly are—a really courteous people as it seems to me. The common people are courteous to one another.

I have not had anything very disagreeable to encounter in the way of accommodation, but then I have not been off the high-road, though I have slept at one or two small places—thoroughly uncomfortable, as we should say, and chiefly from being so cold, but nothing worse. Perhaps though if it had been warm, the warmth would have developed some nuisances which now are dormant.

Madrid is a fine town, I think. I see nothing to find fault with but the climate, which from the

specimen I have had is execrable—a burning sun with a subtle cold wind—a wind which has got its pungency from the neighbouring sierras.

The environs, and by environs I mean the country for a great distance (on the north road at least), is quite desert-like. We arrived in Madrid at about 8 o'clock in the evening of Monday last, and from five or six o'clock in the morning we had seen scarcely a single bit of landscape that was not gloomy, barren-looking, and treeless. There was one huge valley of stones which some Trappists had chosen as a congenial spot, about as desolate a place as can well be imagined. Last night, at a party where I was, they were discussing the climate, and it appears there is good reason for thinking that all this country that is now so barren-looking, was covered with trees (so say the old chroniclers), and that the climate was very good. Indeed since they have begun to plant around Madrid, the physicians say that an alteration for the better has taken place. They have beautiful gardens close to the town which I have no doubt would do very well if they would make you, or some other vigorous woodman, inspector for some years, for there is a great deal of cutting down wanted.

Yesterday it was a great holiday here, and all the people rushed out of doors to do nothing. They "played a good deal at soldiers," as an Englishman said to me: but whether they play as much every day I don't know. The soldiers look much better, and are better dressed and tended in every way than I had expected.

Touching creature comforts, this oil and garlic spoils everything. My nose is to me what Sancho Panza's physician was to him; it orders dish after dish to be carried away untasted. It must be very learned cookery, for it smells a good deal of the lamp: but I am not reconciled to it yet.

I have hopes that I shall be able to do something as regards getting some of the information I came for. Mr. Gayangos, one of the most learned men in Spain, is coming here this morning, and will probably accompany me to the library. I am sorry to find that the Escorial Library remains Escorial. The pictures have been brought here.

I have not told you about the Spanish women, about whom Kate will of course be desirous to hear. Well, I have not seen anything to astound me in the way of beauty. The women dress becomingly, and leaning out of balconies look very picturesque: but the truth is, I believe, that London is not to be beaten by any place in the world in the beauty of its women, certainly not by Madrid. What the Andalusians may be like, I wait to see. And I wish with all my heart I was at Seville or Cadiz just now, out of the way of the winds from the sierras.

To T. W. HELPS.

Madrid,
April 15, 1847.

You will be glad to hear that I have been very fortunate in finding many extracts from unpublished MSS. which will be of the greatest service to me. A

great collection of, and from the manuscripts relating to America has been found by an historian of the name of Muñoz and placed in the Academy of History, to which I have been given free access, with leave to make extracts. He has not only arranged them in order of date, but has in many instances made marginal notes of the subjects, which has been of the greatest assistance to me. I think one of the most important points connected with the subject I have in hand, and about which there has been much dispute, is totally settled by these new materials.

Unfortunately there are five volumes of the collection at the binders; and I must return by way of Madrid to see them. I am going on to Seville to-day or to-morrow.

I have very little to tell you about Madrid in addition to what I have told my mother, which I daresay you will hear. I can only say that it is about the last town that I shall retire to, if I should be banished from my own country. Nobody seems to come here for pleasure that I can find. I have had an Englishman as a companion for some part of the time, but he came to inspect the minerals of Spain. When he went away I thought to myself I should feel somewhat lonely, but when I next entered the coffee room there was a burly Englishman there who understood no Spanish, next to nothing of French, and who believed that the waiters were in a conspiracy to ridicule him because they had been consulting together to make out what he meant. He had come upon some commercial affairs

and had before been six weeks in the country. What a strange people we are! There is something quite audacious in coming to such a country as this without knowing anything whatever of the language. But we go all over the world insisting upon being understood. We grumble immensely, vow we will never come out again, and next summer begin to think what place we have not yet seen. A French officer told me the other day that a year or two ago his brigade captured a Bedouin tribe, and to his astonishment there were some very white skins amongst the dark ones, and the white skins immediately began to tell him that they were an English family travelling for amusement who had been captured. He said he had to strip most of the Arab men and women to reclothe the whites.

I have not seen much of English newspapers since I left you, but from what I have seen, it seems that grain is less scarce, money quite as scarce, the Irish famine a little abated and the fever increased.

More than once I have heard it suggested here what a famous thing it would be to have two or three millions of Irish in the depopulated parts where, however, the soil is substantially good and might be brought into the highest cultivation.

To T. W. Helps.

Malaga,
May 6, 1847.

I arrived here yesterday, having been the best part of three days on the road from Gibraltar to this place. Much as I had heard of the badness

of the roads in Spain, they exceed what my imagination had pictured. The diligence from here to Granada sometimes breaks down three times in the course of one journey: after each journey it always has to be repaired. Occasionally they stick in the mud for hours. But I must tell you of the delights of a Spanish venta while they are yet fresh in my mind.

Owing to some botheration about passports, we were late on the first day's journey, and were obliged to stop at a venta instead of getting on to the town we had hoped to reach. Well, we got something to eat—very sufficient—good bread, eggs, bacon, and some fish. But the accommodation for sleeping was of a different character. By the way I must describe the sort of building that a venta is. You enter a badly paved stable of a room where the mules are laden and unladen, where the cooking is done, and which is also the principal sitting-room. Round it are stone benches on which the muleteers sleep. Opposite to the entrance is a door leading to the stables; and in this venta there were two sleeping rooms, opening into the kitchen. The arrangements for our sleeping were that I and the guide should sleep on the floor of the room where mine host and hostess, who were both infirm people, slept also. To bed we went; there was not much privacy: dogs, women, and a cat wandered in and out while we were in bed: at last the venta was quiet, and notwithstanding I was attacked by an army of fleas, I was just beginning to doze, when up jumps mine hostess, lights a candle, and begins

to count over her money very diligently. This lasted about twenty minutes or half an hour. At length the financial operation was concluded. Part was put aside for to-morrow's purchases and the rest in the trunk under the bed. By this time the husband's snoring had become more vociferous; and the fleas having tasted blood, more fierce, and sleeping was out of the question. Happily, however, we were to get up at half-past three; and so it was but a short night. Such accommodation as this venta afforded was, I imagine, the usual accommodation until diligences were set up and diligence inns established, which is not long ago. The ride from Gibraltar to Malaga is beautiful in the extreme, and is worth much discomfort. A great deal of it is along the shore of the Mediterranean: where the rocks make it impossible to pass, you have to ascend the sierra and descend again to the coast: so that you have in this ride great variety of scenery. There is no communication between Gibraltar and Malaga except on horseback; and from Malaga to Granada all prudent people ride, for the jolting is a serious matter and may produce great injury. I start to-night at 2 o'clock and hope to get into Granada some time to-morrow. I shall be back about 10 or 11 days later than I had intended; about the 29th of this month I hope. And very glad I shall be to be back.

I like what I have seen of the Spanish people very much, I have received the greatest kindness from persons with whom I only became acquainted in the diligence, or in some chance way. It has

been a good thing for me that I did not start with any companion, or with a servant, for it has thrown me upon the natives, and I have been obliged to talk something like Spanish in the best way I could.

I must leave off, as I have no time to spare to-day. Anything that I could say to you about English affairs would be so stale that it would be hardly worth saying. The money market seems to be still in a very bad state.

A. H.

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

May 31, 1847.

I only take up my pen in the midst of much confusion, just to tell you that I am here again and am pretty well, considering all that I have gone through lately, which has not been a little. However, I have been very fortunate in getting hold of a great deal of the information I went to seek.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy I met with from all ranks. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that everybody in Spain is a gentleman; the manners are so good throughout.

I hope you like the "Friends." I am sure you must like Pickering's * part of it, which is admirable. Indeed I think that Pickering writes these books himself, and persuades some foolish fellow, like me for instance, to pretend to the authorship, for fear it should injure him in his business.

I am just beginning to read "Ranthorpe," a

* The Publisher.

novel which is making some sensation I believe just now and which I wish you would look at.*

Would it be too romantic to dream of your coming over here this summer and coming to see us in our rustic retreat?

John Hullah, of fame in the musical world, was an intimate friend of Arthur Helps. He often came to stay at Vernon Hill, and this letter refers to a tame jackdaw I had reared, which developed most mischievous ways and was a terror to all children, dogs and cats about the place: indeed his evil deeds were not confined to his home, for he had been discovered at a neighbouring farm meditatively dropping very young chickens from a high tree.

To JOHN HULLAH.

Vernon Hill,
Aug. 22, 1847.

I am desirous that you should be forthwith informed of a most interesting and important fact. The jackdaw has vanquished the cat. Yes: pussy was quietly drinking some milk in a saucer, when the Dodger † came behind her and began pulling at her tail; pussy looked back and with alarm beheld the uncanny creature at her heels. At once there came into her mind all the evil things she had thought and done: how she had devoured Jenny Wren, not being hungry; how she meditated cruel things

* "Ranthorpe," a novel by G. H. Lewes.
† A tame jackdaw.

against that innocent, solitary, helpless pigeon in the barn; how, woman-like (cat-hood is the type just before womanhood, see Vestiges, p. 279 *), she had flirted at the same time with farmer Pratt's Tom-cat Grizzle and farmer Smith's Tom-cat Speckle, and driven them both to the verge of distraction; last, not least, she thought how she had shown her talons even to her best friends and had even thought of scratching Nicholas. Considering all these things, she imagined the daw was an imp that had come for her before her time, and she fled, like a guilty cat as she is. The Dodger now knows no enemy—all the farm-yard is subject to him. The cat, you remember, used to prowl about for him; now, he would pursue her—just as man follows evil for a while, thinking he can play with it or bully it; and it turns round and follows him for ever after. In that I fancy I see many sermons.

Well, we have had enough of the Dodger; only it was necessary to tell you about him first.

We are of course somewhat lonely without you: indeed the word "somewhat" very faintly represents the huge slice that is cut out of our pleasures whether at dinner table, tea-table, in four-wheeled chaise, or wandering over downs on foot, by your absence. That last is an obscure sentence, but you will make it out.

Yours always,

A. H.

* An imaginary work to which Mr. Hullah and my father frequently referred in their correspondence with each other.

"The Dodger" soon after that met his death in a mysterious way. It was thought that some boy about the place, who had suffered much at his beak and claws, had hurled a stone at him. I append his epitaph, which was subsequently sent to Mr. Hullah.

THE DODGER IS DEAD!!

Whether this happened from his eating more than his usual allowance of wasps, or from his contriving to let one of those flint stones heaped up in the yard fall upon him, I know not.

Poor Dodger! his life was not altogether a failure, for in his peering way he looked into many things here and doubtless formed many wise jack-daw opinions on the ways of men.

Peace be with his manes.

Here comes a delightfully fanciful letter from Mr. Ruskin, not to be taken more seriously than some other sayings of his when in a captious mood, for there is abundant evidence of his admiration of America and Americans.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

Saturday, 4th April, 1848.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you to-day, but it would be shame instead of pleasure —if I had not first thanked you for your kind

letter, and the book.* The book is just close beside me—in the Reading shelf of bookcase—and I look at it every now and then; just as one would look at an obstinate friend whom one could not part with, and who was determined to go somewhere —where *we* didn't want to go. And every time I look at it, I feel inclined to speak disrespectfully of Columbus. What business was America of his, I wonder? Why couldn't he have set up a respectable and trading passenger carrying company—Messrs. Columbus & Co. at Cogoleto,† and made something of the navigation of the Mediterranean, and kept Pisa a little alive, and Venice and Alexandria:—that would have been really useful—But America! I can't think what America was ever made for—unless to balance that side of the world—that it might spin properly upon its axis—and it would have spun well enough with nothing in it but its old rattlesnakes and savages, if we hadn't been fools enough to go and discover it,—great public nuisance that it is. It spoils our language, and pirates our books—and teaches our merchants dishonesty—and sends over unwholesome tongue to spoil our teeth with (I've got the toothache to-day—and lay awake all last night with it), and gives people the yellow fever—and great—clumsy—muddy notions about landscape painting—and makes slavery look so ugly, with those arrangements of round hats and long whips, that I've no hope of ever getting any slavery introduced in England,

* "Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen."

† Columbus was born at Genoa—not at Cogoleto.

and I want to—particularly: and now—it is beginning to buy Turner's and carry them over there into the swamps—and here it is carrying away your head—and your heart—and your time—and dragging me after you—and Sir Charles Lyell says it's all coming up higher too—out of the sea—an inch in a hundred years—or something—I wish it were going down—instead—an inch a day, until the Atlantic poured into Cotopaxi—and put an end to that nasty American habit of smoking, at the centre of it.

Meantime—I'm much obliged—of course—for the book—just as my dog Wisie is obliged to me when I pat him, thinking it a great honour, and very kind of me to pat him—but hating to be patted—Good-bye, till dinner time.

Yours, dear Mr. Helps, however,
really very gratefully,
J. RUSKIN.

In April 1848, Arthur Helps went out as a special constable: (I remember well his setting forth from an anxious family, also the fact that in later days at Vernon Hill I saw the baton which was given to all special constables, degraded to the purpose of stirring clothes in the copper of our coachman's wife!) He afterwards published, in the form of a letter to a brother special constable, an address on the subject of the Chartist movement. This letter is, I think, interesting, as it goes to the root of the matter, and treats of matters bearing on the socialism of to-day.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If anybody had told us six weeks ago, that two quiet men like ourselves would soon be engaged in keeping the peace of London, not merely "possible policemen," but actually doing the duty of those "good men and true" for whom you and I have always agreed that we ought all to be very thankful to Sir Robert Peel; if anybody had foretold such things to us, we should have said that the prophecy could only have been listened to in those days when prophecy was supposed to be connected with the dark sayings of the insane.

And yet on Monday last did we not find ourselves jammed together at the Magistrate's office in the most motley crew that ever rushed to produce order, and afterwards pacing in the rain in the performance of our new though not unwelcome duties, with very distinct apprehension of the coming rheumatism?

Brother Special, without any undue boasting we may say that we did something on that day. Little boys might ridicule us (so they do the *soldiers*) and we ourselves had a half-droll perception that amongst certain portions of the well-disposed people our presence produced fully as much mirth as terror. Yet it was a great thing to see thousands of people without urging of any kind coming forward voluntarily, apart from political bias or personal predilections, simply to show with one accord that they would have order maintained, and would not have their legislature overawed. We might be laughed at occasionally in the bye-ways; and our children

playing at "Specials" gave an air of homely pleasantry to the thing; but what would they not have given no long time ago at Vienna, or Berlin, for such a body—aye and at Paris too, even now?

It was curious to observe how even in the very short time that we were in service, something like method began to prevail; how that which was all formless in the morning began towards evening to fall into something like shape. It must have occurred to many of us that if we were to be invaded at any future time by foreign enemies, it would not be such a dreadful business after all as some alarmists have made it out; and that there would be a few people to support the Guards in case they should think it becoming not to retreat from London when the foreigners entered it. We could not but think that there might be such a thing as a "provisional" army which, unlike other things that claim that adjective, would have been content to be "provisional" only.

Though I am addressing *you*, my dear friend, I cannot help hoping that what I say may reach others of our body. And in addressing them, I feel that I am talking to men of no one class, no one age, no speciality of any kind, but the speciality of constableship. If I may judge from what I saw myself, there never was a body so varied in every way as that which turned out on Monday last to aid in keeping the peace. Noblemen, tradesmen, and workmen were thoroughly intermingled. No class stood apart. Gray-haired men and slim youths

went side by side ; coal-whippers and young dandies ; literary men and those to whom books are unknown, and by whom they would be thoroughly believed in. If there could have been an orator chosen for such a varied assemblage, he might, with far more justice than Anacharsis Cloots, have called himself the " orator of the human race."

There have been various accounts of our numbers, which, as you see, have been rated as high even as 150,000. That may or may not be correct. But this I feel certain of, that there was more grumbling on the 10th of April and on the preceding days, respecting the defective arrangements for making special constables, from those who were impatient to be sworn in, than there was from the Chartists themselves against the Government. It certainly was a national movement.

All this is very hopeful. Still there is something more to be said about this matter than mere congratulation. And our marchings and counter-marchings being now over, having breathed a little after our strange doings on Monday, and hung up our truncheons, we may look back and find something else to consider in these doings than their strangeness, or their successful issue.

I have no doubt we all feel, every man of us, that we are ready to come out again and to do duty for any time that might be requisite. Still we would greatly rather not have any occasion to make our appearance again. *Any service, however, which could be imposed upon us is a slight thing compared with the evil, if we saw it in all its fulness, of living in want of*

harmony with any considerable portion of our fellow-citizens.

In addition to this, which is the first of motives that should make us wish that there should be no further occasion for our services, there is another which particularly applies to the present period. If we could but be quiet now, what an opening there is for us! Great Britain would be the treasure-house as well as the store-house of Europe. In the midst of the turbulence around, we should preserve "a space resembling one of those bights or incurvations in the course of a rapid stream (called by the Spaniards resting-places) where the waters seem to tarry and repose themselves for a while." * "Seem" you observe, for they do move on, only with full security for the freight they bear along with them.

There are some people who say that they do not object to Chartist opinions: it is the mode of enforcing them that they object to, and that they fear. For my part, I think otherwise. The mode of enforcing these opinions, the moment I saw that there was any chance of its being violent, gave me little concern. I felt confident that the English people would not endure that. But the opinions themselves,—I do not mean the Chartist opinions of to-day, the five points, or the six points, but the groundwork of those opinions and the "upwelling" causes of discontent which are at the bottom of them, are the things which I would care to modify or remove.

Everybody who has thought at all upon the

* Sir Henry Taylor's "Statesman," p. 79.

subject must see the immense difficulty of getting at the Chartists, I mean of putting reasonable views, or at least putting the other side of the question before them. Clever articles in the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and other Reviews and Magazines, come not near the Chartists; unanswerable articles in the daily press touch them not. Sydney Smith said, when he saw his children patting a tortoise, "You might as well pat the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."

Still I contend that some persons must have influence with them who are not of their own body, some of ourselves for example. Nay more, brother specials, I say that it is owing in some measure to us that Chartism exists at all.

The first thing that always occurs when anybody is to be blamed or to be held accountable for anything, is that vague creature "the Government." Now I will at once agree with any one who says that any human Government he may choose to name is very far from perfect, and has not thoroughly performed its duty. Moreover, we cannot be blind to the fact that most governments are tardy in initiating good measures: but at the same time I say that this mainly arises from a neglect, or failure, on the part of those in authority to attract special talent of all kinds towards them. And then I go on to contend most distinctly that the advance of democracy, if it should make the office of member of Parliament more and more unattractive to the most thoughtful men amongst us, if it should make, as it generally does, mere talking power (a thing which

some hold to be antagonistic to wisdom), of more and more avail, the improvement of the executive and any remedy for Chartism which might follow from that, are not to be looked for in such a direction. Consider what are the questions at present before all governments, both foreign and domestic? Are they not questions requiring the nicest discretion as well as the boldest handling? Is it found that an increase in the constituencies produces the men fit for such work? And can we believe that any remedy will come from any of the measures which Chartists most delight in?

As to the enjoyment of possessing a vote, as a matter of personal influence, if that can agitate men so as to make them willing to undergo the greatest risks to obtain it, they must be benighted indeed. Everybody who has a vote in any matter, and who wished to exercise his privilege of voting conscientiously, without fear or favour, and with due consideration, knows what a nuisance to him his vote is, and how willingly he would get rid of it if, as a good citizen, he could do so.

At the same time I would not contend that there should be no reform in electoral matters. All that is untrue, dishonest, and unfair, needs to be amended there as elsewhere. Only I say that if anybody supposes (I am sure, my dear friend, you do not) that the poverty and the want of education which are at the bottom of Chartism are sure to be provided for by an increase of the constituencies, he must have a faith not built upon history or experience, which I cannot partake in.

Again, although I do not believe we should insure by an increase of the Suffrage such a Government as would remove the original causes of Chartism, I am far from supposing that Government can do nothing to remove these causes. But what it can do is a smaller quantity than many people suspect, and is more indirect in its action than they imagine. Wiser legislation than we have hitherto had, as regards railways, would have done much to ensure well-directed and evenly distributed labour. Then, in matters of education there is a great field for Government, and one in which they are doing something. Again, legislation on matters of health, which we cannot say our Government is inattentive to, may certainly have a most important bearing upon the habits and pursuits of the people. The subject of the health of towns having now advanced a little, is sure to meet with the sneers and carpings and opposition that belong to nascent success. But the Government and society in general must persevere in this matter. *As a mere question of police, it deserves their attention; for I do not doubt that an open sewer will breed on its banks a seditious population.*

Further, as regards emigration, there remains for Government something really large to be done. If you do send out a colony, as Mr. Carlyle and others have said, let it be something complete; let it not be made up of beggarly driblets of half-famished men, but have its prophet, priest, and leader, and be something worthy to show as a swarm from the most industrious hive in the world.

All these things are very well. I am content to admit that Government might do more than it does, much more; but it is not in any Government, or in any particular body of men, that I myself shall look for a removal of the causes of Chartism, or can hope to see an absorption into the body politick of that which now is a very ugly humour upon the surface. At the bottom of Chartism there is something socially wrong; not merely politically or politico-economically, but socially wrong. You who know me well will see to what I am coming,—that I am upon my old subject of the duty of the employers to the employed. You are right: and why is it that I find in this relation so much that bears upon the present difficulty? Simply because every day's experience shows me more and more the great things that employers can do. In this country and others there are men with wonderful theories as to what may be done for the people, *if something that cannot be altered were very different from what it is.* But when I find a wise employer of labour, whether manufacturer, landowner, shop-keeper, chief of artisans, or in any other capacity, I presently see peace and order and solid work and improved health and further enjoyment of life extend amongst those who are blessed with such a master. How easily, were it not invidious, might I not mention name after name, here and in the North, of those who are such masters. The same thing applies, in a minor degree, to the head of every household—to all who are in authority. And when I ask myself how that which we agree to be mischievous in

Chartism can be counteracted, how those on the borders of physical force Chartism are to be kept within the bounds of moral force Chartism; how those who are on the bounds of moral force Chartism may be retained in the ranks of contented citizenship; nay, how the whole body of Chartists may be brought back to us (and we ought not to despair of that), I must look mainly to the influence permeating through a thousand channels, high and low, of those who come in contact with the working classes in some direct relation. Sum up the actions done throughout England any day: how many millions of them proceed from obscure sources of power and influence that never enter into our heads when we talk of "the Government of the country." That which all the wise books and articles in newspapers cannot do, at least till they have well filtered downwards, kind words, considerate dealing, and friendly intercouse will do. This does not seem a grand remedy: I believe a true one seldom does.

Depend upon it the employers of labour are centres of action which might produce as large and as good results morally as physically.

But at the same time that I would urge upon them to undertake these moral efforts, I would beg them not to do it from any fear. Every action tainted with fear loses more than half its virtue. No: if you are careless of those about you, or if you are tyrannical and unreasonable, do not change from fear. Anything is better than weak pretence. But if you feel that you long to gain the affection and regard of those about you; if you are earnest

for their sake, as well as your own, to secure the prosperity for them which they now might have; if it grieves you to find any class of your fellow-subjects at open war or hollow peace with the rest; then seek to bring yourself in communion with them; hear their views, be they reasonable or unreasonable, patiently: and try to win them over to you.

Unthinking people may talk of the ingratitude of the classes under them. I disbelieve it totally. I believe that if we went through the whole world we should perhaps find as much gratitude as there is occasion for. Gratitude and ingratitude are, however, things which ought to be supremely indifferent to a man who is doing, or attempting to do, his duty.

But many a man will exclaim, "I do not know what to say to any Chartist!" I do not want you to say much, but rather to do. But if you have occasion to talk to him, tell him these things. Tell him that there is such a thing as civilization, which he profits by, though not in the degree that he ought to do; (and by the way which of us does?) and that any disturbance of social order in this country is likely to do him incomparably more harm than good. Tell him, and you will not be exaggerating, that there are people in the higher classes, whom he curses as aristocrats, the best energies of whose minds have been given for many a year to thought and endeavour for him. If he begins with his "liberty, equality, and fraternity," tell him *that there is here neither time nor space for such things.*

Perhaps you do not understand me, but I am quite in earnest, and I think a little consideration will convince you and him of this. What do we do in the education of a child? We at once deprive him of liberty in all manner of respects, with a view to prepare him for its future dealing with the world. Now, if there were unlimited time for this child to educate himself in, we might say, bind him in by no precept, restrain him by no law. He will himself knock his head against the hard things in Nature, and find where he can move and where he cannot. So here, if time and space were unlimited for us, we might say to the grown-up man, be directed by no one, do not suffer yourself to work in the grooves of any state of society or under any constitution. There is no such thing as hoarded wisdom; there shall be no such thing as hoarded labour. You shall knock at Famine's door yourself and get your own answer. Nobody who sees further in that direction than you shall warn you off and hold you back.

And had we all to begin in this way, and each generation to re-constitute society, and were there time and space for so doing, it might be an admirable mode of education: it certainly would be a most severe one.

Then as to equality, what does it mean? Civil equality? We have got it. Social equality? Which of us ever met his equal? Indeed, to the same man in the same day I am lord and servant; now instructor, now pupil. Life is an interchange of dependencies. Folly, which lives in crude

abstractions, never found such a home as in this word "equality."

If the Chartist should quote America to you as a place where liberty and equality flourish, you may reply that where there is as yet unlimited extent of land, so that the population can overspread and sink into the land in all directions, society may proceed in a totally different manner from that which it must do in a densely-peopled and fully-occupied state. There is space there. But the truth is, that it is idle to wish to identify in manners and institutions an old and a new state. The Chartist might as well quote Scythia to us. Moreover, the views which Americans take of liberty and equality are very moderate when compared with such as are rife in Europe in these times.

But you will say, all these are over-fine reasonings; I should never venture to address such things to Chartists. There you are wrong. There is no class in this country before which you may not put any argument that you can put in clear language; which you must observe is a very different thing from saying that, unaided, they will always see through sophistry. I believe, however, that nowhere are solid thought and reasoning more in use than in this country. I am so persuaded of this, that after reading Louis Blanc's book about the organization of labour—my first thought on laying it down was, that it would be impossible for such a book to have produced any great effect in this country on account of the immense number of people of all ranks who could have answered it.

I have supposed an employer of labour asking me what to say to a Chartist, and I have ventured to suggest some topics. There are scores of others that might be touched upon with advantage. If he spoke to you about fraternity, you might say that you had observed uninstructed fraternity, as in childhood for instance, to abound in frequent quarrelling and to be anything but synonymous with good fellowship. When brothers grow up and have gone through long interchange of sympathy and good offices, then fraternal love may be expected to be largely developed. But of itself, mere fraternity is no assurance of peace and amity.

Descending from these abstractions which, however, it is very important to dwell upon as they agitate the fluent thoughts of men like fierce winds, you can ask your Chartist whether he means *himself* to break the law, or only to be in the company of those who intend to do so; and if he answer the latter, perchance you may succeed in showing him the danger and the wrongfulness of such a course. Be sure in anything that you say you do not ridicule him, and so burn into his mind mistaken notions with the acid of an ill-natured refutation of them. Win him if you can by argument; win him if you can by just action; but at any rate make him moderate by showing that you are reasonable and kind.

I have now said what I can respecting the duties of an employer of labour in the present crisis. I believe him to be almost the most important person to address. By kind words, by kinder deeds, by

a long course of masterly behaviour, he will be our best safeguard, and conduct authority by the gentlest descent from the highest to the lowest. He may rely upon it *the evils of the day are not to be met by giving up power but by making more use of it.*

This letter to you, my dear friend, is a very Protean letter; or rather it treats you as a very Protean person. Now I talk to you yourself; now I presume to talk to the Government through you; not I put an employer of labour in your place; and now I am going to address you as if you were a literary man, and one of those few who are likely to have influence with the body we wish to move.

Upon no one rests a greater responsibility than upon you, my literary friend. It is no good your asking this and that from the Government, or from the higher classes, on behalf of the class whose claims you advocate, unless you prepare your readers to receive it. In all cases the benefit of any gift lies in the receiver as well as in the gift or the giver. What political privilege, what social advantage, what physical enjoyment can compensate for an acrid murmuring spirit? Tell your poor readers what *is* beautiful, what *is* dignified, what *is* strong. Not unreasonable complaint, not envy, not arrogance. On the contrary nothing is so strong as humility, so dignified as forbearance, so great as contentment. You want to make these people happy, you say. Make *yourself* happy first: and if you do not do so by limiting your expectations rather than by gaining your wishes, you are a peculiar specimen of human nature, which I cannot presume to say anything

further about. One thing I warn you of,—to think twice before endeavouring to impress your notions on the world, especially on half-educated persons. People shed tears over interesting novels. The books they ought to cry over are shallow books dealing with great subjects, and moving large masses of men.

I now turn to the so-called political economist, the man who having read in some books certain theories not wholly untrue as far as they appear in black and white, is determined to apply them throughout life with the desperate rigour of a man with one or two ideas. Chartism is, perhaps, the rebound of such narrow views as his. I do not ask him, however, to forsake political economy (which is ill-used enough in most places just at present), but to study it more deeply, and to translate its doctrines into life, with due recollection at all times that he is dealing with living beings. Very consistently, this pseudo-political economist has ridiculed, as an old remnant of feudalism, any notion of a relation other than pecuniary between employers and employed, between master and servant. And thus, as far as he can make it, the relation becomes degraded. *But there is nothing so cruel as a theory. All other wild beasts have been tamed, but not a theory.*

I now return to you, my good friend, having addressed, through you, various persons who, I think, might be serviceable, or the contrary, in the matter which we have in hand.

We want to come at the root of Chartism, not

so much for the purpose of getting it up, as by digging round it and fertilizing it to make it grow into something very different.

To do this, I have suggested that we should look to the employers of labour, and to any of those in our body who have influence with Chartists. Many of these Chartists are said to be shrewd men, many doubtless are honest men. Surely they could be made to see that good times would be good for them as well as the rest of the community, and that good times are to be gained by quiet. If these men have entirely got beyond our influence, it is, I repeat, in some measure our own fault: and we are bound to make great efforts to regain that influence.

Before concluding, I must observe that not the least useful of the efforts of those who care to remove the causes of Chartism, will be given to due encouragement of arts, of studies, of domestic pursuits, of fitting recreations, and of home adornments amongst their dependents and those over whom they may have influence. These are the surest means of elevation for our poorer classes: these are the things to soften down the asperities, and to remove the squalor of their daily life: these will tend to raise them out of faction into love of country. A man who knows something of any art (say of music, for instance, and imagine him one of Mr. Hullah's pupils), has found out what study is; has gained a perception of excellence in contemplating great works; ascertains what a difficult matter it is to do anything well; and perceives that so far from men being equal, the same class will afford

specimens of every variety of proficiency. Setting himself to wrestle with nature, trying to master some one branch of art, he may learn a humility which he will never acquire while he is fabricating fancy constitutions.

No one who has studied the life of the poorer classes, will pretend to say that their present means would not allow of their being raised many degrees in thought, refinement, and enjoyment. If they were so raised, we might say to revolutions—revolve if you like: in your course you will bring nothing uppermost which we should much fear to see.

As it is, the man who sees nothing in Chartism worthy his most serious thought and earnest attention is a more unwise person than any Chartist.

It will be said that for the present difficulty all such small things as I have suggested are too late. "Too late" is often said to the timid by the timid, and does wonderful mischief. We may be told, that the disorder is inflammatory, not chronic; and that the means should be chosen accordingly; but you may be assured that it is that part of the complaint which is chronic that is to be dreaded.

Quackery always promises great things to be effected in short times, and predicts sudden changes. You are to be at the point of death to-day and quite well to-morrow. Ages will pass and the world will continue to believe that all its evils are curable by some sudden process, some dissevering and boiling-up again. *Nature meanwhile heals gently, quietly, and will have time to do it in.*

. . . It is astonishing what clever people there are

who in all the profoundest social difficulties think that if some one thing could be done, all would be right—some "great measure!"

Now, suppose in any country a government were to arise of great power, no want of means to begin with, hampered by no relationship with the past, capable of issuing decrees as fast as clerks could write them; and that this government had men in it really bent upon settling the world to rights; and that they were especially devoted to the interests of the labouring classes: and that war, and hunger, and the death of trade, and the sewing-up of the mouth of free speech, and the provincial tyranny of one city over a whole empire, were to be the result of all these tremendous good intentions and great edicts: if we were to have such a spectacle before us, it might make us pause and even be contented with all manner of apparently small and unpretending ways of getting our poor fed and our work done, and our discontent allayed, which was never, I suspect, intended to be a very easy matter.

I have written this letter *currente calamo* and must, therefore, beg your favourable construction of any part that may be inadequately imagined or expressed. Submitting all that I have said, my dear brother special constable, to your better consideration and further working out,

I remain,

Most truly yours,

ONE OF THE FORCE WHICH CAME OUT ON MONDAY, the 10th April, 1848.

A. H. had been suffering from sleeplessness, and had gone abroad for a change.

To T. W. HELPS.

Brussels,
Friday, Oct. 27th, 1848.

We have come, without misadventure of any kind, to this pleasant town where we shall probably stay a few days and then return to England.

I believe that a residence in a warm climate for the winter would be of great advantage to me; but really there is so much to be put in the other scale, that, "as at present advised" I do not feel inclined to undertake any such transaction.

Were I compelled to do so, Malta is the place I would choose. I have lately been much in the company of a great traveller (an Englishman) who has been in Persia, Arabia, hundreds of miles up the Nile, and who, as far as I could find, had lived in every part of Europe. I asked him one day a question I have before put to great travellers —of all places you have been at, where would you choose to reside? He put Malta first. Only conceive the delight of living at a place where they have no rain for years together. Then the advantage of being under the protection of the British flag is not inconsiderable. Then there is every comfort that can be wanted; whereas, in the South of Spain, as I know from experience, comfort is not easily "realized," as the Americans would say. But all this talk about Malta is by way of parenthesis.

I am better. But I do not get such nights as

could be wished. Now I will give you a little notion of what sort of a night I had last night; and I think when you have heard it, you will say, it is a wonder that I have got better at all.

In my sleep I went into the question of solar time and clock time, "mean time" as I think it is called, and I have now before me the figure that I used to explain it, and recollecting the explanation thoroughly, I think I reasoned well. In fact it was a vivid reminiscence of cramming a bit of Maddy's Astronomy. Then I fell into making some poetry upon the "fluid nature of evil"—that is an odd way of putting it, but those are the very words that occurred to me. One of the lines I recollected for some hours after I got up this morning. It scanned very well and would have gone into the poets' corner of a country newspaper together with "lines to Delia from Amyntas."

Well, these mathematical and poetical pursuits were varied by vivid conversations upon subjects most painful to me in which living and dead people joined. I was also extremely restless and had a light perspiration upon me.

After such nights as these, you can hardly expect a man to be very vivacious; but really I am not so unwell this morning and have walked about a great deal—which shows how much strength I have gained. Indeed, I think an ordinary acquaintance would not know that anything had been or was the matter with me.

There is now a great gap in the correspondence

until March, 1849. Evidently Arthur Helps had been ill and Professor Anster had been giving him advice, for he writes:

. . . One thing is very clear to me and very satisfactory, and that is, that when a man has a doctor's degree in one faculty, by some mysterious process unknown to common mortals, doctorial knowledge of all kinds is poured into him. That the vessels do not burst is the surprising thing to me. You see what this alludes to—to your kind care for my health, which I, with the usual ingratitude, resent.

Well, for my part, I say I hope I shall eventually get into some planet where there will be no rates and taxes, where our tenants will pay us, and where we shall not have to pay our creditors: where there will be admirable reviews from Ansters in North Britishes about the state of Ireland, or any other distressful physical subject, but no Ireland at all, or even such a poor mean place as England, in this planet.

Then, again, my dear Dock, be comforted, because it is evident you *will* be very rich—only in your case, the gout comes before the riches, which is a very beneficent arrangement.

Do not think, because I joke, that I do not most heartily wish you out of all pain and discomfort.

Yours always,

A. H.

Another trip abroad accounts for the following letter.

To T. W. HELPS.

Ratisbon,
July 25, 1849.

Here I am after a very tiresome journey, or rather series of journeys, from Frankfort. These people become slower and slower; for I find that my Murray—an old Murray of 1845—makes the Eilwagen go faster than it does now, and what is more, he puts a daily steamer on the Danube from here to Ischl, whereas I find it only goes every other day. Postmasters and owners of steamboats have not much encouragement, however, at present from the English, for there are very few travellers. I believe I was the only Englishman on board one of the steamers on the Rhine—a thing which never happened to me before, and which very seldom does happen to any Englishman.

Nuremberg is a wonderful place. It is, as I dare say you know, the best preserved town of the middle ages that we have: and certainly the middle ages, like many English ladies, fair, *not* fat and forty, cut out the younger ones very considerably.

I hope to go down the Danube to-morrow as far as Linz; after that, I shall go to Ischl, and thence to Salzburg, where I expect letters which I am very anxious to see, as I hear that M. is unwell. Oh dear! one ought to do all one's travelling and everything else before one is married. (Yes, my beauty, peering out from that balcony opposite to me, I wish I could convey this wholesome truth to you who, foolish creature, are looking after Otto

or Wilhelm, or some such individual, and thinking that life is worth nothing without him.) By the way, the women here are much better looking than in the north of Germany.

But to resume my discourse which the aforesaid beauty has interrupted, I am afraid I shall have but a bad day for my voyage to-morrow, for it threatens rain and then I shall see but little. I believe the scenery from Passau to Linz is extremely beautiful.

I had some amusement yesterday. Hearing that there was to be a song-festival, I asked permission, as a stranger, to attend. It was readily granted, and I went. The singing was excellent and would have delighted our friend Hullah. But there was also speechifying. Now I could make out some of it, and indeed I ought to have done so, for every tenth word (literally) was "Germany," or "German," or "Fatherland"; the orator divided his subject into three or four sections, and at the end of each, he thus wound up, "If then you think with me that Fatherland, &c."; if you love the German song, the German sausages, the German women; if you adore Freiheit, Blockheadheit and Duncerthum, then "Rufen Sie mit mir," rufen the German word for hurrah, whatever that may be. Then immediately the trumpets sounded and the people shouted apparently in concert; and I assure you the effect was very fine. Then came dead silence and he began again.

I am going to the Walhalla to-day which I expect to admire much. There is a criticism about it in Murray which is very likely to be true, I think,

as I have observed the defect alluded to in several of our modern attempts at Grecian architecture; namely the basement or "substruction," as he calls it, being too large.

Yours, etc.,

A. H.

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

Vernon Hill, Bishop's Waltham,
May 21, 1850.

Your last two letters relieved my mind a little; it was a pleasure to hear that any discomfort or annoyance was at least postponed.

After all nothing enwisens a man so much as trouble: the only question is whether in this generation we have not a little too much of this enwisening. It often seems to me very doubtful how any class of men is to get on, the progress of civilization making all things turn upon such small differences, and depend upon such remote contingencies. The cotton crop, for instance, or the yield of gold, or the folly of any particular member of parliament, is a thing which may reduce any one of us, if we don't look sharp, to utter destitution, I mean to what is called utter destitution in highly civilized communities. A little time ago hundreds of people were ruined, as I firmly believe, by the operation of the Bank Charter Act.

You have house property in a town, (I am speaking to an imaginary you) something occurs to the town or to that quarter of it, and you find that a vast bulk of property is all of a sudden expensive

instead of productive. Such considerations may a little console the unfortunate holders of land in Ireland.

Then think of the ups and downs in manufacturing life. I wonder most people engaged in it don't go mad. By the way, I will tell you a curious thing said by one of our first medical men to a friend of mine. He said that there were 3 classes of persons whose disorders were very difficult to cure. Stockbrokers (who, he remarked, had really peculiar disorders of their own); those who have too much to do; and those who have nothing to do—in short, the over-anxious, the over-busy, and the over-idle puzzle the medical profession sorely.

Try and keep yourself, if possible, out of the first of these classes.

I believe that many of us who have got families would do wisely to emigrate and buy a bit of land, and squat ourselves down upon it; and snap our fingers henceforward at the tax-gatherer.

Ever yours,

A. H.

The two next letters refer to a journey to Venice.

To T. W. HELPS.

Milan,
Aug. 26, 1850.

We arrived here late on Saturday, and in a day or two we shall have seen all that we care to see and shall commence our journey homewards on which I shall not be disposed to linger at all.

Now having settled business as it were, let us talk of other things. My journey was not very prosperous at first. I started a little unwell and anxious, and then travelling rapidly and by railway I remained unwell till I got to Zurich, where I was very uncomfortable for a few hours; but finding a chemist who had been in England and knew our ways, I was soon put to rights, and have since been much better and hope to come home looking blooming —*i.e.* if a blackish brown colour can come under that denomination.

The incidents of travel have been very numerous and comical. The truth is these foreigners are not yet equal to cope with railway difficulties, and they entangle matters by endeavouring to enforce minute rules which add vexation to confusion. Now here at Milan there is a splendid station, but when we came in late in the evening, the only way they had of lighting it was by torches. A torch near you flared up gloriously, and you thought you recognized some of your *bagaglio*, you made a desperate plunge at it, the torch-light meanwhile had suddenly gone down, and by the time the holder of it had knocked it against his shoe and brought up its brilliancy, you found that you had seized hold of somebody else's portmanteau. Hullah and I have made a discovery which must be published in a work to be written by Craik and called "The Pursuit of Luggage under Difficulties." It is this: that it requires a combination of 3 resolute and obedient persons to manage at a railway terminus abroad—one to look after the luggage—another to sit upon it as it is

brought to him, and not to move—a third to go outside the barrier and sit in a *fiacre* or whatever the carriage may be, to secure places.

It is quite amusing to see the difference between travelling this year and last. Last year it was quite a treat to meet anybody; and people snuggled up to each other amazingly, for though we sometimes pretend the contrary, we are generally very glad (though sometimes not a little ashamed) to meet with our own countrymen in a strange land. This year people look unlovingly on a neighbour as being the person who may get the last bed to be had at the best inn, and exclude them entirely. The hatred excited by a large English family travelling with two carriages is not to be told: horrid hopes of their all going down some precipice of the Splugen-pass cross the minds of their fellow travellers; and whenever an opportunity occurs, their servants are asked in an apparently unconcerned manner where their master thinks of sleeping to-night.

By the use of tremendous vigour, and I believe knowing between us a little more of the language of the country than the average of travellers, we have hitherto contrived to get beds at the inns we intended to stay at, though it has been more than once a near shave.

This has been my first sight-seeing day at Milan, and to tell you the truth, I rather dreaded it. In the first place, I hate to be lugged about to see all manner of second-rate things, and still more to have to utter lying notes of admiration about them. I, therefore, diligently prepared my comrade for a

brutal indifference to the arts on my part, which preparation has been very serviceable to me.

I am delighted with the Cathedral. Of course there are great faults and glaring inconsistencies; but there are beauties and merits of the rarest kind, and it takes place as far as my travelling knowledge goes, after Cologne & Seville. Like all great works, too, it grows upon you.

Well, then, I am rejoiced to have seen Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper. No print or copy, I suspect, gives you a notion of this fresco. There were two prints in the refectory with it—both grossly false and inaccurate—translations in fact—and what shameful things translations mostly are!

We have *done* a number of churches in one of which there was really a great curiosity—a representation of a love feast, in stone, of the rudest sculpture and of unknown antiquity.

More yet, I am sorry to say, remains to be done to-day. I call all this the official part of travelling; and I look forward at some distant period, perhaps in another state of being, to travelling about in countries where one has thoroughly seen all that is said to be worthy of seeing and can be put down in books: and where that tyrant Murray has no longer any power over us. Now I am the slave of the red book.

The real delights of travel are the stroll in the market-place—the watching workmen using processes unfamiliar to us—strange devices in small things. Now if I were asked what had especially delighted me this time, and I was obliged to be thoroughly

sincere, I should say my impressions on entering for the 3rd time the Cathedral (not looking at or thinking about the architecture) but just walking in and out again in a few minutes: then the next thing I should say would be the pleasure I had, while sitting in an old church in the oldest part of the town, at seeing a little girl trip round the church and make a graceful obeisance at each picture of our Saviour or the Virgin; and then walk out. Then, again, I was very much amused and pleased at getting an urchin somewhere in the small territory where they talk Romansch as they call it (Romance) to explain to me several words of that rapidly-failing language. One of them I found to be exactly coincident with a word in modern Portuguese.

I do not find the climate at all too hot; in fact I got out of bed last night more than once to put more bed-clothes on. They have had a very bad season here. I have not seen such a thing yet as a really ripe grape: and by this time they ought to be in abundance.

Now have I not written a good long letter to you, especially considering that my companion is waiting for me at the Brera, where I hope he will have satiated himself with the indifferent pictures, so that we may see the good ones in peace together. We had no difficulty at the Austrian frontier, and found, as I have found before, the Austrian authorities particularly courteous.

ARTHUR HELPS.

To T. W. HELPS.

Venice,
Danieli's,
August, 1850.

Happily, one need say little about Venice to a man who has seen it. For my part I am delighted with it, and could one establish Simon,* Tom Taylor, and the Board of Health here, with despotic power, Venice would be charming indeed. But the said Board is much wanted. Do not imagine that the difficulties are insurmountable: indeed your ingenuity will easily see that the stenchativeness might be considerably diminished. Kate was quite right in thinking I should be in my element or upon it, when in a gondola—a *well closed* gondola, for it has been hideously cold here as indeed at other places which I have stopped at, such as Turin. By the way I was very unwell there—enough so to make me very nervous, but I have quite got over my malady, and I think am better than when I started.

I am somewhat disappointed in those pictures which are said to be the great ones at Venice; but fortunately, before I left London, I said to Mrs. Simon or Alice,† I wish Ruskin would tell me about the 5½ pictures which it would be desirable for me to see. Well, Ruskin heard of this and wrote to me here, telling me where the said 5½ might be seen. The ½ is the thing I like best; and he is right

* The chief officer of the Board of Health.
† His eldest daughter.

in choosing it for the ½, as one side of the picture is quite common-place, and the other, to my mind, transcendent. It is a Tintoretto, I will talk to you about it when we meet. This Ruskin is a man of great genius. One of the 5½ is a picture which I suspect not one person in a thousand ever sees at all. It is very badly placed. It is at the "Scuola di San Rocco."

In two or three days' time I commence my journey home, which will be a leisurely progress through the Tyrol. That is what I hope to derive most benefit from. I have not been so well for years as I was the last time I travelled in the Tyrol; and I am hopeful about the journey now. I shall be very glad, too, to be nearer home. If you like to write to me, do so in 4 days after the receipt of this, directing to me Poste Restante, Paris.

The weather has been unpropitious for Torcello; and, to tell you the truth, I have already had quite enough of the pleasures of a gondola in the open lagoon on a boisterous day. I did not make any vows about building a church, or even going more frequently to hear B.*; but I said to myself, if I get safely back, I will think twice before I go out in the open on a windy day. That is the prosaic way in which we Protestants comport ourselves when we think we are in any danger. Of course these gondolas are totally unfit for anything but water-streets. To use them in anything like a sea is like driving your brougham through Spain or Russia.

* The Rector of Bishops Waltham.

I wish you were both with me here looking out upon San Giorgio Maggiore from a front window at this prophetic hotel.

A. H.

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

46, Chester Square,
Sept. 11, 1850.

Here I am again after a very rapid journey to and from Venice—too rapid to be very enjoyable, though not so to be profitable. By "profitable" I mean abounding in new and beautiful impressions which one can think over sitting by one's winter fire, which, by the way, means all the year round in England.

I hear you have been saying gracious things of me.* I have not seen them yet. For my part, so thoroughly imbued am I with a sense of the proper distance between an author and his critic, that if the latter deigns to say that the former may breathe the same atmosphere, it seems to me a great condescension.

One thing, between ourselves, puzzles me much: and that is, supposing the same individual to be an author and a critic, what happens then? Does one side of him perpetually pay respect to the other, so that with one arm for instance, he goes along the street bowing in the most obsequious roundabout way to the other side, which is considered the critical or negative pole? Does not this account

* Probably in a review of the 2nd Vol. of "Friends in Council."

for the awkward gestures of learned men? Anster, we are on the brink of a great discovery, which I leave you to work out.

When I come up to town, I am like a shuttlecock with which innumerable battledores are playing with frantic energy and velocity; and I have rest only while some unlucky player fails to hit me and I tumble down for a moment on the ground.

This must account to you for my long silence. When I am here, business, domesticity of various kinds, claims of literature, visits to doctors, and such things all lay hold upon me. I enter deeply into the feelings of a cat with a tin canister tied to its tail and hunted by innumerable boys.

I sometimes suspect that this civilization of ours with its elaborate laws and regulations and etiquettes pretends to do more than it can well perform. However upon the whole I am for the Court of Chancery, that most curious product of civilized life, and against J. J. Rousseau, painted skins, and a community of wives.

Ever yours,

A. H.

Charles Eliot Norton, to whom my father had been introduced when he was in England, had suggested that he should arrange for the publishing in America of "Friends in Council," and my father consented. The following letter is an answer to one forwarding the first result of the publication.

To C. E. NORTON.

Jan. 22, 1851.

I have this day received your letter of the 4th instant, with the £10 bill of exchange which accompanied it.

It is very kind of you to have taken so much interest in the publication of these works of mine in America, and of course I shall be very happy to leave in your hands any further arrangements which might be made respecting the publication of the 2nd volume of "Friends in Council" or of any other works of mine.

To tell you the honest truth, however, I care next to nothing about the matter. When I am writing a book I do the best I can with it and spare no pains; but when it is done, I generally entertain a slight disgust for it ever afterwards, the sort of feeling Lady Macclesfield probably had for poor Savage (conscious consanguinity mixed up with decided aversion), so that when I hear at the publishers here that another edition is wanting, it gives me but little satisfaction. This is wrong, no doubt, but so it is. If, notwithstanding this somewhat cold reception of what on your part is real kindness and a wish to do good as you think, you persevere in getting the 2nd volume of the "Friends" printed in America, I advise you to have the index printed too, which is to be found in the last edition. Mr. Pickering shall send it to you, if you wish.

There is also an index coming out in the next edition of "Companions of my Solitude." These

indexes (or should we say indices?) are the best parts of the books, I think; and indeed make the rest rather needless than otherwise.

So far about matters of business. I must now thank you very heartily for the present of books which your letter informs me of, and which, I dare say, I shall get in a few days. I am thankful to say that I have a catholic taste in literature and can even read with some interest new tragedies and small collections of miscellaneous poems by young authors, provided there is anything whatever in them.

I was very sorry not to see you when you were in England. Do not fail to come and see me when you come again, which I trust you will.

I dare say you know Mr. Emerson. When you see him, give my kindest regards to him. He was here only a day with me, but it is a day that remains in my mind.

The next letter refers to an amusing passage of arms between A. H. and his publisher.

From MR. PICKERING.

Piccadilly,
Feb. 12, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thanks for your cheque £8. 3. 5. received this morning. I am very sensible of the impropriety you mention of Authors paying any money to their Publishers; however, as the march of intellect is progressing I hope honesty will keep pace, and that justice will be eked out to us poor victims; such

marvels ought to be recorded in tables of brass and sent to the Great Exhibition, as one of the novelties of 1851.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Your dutiful Slave and Publisher,
W. PICKERING.

A. HELPS, ESQ.

A question as to the authenticity of a story in one of my father's books—which, however, I cannot discover—drew forth the following characteristic letter.

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea,
26 March, 1851.

DEAR HELPS,

There is no doubt your story concerning Luther's Kathe (Kate) and the cap for the student—which they either gave him or regretted that they had not given him (I forget which, but think the former)—is perfectly true, read by me in the "Table Talk," or some equally authentic book—tho' I cannot now find the place in my German copy of the "Tischreden," as there is no available index; nor I think could you in the English copy, for a like defect. You may consider the story abundantly well-founded, and safe to use as you have done.

England is actually "pulling the face" you talked of over that illustrious Lord John; and I think will have to make it longer yet before she fairly gets rid of him.

Nay, this morning, the Postman (our substitute for the *Times*) reports or seems to report hurriedly through the window, that the Papal Aggression is lost, that there will be a new spectacle of the Kings of England all floundering on their belly in the gutter, and with mute despair symbolically asking the mud god, "What shall we do?" If we add to which phenomenon this other, that the Crystal Palace is letting in rain at every pore, and has sappers baling it and glaziers wringing their hands, is it not a cheering aspect of World-History? Oh, heavens, one could curse and launch thunder (if one had it) rather than laugh. But I am busy, and my time is more than up. A rain as of Noah prevails here for the last week or more. Adieu, and tight roofs to you.

Yours very truly,
T. CARLYLE.

A letter to Professor Anster on Kossuth's visit to England.

To PROFESSOR ANSTER.

Vernon Hill, Bishop's Waltham,
Nov. 14, 1851.

Thanks for your kind enquiries. We have returned from town for some time. I have had better health this last summer on account of the dryness, I believe. . . . I have been for many months hard at work at my history, which is beginning to assume some shape, though a very rude and ill-defined one. It is an immensely laborious work, and requires all

my attention. I have now, I think, answered all your kind questions; and so may dismiss me and mine from the stage.

We talk here of nothing but Kossuth—pronounced Kosshūt, and I think it might serve to show sensible people how little the popular clamour is worth, when you find it so ready and boisterous in a matter of which at present it knows next to nothing.

For the steady neglect of all that is most worthy in man—of real merit of all kinds—and for the immediate and welcome recognition of every noisy pretence to desert (especially if coming from abroad) give me the British people against the whole world. I and many other people too (who are fond of travelling) expect to expiate in Austrian prisons this burst of truly British enthusiasm. Meanwhile I am free here, and use the highest privilege of freedom—which is writing short letters even to dear friends; and so I conclude, being as ever.

Yours cordially,

A. H.

From C. E. NORTON.

Shady Hill, Cambridge,
December 1st, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have delayed a long while acknowledging the receipt of a very kind letter from you which gave me much pleasure. I should have thanked you for it before now had I not feared to trespass too much on your kindness, and had I not desired to send you with a letter a copy of the

American reprint of "Companions of my Solitude." It is printed neatly, but not with the tasteful beauty that I could desire for it. It will, I fear, be a long time before we have an *Aldi Discipulus Americanus*.

Mr. Longfellow's new poem "The Golden Legend" is just out. It is quite different from any of his previous works, and though not so full of touching and tender beauty as his "Evangeline" (a poem which I trust you know), it is marked by beauty little less striking of another kind. Several of its detached scenes seem to me very happy reproductions of the jarring and struggling spirit characteristic of the Dark Ages. Its characters are quite imaginary, and its plot is beyond the reach of possibility, and this gives room for the introduction of thoughts and images and incidents which would be excluded from any regular drama. But you will see the poem, and can judge of its merits. It is likely to have a wide fame, for Longfellow is the most popular of poets in our country, and whatever he writes is sure to find its way everywhere from the backwoods of Maine to the "diggins" in California. This is our only literary novelty of any great interest,—always at this season a thousand books, mostly of only temporary interest, come out for the long winter's evening reading.

We are now daily expecting the arrival of Kossuth —of whom you must by this time be tired of hearing. He will be received here with not less enthusiasm than in England, and it will I fear be the object of the leaders of our great political parties to outrival each other in lavishing flattery upon him. I sincerely

regret his coming—not so much because it is most difficult to form an estimate of his real deserts, although it is very certain that they are less than the enthusiastic popular voice has claimed for him,—as because at this time the question of intervention in foreign politics is becoming a very prominent one with us, and is likely to receive an unfavourable determination from his arrival and influence. The tendency of the democracy in this country is to desert the sound principle established by Washington of non-intervention in the affairs of foreign states. The unexampled prosperity of our country has somewhat intoxicated our people, till they have become over-confident in their strength, and unmindful of the means used to accomplish the objects which they desire. There is here as over all the world at present, great confusion of thought with regard to the principles of political and social science. We are continually receiving the outpourings of the misery and ignorance of the old world,—and the men who compose it become almost at once invested with the full rights of citizens. Till of late they have rapidly amalgamated with our native population, and very speedily adapted themselves to our institutions, but now the process has become slower. The Irish have come in such numbers since 1847 that they form almost a nation by themselves,—they bring their ignorance, their misery and their feuds with them and preserve them now for a long time. The Marquis of Lansdowne ships off paupers from his Irish estates to us, and his example has been followed by other Irish landowners. Whatever be

the consequence to us we will not at least send them back to starve. The Germans who have emigrated in vast numbers since 1848 are, for far the greater part, imbued with the destructive doctrines which have been, and which are so prevalent in Germany, and the newspapers printed in German, of which through the country there are a great many, almost without exception profess atheism, or disbelief in Christianity, and a desire to overthrow, as not liberal enough, the existing United States Government. We have seen how little the existing rights of nations are regarded by a portion of our people by the piratical attack on Cuba the last summer, and by the sympathy which was loudly expressed for it. And now in the midst of all these elements of trouble, and of confusion, Kossuth is, I fear, coming to throw his weight into the wrong scale.

I would not have you take me for an alarmist. I might draw a bright picture to set off against this dark one, and it would be true as a representation of one side as this. But these evils, which I have spoken of, exist; and we shall hardly get rid of them before they have borne some fruit. Meanwhile their existence is a stimulus to all wise and thoughtful men to exert themselves to the utmost to preserve the great blessings which we have professed and still profess as a nation from their blighting influence. Certainly the hope of the world rests upon England and America—so far as our short-sighted eyes can see. But one cannot believe that the highest civilization is attained while poverty is so miserable, while injustice is so strong, while religion is practically so neglected.

But I have written on with little regard to your time.

I must thank you again for your letter—and with my best wishes for the New Year, I beg you to believe me always,

With great respect,
Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

To C. E. NORTON.

London,
Feb. 1, 1852.

I ought to have answered your letter a long time ago; but I have been very much occupied, and am always an unwilling writer of letters.

Still, I have much pleasure in thanking you for your kindness in thinking of me, and sending me the books which came safe to hand about a fortnight or 3 weeks since. The "Forest Life" * I had already read and had found very interesting. Anything from Mr. Longfellow is welcome; but I have not yet looked at "The Golden Legend," waiting until I shall be quietly located in the country; for, if I can help it, I never take up a book that I think I shall like, at an unfavourable season.

As for the reprint of my own book, which you were also kind enough to send, it always fills me with a kind of dismay to see such things. These books of mine seem to me so crude, inefficient and disproportionate, that I cannot say it is any great pleasure to know of their circulation.

* Thoreau's.

One thing, however, about them gives my national vanity (not a very strong feeling) some pleasure. You beat us in ploughs and ships and pistols and other useful things; but from the Aldine Press here, we do occasionally turn out a book which, in externals, is not to be matched throughout your wide America. Now leave us something to beat you in; don't endeavour to outprint and out-publish us.

I quite agree with all that you said on the subject of Kossuth in your last letter. Indeed, I have seldom seen, or heard, anything more to my mind in politics than your remarks upon that matter.

I suppose that all thoughtful men have in all ages viewed with sorrow and dissatisfaction the political proceedings in their own times. This must be so to a certain extent. The thoughtful are the few: the political agents in the world are the many. Nevertheless I imagine that this, our time, has been peculiarly a time of dread and doubt to men of thought.

If I may speak for myself, I can say that the moment I read those proclamations of Lamartine's, full of the wildest ineptitudes, and the edicts of Ledru Rollin, it seemed to me as if civilization was tottering, and I saw torrents of blood already flowing.

And here we are in this year of our Lord 1852, between intolerant despotisms and the self-sufficient idiotisms of those men whom Napoleon justly called "ideologists."

I rather think with Emerson that we should estimate a man by the hope that is in him; and therefore, I vote we go on hoping, but it is sometimes

hard work to do this, especially for us who are near at hand to all that is troublesome and mischievous in the political world.

By the way, if you ever see the above-named Emerson, commend me to him as one who ever retains a most pleasant recollection of him.

For yourself, receive my thanks for all your courtesy and kindness, and believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HELPS.

The following refers to a second journey to Spain to consult authorities in connexion with his history of the "Conquerors of the New World."

To T. W. HELPS.

Barcelona,
March 8/52.

MY DEAR WILLIAMS,

I sit down to give you some account of my journey here; in return for which, if you are benevolently minded, you can indite a letter directing it to the Hotel Canterbury at Paris; for on Wednesday I commence my return, having "done," as tourists say, Barcelona. My journey hither and my stay here have been most uncomfortable. Through the whole of the south of France, I was at the mercy of the "mistral," a terrific creature, of which our east wind is but a feeble and faded imitation. Meanwhile there is, perhaps, a blazing sun, the only effect of which is, to render one more keenly sensible of the bitterness of the mistral. How the bees

manage at Narbonne I can't conceive, for they have no hooded cloaks covering the face like the rest of the people, and at and about Narbonne, the wind was worse than at any other place. The diligence was two hours before its time in arriving there, which I attribute to the cutting short of all gossip on the road, and men and beasts being all anxious to get under shelter as quickly as possible. Well, when we had once passed the Pyrenees, I thought that sensations of warmth would be renewed in me, when in came with terrific fury the wind they call the Levante. The usually mild Mediterranean has been lashed into fury; and the cold has been such as to defy miserable pans of charcoal. To-day, for the first time, there is a little improvement in the weather.

Spanish travelling *is* travelling. In most other places one carries about with one "some of the comforts of the Saut-market," as Baillie Nicol Jarvie would say; but here not so. As for the roads they are absolutely comical. They require at places to have sign-posts mentioning the fact that these are meant to be roads—as in children's pictures, "This is a horse," "A cow," "Papa's house," are requisite appendages in writing to the juvenile works of art.

I am sorry to see you are not elected a director (which indeed I have but just learnt). Oh that your energies were given to this much neglected country! If there is an exhibition at Madrid, I shall send an exact model of Pratt's Lane,* which we effeminate English think impassable in February, but which

* A lane near Vernon Hill which was regarded as impassable in the winter.

will be a lovely road in these parts. Seriously speaking though, the state of the roads here is something fearful. They have been cut up by the movement of armies and ammunition, and the Spaniards have no idea of culverts or bridges, so that the road sometimes does duty in bad weather as the bed of a stream. What surprised me most was to find that the worst places were in the little towns. There we came upon spots which the imaginative John Bunyan would call dismal swamps and sloughs of despond. Even the practised drivers who stick at nothing in the open country, just give a look at the swamp to make up their minds which way they will plunge through it. But you will say how on earth do you get over such roads? By main force—never with less than eight or ten in hand of well-trained strong animals. They are harnessed two and two, so that it makes a long line. Now, as the driver has but a short whip, you would say he would find some difficulty in dealing with the ninth or tenth animal. But no, our friend is a geologist: not Sedgwick or Buckland ever collected specimens of granite or limestone with more anxiety; and then in some cases of difficulty a big specimen is hurled with unerring aim at some distant refractory animal. Besides this, there is a good deal of conversation going on, addressed to particular individuals of the team. The inns are such abodes of joy as these roads would naturally lead to. The landlords are not particular as to the way in which they arrange their company for the night; and a young married woman complained bitterly of having had two young gentlemen

put into her apartment. Very disagreeable this too for the men! There is nobody, I am sorry to say, fonder of the society of that simple sex than the writer of this letter, but there is a proximity which is a little too close, and I must say I do hope on my return no young or old ladies will be quartered in my room. One comfort, however, the night is not long, for you are called at a ¼ past 1, in order to be off at 2, that being the usual time of starting, in order to have as much daylight as possible and as little chance of encountering robbers.

Well, though I have written the above with some attempt at fun, I am not really in a fun-enjoying humour. The children at home have all got the whooping-cough; and this has sat upon me heavily. "The corroding anxiety, sir, from the moment of their birth till the day of your death,"—see Le Bas on the subject of children. The extreme dryness of the air has, I think, done me a little good and counteracted the coldness. That is all I have to tell you about my health.

A. H.

Here comes an interesting letter from C. E. Norton on the slavery question, sending A. Helps "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

From C. E. NORTON.

Shady Hill,
April 25th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have left your last letter far too long unacknowledged if the speed of my thanks were to

be taken as any measure of the pleasure which it gave me. It came to me in midwinter, and here we are now watching the late lagging arrival of spring. There will be few flowers for May Day celebration. The buds of the willows and the lilacs are hardly swollen, and the violets are waiting for warmer sunshine than any we have seen yet.

I met Mr. Emerson the other day and gave him the message of remembrance which you sent. He told me to tell you of many good intentions which he had of writing to you, and he said that he had lately sent you the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller." Perhaps you may have read it. A very dreary, tragic book it seems to me. A book which excites equally one's interest and sympathy, and one's displeasure. It is a curious study and exhibition of character, and the biographers display themselves almost as much as the person whom they write about. It presents the lives, thoughts, and opinions of a very small circle with us, and is by no means to be taken as a picture of society generally. So far as regards Miss Fuller, criticism is disarmed, but it may fairly attack her biographers. I like none of them. Emerson has been lecturing this last winter with much success, both in Boston and New York. The lecture hall nowadays supplies the place of the portico and the groves of old, and Emerson is like one of the ancient philosophers modernized and Americanized.

I send to you by the steamer a book of a very different character from the one just mentioned. It is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and is a story of slavery by a woman whose name was hardly known

before it appeared on the title page of this book. It is a work of uncommon power, and has had extraordinary popularity. It is but little more than a month since it was published, and already twenty thousand copies have been sold. There is much vigour and much originality in the way in which the story is treated,—and you will find some excellent delineation of character, and often considerable dramatic power. But the simplicity, the strength, and the earnestness of the book are its chief merits. I fear that the descriptions of the sorrows and evils of slavery as it exists in our Southern States are for the most part very correct; only in the second volume is there room to suspect exaggeration,—and there is something overstrained and romantic in the later incidents.

This matter of slavery is the most difficult of all social and political questions. It casts a very dark shadow over our future. It absorbs all other questions into itself, and in one form or another enters into every political discussion and divides every political party. Even in our Northern States it is the chief ground of difference. The single ray of light to shine in on its gloom comes from the success thus far of the experiment in Liberia of the recolonization of Africa by the blacks. If it were not for this the prospect would be one almost sufficient to daunt the firmest and most faithful hope. There is more bigotry of feeling on the subject among the whites in the slave states, that is among the slaveholders, than ever before. What would have been incredible a few years ago is now a sad reality, that

there exists among them a large party who seriously believe and act from the conviction that slavery is necessary to the highest civilization, and is a praiseworthy, desirable and divine institution. The personal ambition of some of the political leaders in the North (this is one of the evils which result from the character of our institutions) has led them to adapt their course to Southern slaveholding prejudices—and to do all in their power to break down an upright and honest public opinion at the North. But this is a subject not to be treated in a short letter, and one about which you may be tired of hearing. One illustration of the state of things comes to my mind, however, and is perhaps worth noting. Kossuth, whose progress has of late been a continual series of disappointments to himself, has found at the South very little sympathy, and has been obliged to speak in a manner much more restrained than his wont. How could he plead with slaveholders for his enslaved people? Every point that made against Austria made against those whom he was addressing. It is strange that the evil of slavery should perhaps have kept us from the evil of intervention in foreign affairs.

I have put in the package for you an article of my own which I should not have thought worth sending to you had not much of the thought in it been suggested or supplied by your books. If it should do any good the merit will be yours.

I beg you never to feel obliged to answer my letters. To receive a letter from you is a very great

pleasure, but I would rather never receive one than have the writing of it a burden to you.

Believe me always, with great respect,
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

From Thomas Carlyle, on the London Library.

Chelsea,
12 May, 1852.

DEAR HELPS,

The London Library is in Danger! Your man Koss, whom I once saw long ago, and of whom I have heard authentic testimony lately, seems at present decidedly the most promising; but there are already five or six other native candidates, all of them, I fancy, superior in real fitness to the young Neapolitan Advocate just arrived on our shores, whom Gladstone has decided to lead in over the belly of both Rhyme and Reason, and make king over us! I myself am struck down to the earth with Influenza, incapable of stirring out for near a week past, and forbidden even to speak, above five words in the half-hour, under penalties. I sent a message to Forster last Saturday, solemnly admonishing to delay and deliberation; Forster's answer was that he went with me to the letter; but that Gladstone, Lord Lyttelton, &c. were "stirring Heaven and Earth" to bring in this man; and that, from the present composition of the Committee, there "was not a possibility" of hindering them. Forster himself is ill, and gone to the country: here in my prison

I cannot even hear from anybody what the Committee did last Saturday, but only that their next meeting is to be on Saturday week, when "testimonials are to be presented," *i.e.* I suppose when G. and his majority are to bring their enterprise to the penultimate, if not even to the triumphant ultimate stage.

To myself all this is a thing evidently contrary to, not the London Library alone, and to its clear interests and rights, but to the common honesty of every one of us to whom said interests and rights have been tacitly but most validly delegated for management and supervision; and it is my decision, for one, that I must and will resist it, and try to find or make "a possibility": I think it will be worse for me, if I don't! At all events, I will go before the thing, and in some softest but perfectly audible way *protest* against such a proceeding, and refusing absolutely I, for one, to have any hand in it more or less, openly dismiss myself from the Committee before they proceed to so untenable an operation. This alone, you perceive, will be but a poor measure; but better than this, on various sides, are open to us,—and in fact, I find, in my solitary contemplations here, that there are decided "possibilities" (*pace* Forster), and that if there were not, such must be *made*—and must be prosecuted with despatch and to the utmost!

The first of all, dear Helps, is that you, come up to town, and lodge yourself within reach of me, the earlier the better, but at least a week before next Committee meeting. Unless actually held, as I

myself am, you are actually bound to this, somewhat as your Groom would be if he saw one of your horses about to be stolen by a cadger, and could prevent it by a little running! My remaining capabilities of speech shall all be devoted to you; and before the day comes I hope to be myself on my feet again.

These things I have written, dear Helps, to "liberate my soul." I have no candidate of my own; on the whole, no wish in the matter except that what is honest be done by the Committee, and especially by one poor member of it; and, sure enough, Gladstone might saddle Kossuth or King Bomba on the L. Library, or put the L. Library altogether in his pipe and smoke it to white ashes, without entirely ruining one's prospects in this immense Universe! These things I know withal and will keep in mind; and yet I have written with complete persuasion what is above, and do very much wish and advise you to come,—at once if you can.

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The next letter is, perhaps, of some interest, as it refers to the building of the room at the top of the Chelsea house "inaccessible to sound."

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

8 June, 1852.

Have I not heard you, oftener than once, speak of some House builder or Carpenter, enormously employed by you in such work, who has the two rare properties of fidelity and good sense?

We have a vague speculation here about exercising some considerable repairs in this home, adding a top story to it (inaccessible to sound) for one thing, and lighted from the sky, etc., etc., a lease of the house being offered us on these conditions.

Now if I am right in remembrance of your man, could you send him to us for a little consultation on the subject. He may find me any evening about 6, while there is still daylight enough. He ought to be warned (and you) that the whole thing is very uncertain hitherto, and that our first immediate want is only of advice that can be relied on.

I called yesterday at Ebury Street, but you were gone, it was not known for how long. You must by no means absent yourself on Saturday, stand well to that, for I believe the Neapolitan duck has still life in it.

Be sure to come.

Officially, I perceive, you have no longer a call to be here—that is to say, typographically last night there came gliding into me a beautiful second volume of the "Conquerors of the New World."

"Ah," said I to myself, "there is the *corpus delicti!*" I expect a right pleasant evening, going thro' this new sin of yours.

Adieu! forget not Saturday and send the builder to me if he will come.

In response to Mr. Norton's letter on the slavery question forwarding "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Arthur Helps addressed the following letter to him, which was afterwards printed for private circulation at home and in America.

To C. E. NORTON.

July 9, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to offer you my thanks for sending me a very remarkable book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which followed on the receipt of your letter of the 25th of April last.

The book horrifies and haunts me; and I cannot help writing to you somewhat at large upon it.

You will perhaps be surprised at my saying the book horrifies me; for, from the interest you have taken in the same subjects which I have cared for, you know well what horrors of various kinds about slavery, about the dwellings of the poor, and about various sanitary matters, I must have waded through. Indeed when I look back upon the man I was when I first left college, how devoted to the most abstract studies, and how fastidious as regarded everything that was physically repulsive, I am sometimes amazed that I should have been able to go through the dense masses of recorded filth, misery, and cruelty which I have had to encounter. I think, if they could have been shown me all at once, like the tale of a life told in some magic glass, I should have shrunk out of the world in horror. But so I suppose it would be, if any one of us were to see in one condensed view the aspect and fortunes (aye, even the prosperous ones,) of his future career. Well, I have somehow or other contrived to get through these horrors; but, like many a medical man who does not become inured to the sufferings of his patients, I am still nearly as

sensitive as ever ; and should, upon Goethe's principle of putting aside unnecessary excitement which tends to disturb real work, have avoided reading the book you sent me, if I had been aware of the nature of its contents. But I am glad I have read it.

Many readers and reviewers will, I have no doubt, at once explain the book to themselves, and make their minds, comparatively speaking, easy upon it, by saying that it contains gross exaggerations, and that it gives no fair account of slavery in America. I am, unfortunately, but too well acquainted with the records of slavery in most parts of the New World, and under nations differing very much from one another, for me to be able to comfort myself in this way. In truth, unless by some special Providence planters were imbued with angelic nature, of which there is at present no evidence before us, I cannot see how the state of things can be much otherwise than as it is described to be in this fearful book, which seems to have set all America again thinking about slavery. I have seen something of what is called " the world," and have a large acquaintance with men in all classes of life, from the highest to the lowest, in this country ; and I think I know about *five* persons who might be intrusted with the supreme authority over their fellow-creatures which is given by law to the Slaveholder, indiscriminately, in many a Slave State.

It has always surprised me that anybody should wish to have that power. There is a converse to everything. Power implies responsibility ; and I must say that innumerable cubic feet of collected

dollars would scarcely reconcile me to the possession of supreme power over the health, wealth, education, and social duties of several hundred human beings completely committed to my charge. Very few of us are sane enough to be intrusted with such power; and, indeed, in reference to this, I think it is very important to notice that there are throughout the world, unless your world differs very much from ours, many persons of that dubious sanity, that although the law cannot interfere with them, they are lamentably unfit to have the management of inanimate property, much more of live property of any kind, infinitely more of intelligent human beings.

But if there be no exaggeration, or at least no such exaggeration as would seriously impair the merits of the work, as regards the condition of slaves in America, there is, I am sorry to say, an exaggeration in the statements which are made in the course of the volume, and are not contradicted, respecting the condition of the English labourer.

It is worth while to make some reply to these statements, for it is not the magnitude of an error so much as the number of people who hold it, which renders it important and dangerous. I have no doubt there are many shrewd people in your country who say, and many shallow people in both countries who echo the saying, that there is very little substantial difference between the condition of the English labourer and that of the American slave. There is, however, even in our poorest districts and in the worst of times, all the difference that exists between humanity and barbarism; between the

dignified suffering of a man oppressed by untoward circumstances and the abject wretchedness of another driven about like a beast—in short between manhood and brutehood.

I wish that such a writer as the authoress of this work could live a little time in the country in England, and really see for herself what these rustic labourers are like. She would find that, under their occasionally stolid appearance and with their clumsy gait, there is an intelligence, a patience, an aptitude to learn, a capacity for reasonable obedience, and a general gentleness of blood and nature, which would mightily astonish her. She would even find, especially among the women, a grace and sweetness of demeanour which would remind her of the highest breeding. She is evidently perplexed to account to herself for the permission of the existence of slaves, so little do their lives appear to give room for the purposes of humanity: she would have no such doubt whatever in contemplating the life of the British peasant, or the British workman. She would see that his life fulfilled sufficiently the conditions of humanity, to render it a means of attaining to considerable self-culture, of exercising the deepest self-restraint, of appreciating and working out what is most beautiful in the affections and the duties of a free citizen.

It is a fact easily ascertained by looking at the map, that England is an island, not a very large island, and consequently that we have not an indefinite power of settling our people upon new lands. Let those who have this power see that they use it well, and that their institutions correspond to the

greatness of their resources and their felicity in that respect.

The writer of the book we are considering must not imagine that it is a general rule for the poor in England to be unconsidered, or uncared for. If she were to study this country well, she would find that with the self-helpfulness belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race (for we too are Anglo-Saxons) individuals are making exertions in every way to benefit the poor people around them: indeed that many persons devote the greatest part of their energies to this ever-growing task. Sometimes the poor themselves, encouraged by the example of their wealthier neighbours, form clubs and benefit societies as a resource in case of sickness. Sometimes these wealthier persons, among whom the clergyman of the parish takes a prominent place, combine together to form clothing clubs, coal clubs, and other safe means of benefiting the poor; and I must say that the rich often contrive to keep up the rate of wages in their districts; for, though we have by no means outgrown the love of money, the dollar sometimes takes the second place in our estimate of things.

Then, as to education, do not let your authoress suppose that the poor with us are utterly uncared for in that respect. There, however, I must confess, for I love truth above all things, that personal chastisement is not wholly unknown. Our parish schoolmaster has a cane. How rarely it is used in the particular parish where I live you may guess from the following anecdote. Mr. Emerson, who did me the honour to come and see me when he was

in England, will perhaps have told you, that my house is situated on a steep hill. Looking down the hill one day last week, I was astonished to see that great functionary, the village schoolmaster, plunging down the hill at a most undignified pace; he being, as dignitaries are wont to be, somewhat portly in dimensions. Enquiring the cause of this phenomenon I found that the good man, whose spare time is very scarce, had hurried up to get a book (we have a lending library) for one of the children who was sick and could not get it for himself. The cane, as you may imagine, is an instrument which may pretty safely be left in the hands of such a man as this. And that cane is the only emblem of authority for miles round—corresponding in fact with the Roman *fasces*. To be sure, there is a policeman in the district, but he is very little heard of, and upon the occasion of the robbery of a few spoons, which occurred some years ago, that important officer, putting his hand pitiably on his breast, and telling me what he had gone through in the matter, exclaimed that he had not felt well ever since. So rare an event was such a robbery amongst us. Now, if we were in France we should have a little army of fifty or a hundred men quartered upon us; and if we were in a slave district in America, what whippings, what imprisonments, how many overseers, would not be necessary to get the work done which we do in our quiet, noiseless, stolid way; loving law and order and our country all the while. Do you think that if our poor were like your slaves, they would love law and order as they do?

Then, too, we have our workhouses for the very

poor, the aged, and the infirm; and their right to support does not depend upon the caprice of any single man. It cannot enter into the mind of any person, to speculate whether it would be worth his while to use those under him well or ill.

These things are elementary, and I am ashamed to tell them to a studious and intelligent man like you; but it is so important for nations to understand one another, that it is worth while to enter into the fullest detail about our poor people, if by so doing one could disabuse an American of the idea that the English labourer is the least like a slave—a comparison which may help to soothe the bewildered conscience of many a man who seeks to justify slavery; and which, I dare say, is, and has been, repeated many times in every hour of the day, by some Southern slave-holder or other.

Throughout this book, which has been the cause of my inflicting such a long letter upon you, I find the authoress again and again endeavouring to meet a set of arguments which are so thoroughly exploded in our part of the world, that, to use one of your American words, we find it difficult to "realize" them. These arguments profess to be founded on the Bible; and no doubt it must be a charming thing, when a man is steeped all over in iniquities, to find it said by grave men with black coats and white neck-cloths, that there is no harm in anything he has done; but that the institution which he adores is based upon the soundest religious principles. To a man steaming down one of your magnificent rivers with his dark cargo of slaves, it must be very cheering

to hear from some benignant and judicious-looking clergyman, the words "cursed is Canaan," and to be told that they justify what he, the slave-owner, is doing.

Oh! the evils that spring from any misconception on any great matter! I used to wonder, when somewhat juvenile, at the unnecessary stress, unnecessary as it appeared to me, laid by Solomon upon wisdom, and to see his absolute dread of fools and folly. A little more experience has shown me that there is no wiser fear than the fear of foolishness—a thing more terrible to meet than any wild beast of the forest. What frightful calamities, for instance, may not be directly traced up to the miserable and pedantic views which have been taken of the Bible—views which enabled the sarcastic Gibbon to contend that the Reformation had brought in as much evil as it had removed.

Yet the simplest consideration would show that the Bible was *a* book: *the* book, if you like—but not *all* books; that it does not contain all history, or geology, or any other science, nor pretend to represent a perfect state of things, from which there is to be no improvement. To think this, is to blind ourselves to all reason, philosophy, and religion. For instance, does any sacred writer intimate that the world is in a satisfactory state at the time he is writing, or that he would not alter it, if he had supreme power? Was Christianity set in a world so complete in its social arrangements that you had only to perfect them in detail, and then that all would be right? Were the political arrangements

of that day perfect? What would your fellow-countrymen say to that?

But the favourers of slavery, as it exists in the United States, would reply, that if slavery were such a bad thing, it would have been especially provided against and preached against in the Gospel. So you might say of absolute political power. The absolute political power of Nero and of Commodus, of Attila and of Genghis Khan produced no doubt horrible results; but there is nothing that I know of in the Scriptures particularly directed against despots, and there has always been a great deal brought forward in their favour out of these very Scriptures by flattering, glozing, learned men.

Such views are far from being derogatory to the Bible. Comparatively slight would be the good of Christianity, if it could have been stereotyped in the way that some men's fancies would have had it, embracing a complete code, not only of moral, but of social and political laws. All such codes are mortal. All systems are mortal.

I no sooner see any of them arise, as may be seen in every age, than I say to myself, "That means something perhaps; it suits this people, this age, this country; it will have its day; but it provides and settles too much, and there will be an end of it."

I contend, moreover, that modern slavery is essentially different from the slavery of old times. If you will look at what I have said elsewhere on the subject,* you will see that Jewish slavery differed

* "Friends in Council," Vol. II.

toto cælo, in fact was whole heavens and whole hells apart, from anything like modern slavery.

As for slavery among barbarians or in the Roman Empire, the difference between that and anything like yours is immense, much greater than you are likely to have any notion of until you have looked carefully into the question.

The rare liberality of the Romans, which could endure most gods, was also very noticeable in its tolerance of all races of mankind; and it would be comparatively needless to be for ever dinning this dreary subject of slavery into the ears of mankind, if your slaves in America but enjoyed the hopes, the kind treatment, and the privileges which the same class enjoyed amongst the Romans under their best Emperors. But when once the evils of slavery are deepened and darkened by the difference of race, then comes the utmost cruelty of which human nature is capable: where all remorse is anticipated or destroyed by disgust.

But to pass to other considerations which do not require learning or thought, let us simply go back in imagination to the time of Christ's coming upon earth, and for a moment bring before Him in our fancy such transactions in slavery as may be seen now, which are indeed daily occurrences, mere matters of business, in your country.

Now imagine Him in the Temple, looking on at the sale of a young child, about to be taken from its mother's breast; and conceive what He would have said of that traffic. Picture Him coming into any market, like yours in the South, and seeing the sale

of beautiful Quadroons; or, for one hour, watching such exorbitant cruelty as that perpetrated upon the slaves in many plantations. Would any of your clergy, those who now justify this institution, like to have been there? Why the terror and horror of the evil-doers (aye, and of the abettors too), their minds being once opened by divine power to the iniquity of such proceedings, would have been an agony dreadful to behold. No—let your defenders of slavery say that those whose cause they advocate will have their institution maintained just as it is, that they will fight for it, die for it, and in truth that nothing will induce them to give up their property. But do not let them put their case as one to be argued religiously; for the religions of nearly all nations will condemn them. American slavery will find no substantial countenance from Vedas, Korans, Bibles, or any other religious book which has been believed by any large number of civilized or enlightened people, and which has had the seal set upon its moral merits by the common sense of great bodies of mankind.

But you will say, "What does all this lead to, my good friend? You have maintained that the evils of slavery are not exaggerated in this book—that American slavery is not justified by the Bible, and that the English labourer bears no resemblance whatever to the American slave. But what is to be the result, what am I to do in the matter, what are others to do in it?" To this I reply, as I have often replied before to similar questions, it is impossible for one person to lay down the exact wheel-track of

duty for another. No lawyer, no man of business, could give advice in the way that writers are often expected to do—that is, to give advice in detail without having the details before them. For instance, in this case of slavery, what a man should do in one slave state may be very different from what he should do in another. Nothing is more unwise than a pedantic application of one particular theory, or system, to various sets of circumstances. Let any man in America say how he is surrounded in this matter, what he already thinks of it, and what manner of man he is (for that is most important), and I might "hazard a wide solution," to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, as to what a man so situated might most advisedly attempt.

So much for minute or detailed advice—but there are certain general remarks which may be useful. In the first place you must really try not to be disheartened at the magnitude of the evil. You must not suppose that you gentlemen in America are the only people who have great difficulties to contend with. With us there is want of space, and perhaps, too, want of knowledge how to use what space we have. We are crippled by laws and practices in reference to law, which I fondly trust are not equalled in absurdity, not only in any part of this planet, but in any other planet that circles round the sun: the history of many a great law case is a thing which, if really well written, would convulse the world with tears and laughter. In many of our ways and habits we are so constrained by the most thoughtless conformity with the past, that the nation is like a

tall boy of poor parents who is painfully tight in his clothes. Then, in any great question submitted to the public here, religion, or rather religious rancour, springs up like the vines which, at the will of Bacchus, rose suddenly from the earth and entangled the feet of some poor mythical person—whose name I now forget, but you, as being later from a University, will know all about him. Again, we, as well as you, have constitutional difficulties to contend with. Before anything wise or good can be done, innumerable people have to be persuaded, or outvoted, or tired out. All the possible folly that can be said on any subject has to be answered and borne with and exhausted. The chaff has to be winnowed away many times before the grain can be got at at all. One conclusion from all this in my mind is, that, as more power of all kinds is allowed to the individual in modern constitutions (as, for instance, he has more power of obstruction), more is demanded from him in the way of individual thought and exertion for the public good.

At the same time do not think I underrate the causes for occasional despondency. I know how disheartening it is, and how, to use the expression of a favourite old author of mine, it sends one "down to the abysses," to find, after long toil at any matter, where some result of obvious public utility has been proved to be attainable, and even the mode of attaining it shown, that, notwithstanding this, little or no progress seems to be made, and the most contemptible interruptions of great public measures take place by reason of the meanest hindrances.

I am sure that many a man must have felt, as I confess I have, struck down to the earth for the moment by a vast and indefinite despair at seeing how little is done, compared with what might be done, in the great sanitary reforms that are needed in this country, and, indeed, in most countries; and then, on the other hand, to see the noble way in which smoke, filth, putridity, and miasma stand their ground against the convinced, but not judiciously united, intelligence of mankind. Governments succeed each other, displaying various degrees of apparently resolute incompetency on some of the most important matters, and such as are clearly within their functions—and within theirs only. You almost seem to think that it is the business of men in office to hinder; but, poor fellows, that would be a very hard construction to put upon their conduct. As the present Lord Grey once observed, when you find a number of people, one after the other, running into the same error, you must look aside from the men to the peculiar circumstances which they have all had to embarrass them. A difficult mill to grind with is a popular assembly—a popular assembly, too, open to the press, and with a pretty nearly unlimited power of talking. Moreover, the total indifference shown in both our nations to the adoption of any methods of securing a supply of intelligent men to direct our affairs, greatly puts it out of our power to blame with justice those statesmen we have, who are obtained in such a haphazard fashion.

We are now just going to a general election. If

the motives which will determine this election, could be laid before any superior being, I fear the whole thing would prove in his eyes a disgrace to humanity. Here a triumphant appeal will be made to the narrowest bigotry, there to the lowest self-interest; in this place, to the power of the purse; in that place, to the power of local influence and the densest rural stupidity. An assembly thus collected will not be enlightened by any men brought into it from other sources; though it is the wish, I will venture to say, of the most thoughtful men in this country, and those who have studied government most deeply, that some few members at least should be chosen by the Crown or the Ministry, whose only or whose chief recommendation should be their capacity for the conduct of affairs.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, you must allow we still work on; and, being a really great people at heart (I may say such a thing between ourselves, for we are your kindred), we silently endure what must be endured, are contented with small gains, and patiently strive upwards to the light.

But do not suppose that we have not our difficulties as well as you have yours.

To come, however, closer to the question before us, I would venture to say that there is an ample field of exertion for any one in America, who cares about this subject of slavery. Let right feelings about it pervade your literature. Argue the question well: answer the arguments said to be drawn from the Bible. If you are a slave-owner, give every

facility for the education of slaves, and for their gradual manumission. Try to make different classes of slaves (what I mean is, not to keep them all to the same functions), for that will make freedom easier to be given, and better used when it does come. Perhaps all these efforts will not settle the question. A great crash will come some day to do that. Such is the way even with us, who are a much older nation than you are: we never work out anything gradually and patiently. A Reform-bill, an Abolition of Corn Laws, or a Catholic Emancipation, always comes on a sudden, and is carried through with all the want of wisdom which there is in undue haste. If nobody, however, had thought and talked and written about these great changes, they would have come still more abruptly than they did.

But, to return to the slave-owner. For my own part I cannot imagine a more splendid career, intellectually speaking, than that of a slave-owner in a slave state who is thoroughly awakened to the difficulty of his position. In a minor way Irish landowners have had, of late years, a similar trial; and several of them have come nobly out of it. This slave-owner will certainly have difficulty enough before him—with his own early prejudices to contend against—jealous neighbours to appease—harsh state-laws to obey, and, while obeying, to modify—a degraded race to elevate—and all this to be accomplished without the encouragement of his fellows in private society or at public meetings. These are indeed labours worthy of Hercules: but difficulties are the things that make life tolerable to many of us;

and it cannot be said that we are left without plenty of them.

Your authoress is evidently vexed by the questions mankind are always knocking their heads against—the origin of evil and the endurance of evil. Certainly, the faith in a beneficent Creator is sorely tried by what is daily to be seen in slave states; but I have always thought the uninterrupted and peaceful voyage of a slave-ship—some *Santa Trinidad*, or *Maria de la Gloria*—the most wonderful problem in the whole world. On it goes, a thing beautifully constructed for its purpose—hundreds of human beings packed in indescribable agony within it—the porpoises gambol around it; light breezes fan its sails; the water parts lovingly from its well-shaped bows, like the best affection of true-hearted women "which clings not, nor is exigent"; in truth the powers of nature, sublimely indifferent to right or wrong, Epicurean divinities in their way, refuse no aid to this dark devilish thing as it skims gracefully over the waters; and, if it escapes our cruisers, the *Santa Trinidad* lands half or two-thirds of its original live cargo, and is considered to have done a good stroke of business. Truly, the apparent silence of God is the most awful thing the sun looks down upon.

It is somewhere said that "evil is good in the making": this is a brave and noble saying; it were to be wished, however, that our part of the process were a little better understood and less dilatory. At the same time it must be admitted that a good deal of nonsense is thought and talked about this question

of evil; and we sometimes seem to want a sugared kind of universal beneficence and happiness which really and truly may be a very low form of either.

How supremely dull, for instance, a perfectly well-governed state would be. On the other hand, how exquisitely humorous, though very sad withal, is the present condition of things. You see rabid attempts at freedom result in twisting the chains more closely and painfully around the shouters for freedom. You see the effort to bring more and more assured wisdom and virtue under the shape of popular opinion, into the administration of affairs, result occasionally in reducing constitutional governments to a deadlock in all the most useful purposes of government. Then, look at the men in power. I believe we British have been quite as well governed as we deserve, perhaps better; but we sometimes have men in high authority amongst us, perhaps even as cabinet ministers, to whom no prudent private person would give six and twenty shillings a week for anything they could do. This is very humorous, possibly a shade too comic, when you think what a vast nation this is, flowing over with unused men of great ability. But life is full of such deep drollery.

Look at the way men rise to honour. You see a person whom Nature meant to be industriously obscure; and yet such a man will become the founder of a family; and his children will bear titles and enjoy substantial power as long as the kingdom lasts. If you ask what were this man's public deserts, it is a matter which a few persons well-informed in

political affairs might be able to explain to you; but for the great mass of mankind, it is perfectly unintelligible. They never heard of the man's name, or gave the least heed to it, before they hear of his ennoblement. This, too, is humorous.

Do not pretend, however, because you have no system of hereditary honours, that what honours you have are bestowed much more wisely than ours. For I should beg leave to doubt that.

Nor, again, is it in government alone that the drollery I have spoken of before is visible. Success in ordinary life often depends as much upon defects and redundancies as upon merits. There are even instances of men who succeed in life by the fear and aversion of their fellow-men; and these disagreeable persons are got rid of by being pushed up higher and higher in consequence of the very qualities which their good parents always laboured to correct in them. In the meantime, persons of real worth are too much prized by those around them to be advanced. Thoughtful men have often fretted overmuch, as it seems to me, about such things; for, putting aside higher views, without these motley occurrences in life, where would be its tragedy, or its comedy, or its tragi-comedy, all so deeply interesting and so instructive?

Well, what I wanted to come to is, that if the systems of perfect good, which men often propose to themselves in their fond imaginations, were adopted, all wit, humour, contrast, forbearance in the highest sense, bravery and independence would run some chance of being done away with. This may be a

sufficient answer to any weak repinings about the moderate evils and anomalies which I have been alluding to. But in the proceedings in slavery there is an excess of evil which really tends to overcome piety, and which all good men should combine against, if it were only to check the murmuring, probably very unwise, but very natural, which will arise with the first thoughts of most men when contemplating such horrors. If we are left alone here on the earth, to do almost what we please with each other, the very awfulness of the situation should breed in men's hearts a profound responsibility. With one voice, spreading round the world like an electric message, mankind should say, " There are things which clearly we are not to do. It cannot be right to sell away an infant from its mother. This must be put a stop to, at all hazards. Here is an evil so large and trenchant that the subtlest casuist would be puzzled to explain it away into beneficence. Let us clear away this doubt of the very destinies of man which springs from the permission only of such monstrosities."

I have now said all I have to say, and more than I ought to ask you to read, about " Uncle Tom's Cabin." If I had the honour of any acquaintance with the authoress, I would send through you my best regards and most earnest expressions of encouragement to her. She is evidently a noble woman and an excellent writer. And her book is one of those which insist upon being read when once begun.

You are very good to tell me that I need not reply to your letters ; and I should probably have relied

upon this goodness, but I could not keep silent after reading that book. Else, in general, I must say these regular correspondences between friends are rather a mistake. Indeed I have a theory of my own about them, which I will impart to you—namely, that one begins with a certain definite amount of regard and affection for a person, of which one gradually writes off small portions as one writes each enforced letter to him or her, till, at last, though the beginnings and endings grow more intimate and affectionate, the original affection has wafted away.

My little boy, after writing a letter to a playmate the other day (and you know what work of legs and arms and tongue children make of writing), threw the pen down with some impatience and exclaimed, "When I grow up, I shall write no more letters." Ah, my little master, thought I, when you come to that age of joy and freedom, as you suppose it, which you call "growing up," you will know some things you don't know now: and, amongst them, will appreciate this endless punishment of letter-writing. Often I think, what a jovial thing it must have been to have been as ignorant as a baron in the middle ages, and to have been capable of nothing but a rude cross in the way of signature.

Such an avowal as the above is rather inconsistent with the length of this letter; but we human beings from our weakness have at least the privilege of being inconsistent sometimes. However I must not linger any more with you; but must now turn to labours which I am rather weary of, but which I work on at, not without the hope that they may be

of some use in showing the difficulties which former nations have experienced in this subject of slavery, and the splendid efforts made by good men of other days to overcome these difficulties.

Live and prosper. In all your writings try to make your people think as kindly of us as you can. The seriousness of these times forbids those small-town disputes and that miserable interchange of snarlings which have hitherto so often existed between two great and closely-related nations.

I remain,

Ever sincerely yours,

A. H.

From MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Brunswick,
Aug. 22, 1852.

DEAR SIR,

I perceive, on reading the article in *Fraser's Magazine* sent me by the publisher, that I am addressing a man of benevolence and feeling, and one who will excuse the liberty I take of replying to some of the sentiments that have interested me.

I am perplexed how to reconcile the impression received from your article as to the condition of the English poor, with those I have received from much current English literature. I will name for example Charlotte Elizabeth's "Helen Fleetwood," and the "Little Pin Headers"—many of Dickens' writings, and latterly "Alton Locke" and "Yeast."

This subject is of great importance to us, because

as you say it *is* laid as a flattering unction to the soul of Southern slave-owners—Calhoun said that the slaves were infinitely above the condition of English poor, and would compare favourably with the working classes of any country.

I did not wish to introduce that subject at all into my book, and only did it in consistency with the general design of my writing to show the most favourable aspect of slavery in narrative, and to state the most plausible arguments of slave-holders in the most plausible way—so that nobody should say that the book was all on one side—and I doubt if our slave-holders have lately heard as much in their own favour from any other foreign quarter.

The fact is that this great unseen gigantic power the *public sentiment of nations* so hems in and encloses the slave-holders that they are glad of any drop of water to cool their tongue, any argument, any fig-leaf of covering from the intolerable blaze of the contempt and indignation of civilized humanity.

The sensitiveness of the South on this subject is so great that they have enclosed themselves with a *cordon sanitaire* to keep out all sentiments or opinions in favor of freedom. They have required of Tract Societies and Sunday-school Unions and of Publishers generally, that all English books containing such sentiments should be expurgated as a condition of admission to their market—and the thing has been done—I desired to make a book that they would *read*—and in order to do it it was necessary that I should do them every justice, and if needful throw in a little on the side of mercy—and the

consequence is that *at last* the bars are down and an anti-slavery book is actually pouring full tide into the Southern States. The children and young people *will have it*, and there has been hardly a day since it has been published that confirmatory voices have not come from Southern slave-holders, men who have long waited for an opportunity to speak, and who now come out to attest its truth—for alas!—they know what I know, and they must perceive that I know it, that the *half* is not told in that book. A book that should tell *all*, would not be credited—it could not *be read*—— I have only wondered some moments in the anguish of the survey, that the firm earth does not collapse to hide such a horror from the sun.

The notice which has been taken of the book in England, while it makes every educated Southerner *intensely* curious to see it, still tends to increase what was intolerable before their uneasy sense of English public opinion on this subject. I have seen of late innumerable part passages in Southern papers on the condition of England's poor—it seems to be an exceeding comfort to them—I don't know what they would do without it.

I shall take some pains to circulate your letter among the prints of our country and particularly in the *National Era*, which is taken in all the Southern States by that class of slave-owners who are weary of slavery and long for a change. It is written in a way that will do good—and many things that have come from England have not been. This is so charitable in its spirit, so hopeful, so recognisant of

inevitable difficulties, and so willing to allow the fact of similar ones in your own country, that I think it cannot but do good.

Now if it be a fact that in England the condition of the lower orders has been so attended to latterly, and such arrangements have been made, and such plans put in operation as will finally tend to relieve and do away in the manufacturing and laboring districts those dreadful distresses about which our people have read with as much horror as yours of slavery; if the whole thing is in such a course of gradual amelioration as slavery ought to be, and if you can make it apparent by documentary proof and statistics, you would do *us* an exceeding great service by such an article. Suppose you write something like a comparative estimate of the condition of your poor with those held in slavery in this country—or an account of their conditions, in which you constantly graduate your shadings and statements with a *mental* reference to such comparison, without formally announcing it. Such a statement satisfactorily made, and conducted in a spirit equally liberal and charitable with your "letter" might do great good here, and I would see it inserted in our leading prints, and do what I could to cause it to be generally read at the South.

Many things written on slavery have no influence at the South from an utter want of consideration of the peculiar phase of character prevalent there. The Southerner is sensitive in point of honor, jealous of personal reputation, more approachable on the score of generosity than that of justice. He is really

in a position of tremendous difficulty and one where it is a very trying point for the best disposed to know what to do. Harsh and indiscriminate denunciation he resents, and comforts himself under it with the thought that it is in many respects unjust,—but still men of high moral natures feel the whole thing an insupportable burden. There is an anti-slavery sentiment in the South itself which if judiciously appealed to is, after all, the most hopeful agent and the only hopeful one in fact, for the relief of this evil. An article written in England in the tone of a dispassionate spectator, willing and disposed to show all justice to the South, and assuming all along that there are many men there who would gladly do otherwise did they see any way, would have great effect here. But I need not multiply words.

In our peculiar difficulties here ought we not to feel that our Anglo-Saxon brethren in England look on us with a brotherly interest? All who speak one language and cherish one literature, and who have in the main one great type of character ought to be one in sentiment, and the wise and good in each ought to feel for the cause of right in each. So I trust it may be between us.

Yours with sincere respect,

H. B. STOWE.

In the next letter Arthur Helps discusses the arguments of a pamphlet written by a "Carolinian" which Mr. Norton had sent him, and defends what he had written on the subject of slavery.

To C. E. NORTON.

Vernon Hill,
Bishop's Waltham,
October 18th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 30th of August with the pamphlets which accompanied it—the reprint of my own letter (which by the way is an excellent specimen of your typography) and a pamphlet by a "Carolinian" in answer to the question, "What do you think of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the South?"

You must not imagine, as appears from your letter, that I suppose Mrs. Stowe's book to be an exact representation of the normal state of Slavery. What I do mean is, that it is not an exaggeration of the scenes which it seeks to represent, but that it is to slavery what other works of Fiction are to the states and aspects of Society which they seek to represent. The writer of Fiction does not aim at giving you a complete account of any state of Society. That belongs to other departments of writing! but yet from well-written novels we gain, incidentally, some picture of the manners and modes of thought of the Society in which the personages of the Novel are set. Of course it requires some experience for people to interpret fiction rightly. In a word, however, I should not like you to suppose that I fancy Legrees to abound in the Southern States, only that I see room, as it were, for much Legreeism in the state of society in

which Mrs. Stowe's personages are placed, and fairly placed.

You think I am not just in the contrast I have drawn between ancient and modern Slavery. It is certainly not without some thought that I have said what I have said upon that point. Perhaps I may have pressed it too far; but I scarcely think I have done so. You must remember that the ancients did not feel this disgust about difference of colour which enters into modern Slavery. You must also remember that Slavery amongst the Romans admitted of the most extended cultivation of the mental power of the Slave; whereas your friend the Carolinian says, "The laws against reading were the only barriers we could devise against the flood of incendiary publications that threatened our safety." The difference here indicated is immense. You might have had in a Roman household an accomplished physician, an accurate draughtsman, an elegant scribe, good carvers, good foresters, good fishermen—in a word, men perfected in all branches of labour. I have ever thought that to be a very limited view of the question which is confined to a mere comparison between the cruelties practised in different institutions of Slavery; and this brings me to the consideration of one of the main points of your friend the Carolinian's pamphlet. He is evidently a very thoughtful man, a man worth talking to upon any subject, and especially upon this which one can see he has deeply at heart. I should like to know him.

But to come at once to his arguments; he says

justly enough, that " when we are once thrown into this chaos of the false relations of men to each other, there is no halting place anywhere." But the question is, which is the fairest relation? He points out the evils which arise from competition; the difficulties which there are in all free states for numberless individuals to get their bread decently and honestly; and he supposes, which is a most imaginary supposition, one of those things that exist in books alone, that everything is done by cold contracts between man and man—so much money, so much labour; and nothing more. But men are incomparably better than their theories; else God knows what would become of us all; and daily experience proves that the bonds which bind men to one another are of the subtlest and most diversified texture, and cannot be resolved into one distinct general law or system. Besides if the relations between master and slave are, as he contends, sure to be modified by Christianity, will not those of master and man be continually modified by the same cause? Are not thinking men throughout Europe endeavouring to modify them in theory, and practical men really modifying them in practice?

Your friend says, " Men are subject to a thousand influences usually classed under the head of circumstances, and is this subjection so much less dangerous than the subjection of the slave to the unchecked passions of the master?" I say yes, they are much less dangerous; and if they are not much less dangerous they are greatly more instructive. They also give an impression of infinitely less injustice

both in the eyes of the bystander and of the individual man himself. Is it no difference whether I am bidden by a master to do this or that thing, say to put away my child, or whether after considering circumstances, I find that I must send my boy into another district to get his bread? In the one case there is room, or there appears to be (which is much the same for my purpose) for forethought, discretion, resolve, self-sacrifice. To use a common metaphor, the lessons of life are very like hard blows, but still lessons.

Your friend takes the oppression at elections as an instance of the restrictions upon a free man. He could hardly by possibility have chosen a worse one for his own case. He would say, indeed I see he does say, that "there are tenants whose farms depend upon the vigour with which they shout aloud what their hearts reject." True enough, there is a good deal of political oppression, much less than he supposes, but still a good deal. Even in the short time, however, of one generation, I should say that there is manifest improvement in this matter. Our landowners becoming more educated, perceive that it is an injustice to compel men's votes. Occupiers perceive that a vote implies responsibility, and are unwilling to sacrifice a duty to an interest. Gradually a better state of public opinion comes in. Throughout there has been constant struggle, constant trial, and men have had an opportunity of improving themselves. Can this for a moment be compared to any one of the evils of Slavery?

But your friend at last narrows the question in

such an admirable manner, and states it so fairly, that I am unwilling to skirmish with such a noble adversary on minor points. He says, "As long as we see that with the great mass of labouring men labour is in the way of intellectual or religious education the question is not decided against us"; but he adds in another sentence, "Should the world leave us behind, and the great majority of labourers be taught to combine all necessary labour with a due degree of elevation of character we shall then have reason to fear that the Slave-holder is standing in the light of the Slave": now he may rely upon it that the world is leaving them behind: the labourers throughout the world are becoming better instructed. This one thing is very clearly to be seen across the mist of the present times. I will give you one remarkable instance of it. Many years ago a deficiency of work and the privations consequent thereupon drove many working men in the northern part of this country into insubordination. A few years ago similar causes produced a similar effect. There are many persons alive who could well compare both periods and the conduct of the workmen in both instances; and these experienced persons will tell you, that the working men were found to have become different beings—and this in the course we will say of a quarter of a century. They did not demand impossibilities; they appreciated with much fairness the causes of their misfortunes; for the most part they bore their sufferings meekly and wisely; they distinguished between good employers and bad employers, and many were the good employers they

had to distinguish. If education had been denied them would there have been this improvement?

You must not imagine that I am without a due feeling of the claims which the Slave-owner has upon our sympathy and our consideration. Indeed, for myself, I can say that, whether it is from the old official recollections, or from some other cause, I always have a great sympathy with the governing as well as the governed, and a keen apprehension of the difficulties which all government has to encounter. It is not therefore in any spirit of meddling that I should ever take up my pen on this subject; but it is one to which no bystander of any feeling or intelligence can be indifferent. The Southern Slave-owners must not suppose that all advice tendered to them is unfriendly, nor fancy that the popular sentiment in the Northern States and in England is all a mere stupid buzzing of philanthropy—of a restless philanthropy which must gad about and does nothing at home. On the other hand nothing can be worse or more irrational than indiscriminate abuse lavished upon the Slave-owners. I should vote if I had any influence in the matter, that we should all put aside what is merely personal, and as Bentham would have said "dislogistic" in reference to the subject of slavery, and seriously try to consider what are the best steps to be taken. The most important must rest with the Slave-owner himself; but there are duties which in a measure belong to people who are in the condition of bystanders. They are proverbially said to see more of the game, and if they can keep themselves clear of the passions of it, they may

surely be of great service to the players. Even when men are bent upon doing good, as it is evident this Slave-holding friend of yours is, it is a great encouragement to them to find that other men think and care deeply about the matter they have in hand. There is no knowing the depth of error into which any system, even a good one, might fall, if it never met with any criticism from without, and it cannot be quite without service to a modern Slave-owner to listen occasionally to men who, though they do not partake his present difficulties, may have investigated the main subject of them in other lands, in other ages, and under various races. Whatever course of public legislation or of private manners and customs may be adopted in this matter, there will be something bearing upon it in the history of the past, from the knowledge of which wise men will not shut themselves out. There is always a contempt in practical men for the theoretic and the imaginative; but in the end the latter always wins, even if it is by the introduction of a succession of wrong theories, and by the occasional prevalence of a meteor-like delusion of the fancy, instead of the true light of the imagination.

Having thus put in a plea for some hearing to be given by the Slave-owner to the remarks of foreigners and bystanders, if these remarks are given in a friendly and kindly spirit, I conclude all I have to say at present upon the subject.

You ask me to come and see for myself, and promise me what indeed I know I should have, a most kind reception. It would give me great pleasure,

and what is more, be a matter of the deepest interest to me to do so; meanwhile, however, I must be content with speaking to you as best I may by this very dubious mode of communication, ever remaining,

My dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

ARTHUR HELPS.

P.S.—I have not read the book of Hawthorne's which you mention, but he is a most sweet, serious, and subtle writer, and I mean to read everything he does write. I enclose for your private inspection a copy of a letter I have written to Mrs. Stowe, in reply to one which I had the honour of receiving from her. Her letter impressed me with the strongest belief of her earnestness and devotion to the cause,—and by the cause I mean the cause of truth, not of any fanatical party whatever.

From C. E. NORTON.

Shady Hill,
May 4th, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is a very long while since I had the pleasure of writing to you. Your last letter, long and interesting as it was, did not demand an immediate answer; and, though I was tempted to write at once and thank you for it, I refrained fearing lest you might begin to look with some weariness on the lengthened correspondence into which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had led us. I am much obliged to you for sending me a copy of your admirable letter to Mrs.

Stowe. This and your letter to me leave little room for any difference of feeling or opinion between us upon the subjects of which they treat.

I think that if I were writing to you now as I wrote last summer upon Slavery I might in some respects express myself differently. I fear lest I may have spoken too leniently of Slavery as it exists in our States,—lest I may have palliated its horrors too much. It is very difficult to avoid exaggeration on either side.

I am just now reading the Key to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is a terrible exhibition of human error and wickedness. It is a book to sadden one for life. No man can read it without sorrow, no American can read it without the bitterest humiliation, and the most earnest resolve to do what in him lies to remove evils so hideous as are disclosed in it. Viewed in regard to its effect and as a piece of literary work there are many faults in the book, but it is not a work subject to the common rules of criticism. Even if it were, I should be far from disposed to discuss it here.

Let us turn to less painful matters. Let me tell you of the pleasure I have had this winter in reading your "Conquerors of the New World." The first volume I had read long since, but I have re-read it lately with increased interest in connection with the second. I cannot but congratulate you on the success with which you have disentangled the thread of your narrative from the confused heap in which it lay involved. I can easily imagine the tiresome and vexatious windings through which you had to pursue

it. The tedious formality of Spanish documents, and there is no formality so uncomfortable as the Spanish, the mistakes and exaggerations and misstatements of the early voyagers and settlers, and the long-drawn-out catalogue of successive cruelties must have met you with frequent discouragement. From some hints in your letters and from one or two sentences in your book, I fear that you find the work not merely tedious but often painful. But I beg you to go on with it, assured that its accomplishment will do good. The knowledge of the difficulties, the errors and the sins of the past, will help us to overcome and to avoid the similar trials of the present. So much history is written in an undevout spirit that a book like yours has a great value apart from that which it possesses as a simple narrative of facts. A work such as you have undertaken, the history of the growth of an institution, or of the spread and influence of a principle, is vastly more difficult than the mere narration of successive events or the history of a special period. It requires what Le Clerc in an essay in his Parrhasiana demands as the highest attainment of an historian. "Il ne faut seulement la connaissance de la verité des faits qu'on raconte, la volonté de la dire, et l'art de l'exprimer—il faut encore une science profonde de la Morale et de la Politique."

Some of the episodes in the story you have had to tell seem to me among the finest passages of history. You must have rejoiced over them. What a splendid story is that of the Dominicans and Father Antonio's sermons! Do you imagine that these were

delivered in a church, or was it in the open air that the priest began, *Repetam scientiam meam?* These brave monks and the clear conscience of Las Casas are needed and delightful consolations in the midst of so much wrong and folly. They belong, to quote Thomson's fine lines, to—

> "Those beacon lights of virtue that diffuse
> Through the dark depths of time their vivid flame."

I shall send you by the steamer which takes this letter, or by the next, a little volume the writing of which has served as the occupation of the leisure which more active pursuits have left me during the last year. The subjects on which I have written, under the general title of "Recent Social Theories," seemed to me to be ground for much confusion of thought. Such questions are being forced upon the attention of people here, and there are many popular errors of belief in regard to them, the consequences from which are threatening. Little as any such considerations as I have brought forward may affect public opinion, I was desirous not to lose the chance of doing even the least to turn the current in the right direction. There is a certain pride of intellect, the result of widely diffused partial and incomplete education, which is common among our people, and which often leads them to form strong but hasty, inconsiderate, and unguided opinions upon the most difficult questions. And this renders it the more incumbent upon those favored by education or circumstances to use their best efforts, however feeble, in helping the formation and the spread of right

views. It is with very little hope of doing good, but simply with the faith that there is a possibility of such result, unknown, unseen, and most uncertain, that I have written. Indeed in these days, when the interests of men are so widened, when each year adds claim after claim upon the already stretched attention, and discloses novelty after novelty until the curiosity is fairly sated; when men are distracted with the variety and boundlessness of the regions of thought and action which lie before them, it is more than ever difficult to hope by any special work to produce more than a very limited and temporary effect. This is reserved only for such rare genius as that which has set us and all the world thinking about Slavery, and forming fresh resolutions against it. You will see that I have chosen one or two passages from your books as mottoes for some chapters. If I could have succeeded in infusing something of the spirit with which you write into them I should be very happy.

We are just now in the midst of a political calm. It does not promise to be of long duration. I cannot doubt but that the next years must be years of much excitement, and perhaps of much trouble to us. If the trouble only brings wisdom there will be little cause to regret it. Mr. Buchanan who goes out as our minister to England is a man of talent, but belonging to the party of progressive democracy as it is called,—progressive having the same meaning in this connection as aggressive. Under the last democratic administration he was for some time our Secretary of State.

But I must not write further. I beg you to believe me, always,

With great respect,
Most sincerely yours,
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

An answer to the preceding letter.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Vernon Hill,
June 8/53.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received your letter of the 4th ult., and also the copy which you were kind enough to send me of "Recent Social Theories." I have read the book and like it much. There is a great deal of wise moderation in it; and if you can get it read, I am sure it will do good. I like especially what you say of "patience"; what you say of "dirt," and generally the account you give of several plans and projects which have been adopted and worked upon by the Socialists. You seem to me to deal fairly with these people; and you are quite right, I think, in treating respectfully any endeavours, however much you may disapprove of them, which have been made from a sincere desire to improve our social system. Such things, even when most wrong, are not best encountered by ridicule. I wish your book all success.

Since I wrote last, I have become acquainted with Mrs. Stowe. She seems to me a ladylike, very sensible, very unassuming person; and I passed a

very pleasant evening in her company, at Lord Carlisle's. She is much more pleasing to look at, too, than the pictures of her had given one any idea. But pictures in these times mostly do malign people very much.

I am glad you liked the "Conquerors." It is certainly rather dreary work, but must be gone through somehow. I agree with what you say about the title; and should be glad to change it if I could.

If ever you see my friend, Mr. Emerson, please convey kind remembrances from me to him.

I remain,

Yours most faithfully,

ARTHUR HELPS.

The next two letters refer to the case of the Rev. F. D. Maurice *versus* the Council of King's College. Some sentences in Lord Monteagle's letter are rather cryptic, his writing being difficult to decipher.

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea,
15 Novr., 1853.

DEAR HELPS,

I have been drifting about, these three or four days, under stress of *upholsterers* (with carpets, &c.), and of other difficulties and hurries; could not write even a word till now.

You may believe me I am very glad to hear of you again; glad to think I sometimes accompany you, tho' but as a phantasm of the mind, in your

walks over the Hampshire heaths: I wish it were permitted me to be there in a more substantial manner. If one has no *body*, if one had only a pair of wings, and could sleep at night by merely roosting on the first good bough, it might be possible; but as yet, alas, that is not the method, our gifts are far short of that!

About Maurice and eternal damnation I hear a great deal, from the idle circles of mankind; but to say truth, I have of myself almost no thought about it at all. Like the Frenchman, tired with arguments about the being of God, I may *a fortiori* say, "*Monsr. je n'y prends aucun intérêt!*" Perhaps it might do Maurice good if he were turned out of the Church altogether,—which, it appears, is not likely at present. That splitting of hairs, which he has long laboriously carried on, to prove that he belongs to her, *cannot* ultimately turn to good for any creature. As to the Church herself—well, I should say, so long as she talks about damnation at all, she must make it "eternal"; there is no even *extinct* worth in any other kind. God help her, poor old Church! England *believes* now, and she herself at heart believes, in no "damnation" except ruin at your bankers (such damn^{n} as *has* now fallen on Hudson, they say): and a poor church in these circumstances is ill off!

There is speech of our coming to the Grange next month: surely I may try to find or make some opportunity of seeing you if we stay long there. We will try! I am not very triumphantly well, this long while; rather in caitiff humour on the

contrary, doing little and suffering much. Meanwhile "*Fumamos*" ;* and don't forget me.

Yours,
T. CARLYLE.

From LORD MONTEAGLE.

Park St.,
12 Dec., 1853.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,

We do not, I hope, require any additional or accidental proof of sympathy. If we did, the fact that you were writing to me last night and I to you, somewhat in the same spirit, would tell on the superstitious.

Do not think I want to draw our amicable controversy into Pope's definition of an Alexandrine. But take a few last words, though not from so great a man as Mr. Baxter.

* * * * *

You refer me to H. T.'s† most unquestionable truth that we frequently decide in matters of business by doing nothing. True, most true. But you then apply this to matters of opinion. Here I think the analogy fails. If the Chief Justice of Jamaica has done a great wrong to the Bp. by taking precedence of him, if I do not determine I give judgment for the Chief Justice, and thus in not deciding I decide. But it is otherwise if I undertake to decide on an indefinite sense of *matter of opinion*. Of these there are two classes—those on which determinations have

* Let us smoke. † Henry Taylor's.

been pronounced, and on which the enquiry is whether the fact comes within the law: this is a matter for the tribunals as much as the construction of the Black act with which you of Waltham have a local connection *—the second, and a far different thing, whether you are to prescribe new definitions, make new laws, on matters of opinion, questions of legislation, not of law—this I say you should not attempt because you cannot do.

The case of Maurice proves nothing on this point. He was the appointee of the Council, and if they thought that without challenging his orthodoxy he was not a practically useful teacher they were justified in renouncing him. Then within the teaching of the Church there may be much teaching that I may consider as idle or mischievous. I think with the practical Committee that Philpotts' regeneration is fully within the doctrines of the Church. But if I found a professor relying on this to support his views of the efficacy of an *opus*, as distinguished from what was spiritual, I should wish to part company with my professor. The mistake made was raising the question of right or wrong on the doctrine at Somerset House. That Gordian knot was to be determined in a Court competent to say whether this came within the synods of the Church of England. And even Maurice was indicted *coram non judice.*

In H. T.'s case the party has a duty to perform

* A part of the parish of Bishops Waltham in which A. H. resided, known as The Chase, was formerly frequented by poachers and men of bad character known as "Waltham Blacks," concerning whom an Act was passed called The Black Act.

and he can perform it, but in deciding on Maurice's doctrine unless it belongs to the court of law as a question of law and fact it cannot be performed at all. To the Privy Council—*i.e.* the law, I bow: to the Council of King's College I turn the least reverent part of my person.

I do not quarrel with people for discussing. The more they discuss, if they do so in the spirit of truth and tolerance, the better. It is the attempt to dogmatise and to enforce the judgments of one or of many on others which I fear and deprecate. Men say thou shalt not eat a pork chop. Inspiration says, what God has cleansed that call not thou unclean. Man's language is the anathema maranatha, the angel's song is Glory be to God, and on earth good will to man.

I do not fear "scandal and misrule" so much as human presumption and arrogance. I will allow men to sow their anise and cummin—aye and to eat them, provided they do not call on me and others to do so under pain of excommunication.

Do not think I want to seal and wire up differences of opinion—just the reverse. Let the discussions be as free and unfettered as the breath of heaven. But they will only be the freer when it is admitted that they are not to be enforced by co-active force. From your—or rather from others—their Synods, convocations, or whatever other bad name would be given to a bad thing, would follow strict definitions, narrow restrictions, harsh exclusions.

No, No, No, if we believe in the possibility of infallible judgment let us seek, cling to it, enforce

it, make it a condition for all trust, the principle of dispensing all power. But if we are not sanguine or infantile enough to adopt this creed do not let us form courts constituted *oyer* but not *terminer*. We must take liberty with its obvious and inevitable recognisance of divergence, satisfied that in the long run in discussion, as in government, the only true service is that which is perfect freedom. Remember my old quotation from one of the Fathers.

MONTEAGLE.

In 1854 an epidemic of cholera was anticipated in London, and Arthur Helps, who had always taken great interest in sanitary matters, conceived the idea of raising a Health Fund by public subscriptions, to institute "a system of efficient sanitary action, by stimulating, advising, instructing and assisting the Local Boards." He issued for private circulation a pamphlet, called "Some Thoughts for next Summer," in which he formulated a plan for the adoption of preventive sanitary measures; the subject being afterwards discussed by the Friends in Council. I give a part of the Introduction here, as it seems to me an admirable description of the difficulties which beset any great movement initiated by an individual:—

"The principal interlocutor in the ensuing conversation* felt deeply the disgrace in a skilful, helpful, Christian country, of not making some

* The conversation of the "Friends in Council" on the subject of A. H.'s pamphlet—"Some Thoughts for next Summer."

signal effort to meet the disease which is impending over us for next summer. The state of London and of many large towns in Great Britain, in Europe, and, what is more remarkable, in the New World, is such as, to say the least of it, would give a visitor from another planet the meanest idea of our humanity or of our social arrangements. It is known, for instance, that the poorer families of London are so insufficiently lodged as to have often—perhaps generally—only one room to each family. This is not all. In addition to insufficient lodgment, all the requirements of decency and comfort are so inadequately provided, that cleanliness has really no chance, and the ordinary human education appears as a far-off luxury, almost unfitted for creatures who are often worse housed than the beasts of the field.

"To remedy such a state of things will be the work of two or three generations; but the magnitude of it must not be suffered to appal men, and to render them blind and indifferent to what may be done on any particular occasion.

"The probable coming of Cholera next summer is such an occasion. The rich, the wise, and the powerful may fairly be asked whether they can do anything to avert or lessen the approaching evil.

"If they do act, their object will probably be two-fold. First, to consult present safety; secondly, to make a good experiment, and, perhaps even, a good beginning, in some branch of sanitary reform. The difficulties in the way are so numerous and so manifest, that it will scarcely be worth the while of an ingenious man to point them out. In the entangled state of Law and Property, in the physical net-work of incomplete

arrangements for everything concerning the health and the weal of man in this great old city, it is obvious that it is no easy matter to make any battle against an epidemic. Perhaps, however, the greatest difficulty is in bringing men to act together.

"Those who have endeavoured to do that, will have descried the heights of human valour, and certainly will have sounded the depths of human incompetency. In addition to the just and legitimate grounds of opposition, which, however well-based their proposals, they can hardly avoid, they must also make up their minds to encounter all the difficulties which arise from their own or others' weaknesses. This man is so critical, that he has lost all power of action, and can only serve you by pointing out the dangers in your course, of which you are already but too well aware. That man worships success. 'Could I see success clearly,' he exclaims, 'there is no one who would more readily join you.' He thus demands a certainty which human affairs do not admit of, and would be very dull if they did; and he fails to perceive, that there are enterprises, in which the attempt justly and resolutely made, is in itself a success—not to be cancelled by any result, however adverse.

"Another finds that all you propose to him in any matter is vague: did he see anything distinct and definite, he should know what to do; and such a man, if gained at all, can only be gained when some of the most arduous part of the work is already accomplished.

"Then there is the man whose reply is always far beside the mark. You propose to march an army through the defiles of the Caucasus; and his

answer is, that 'there is nothing like a Sunday school. There must be Sunday schools. The world demands that there be Sunday schools. Set up a Sunday school.' Now, a Sunday school is an admirable thing, but its strategical effect must be somewhat remote, and needs not to be much considered.

"Then comes the thoughtless enthusiast. He is altogether with you in the first five minutes; but on the ensuing morrow he has a new enthusiasm, and misquotes the name of the thing he was devoted to the day before.

"Then, there is the timid man, who desires always to be sure of being in company, in good company—as, in the gathering for a dull festival, people wish to come very late, but not quite the last.

"Then, there is the man who, whatever you do, suggests that 'the other thing' should have been done. He is a very plausible mischief, and has hindered many a good undertaking in his time. He finds a river running in a course which he does not quite approve, and cannot think of improving the banks, or patronizing in any respect a thing that makes its way, so injudiciously, towards the sea.

"Then, you have the dreary, dangerous doctrinaire, who, however, is often an excellent man, and thinks that he thinks. He imagines, too, that he is looking out on the broad world, when he walks between the dense high hedges of his dogma, never seeing the pleasant country beyond, and but a small section even of the heavens above him. He is little aware that there are depths in the subject, at which his doctrine and many other doctrines are all fused together, and that no one

doctrine is able to embrace the complex varying circumstances, in the smallest department even, of man's life.

"Then comes the generous and wise soul,—and wise, because generous, who knows how difficult a thing it is, in this polished, hard, unimpressible world, to produce any good effect; who is anxious to overcome difficulties, to set aside needless criticism, and to combine with others, or to further their views, when he sees any likelihood of their being of use. This man is so sound a supporter, that you are sometimes even deceived in the nature of his support. Years after, it may be, you find that he was not so thoroughly with you in opinion as you supposed; but he thought that your endeavour was good; at the time he saw no better plan; and he would not vex your soul, nor diminish the force of your impulse, by throwing the least unnecessary obstacle in your way. It is worth while to have lived a good deal in this not very practical world, to have met with, and acted with, such men as these; and, happily, even in an over-critical age, there are still many such persons, or the world's business would come to a deadlock."

Arthur Helps received many encouraging letters from his friends, some of which I give below, but the scheme fell through from the lack of public support. Lord Stanley, to whom he had submitted the scheme, wrote an exhaustive criticism of it and raised many cogent objections, among which were the following—that even to do honour to the memory of one of the most illustrious men that England had produced (Wellington) great difficulty was experienced in

raising £200,000—the number of institutions existing, and danger lest the sum gained might be deducted from the funds already devoted to charity—that if you aim at getting £100,000, but may get £10,000, the impression left on the public mind will be that of failure—that people who subscribe like to see something for their money, and there would be little to show from the expenditure—that the English public "are not all inclined to place confidence in the dicta of men of science, especially when they do not agree perfectly among themselves," etc., etc.

In answering a sympathetic letter from his brother, T. W. H., he characteristically writes:

I was delighted with that part of your last letter in which you spoke of sanitary affairs. I thoroughly agree with you; and have always acted accordingly. I do not sympathise only with the man who is bent on reforming sewers, or the one who has taken the Thames under his protection, or with him who believes chiefly in ventilation, or the art-loving individual, who abominates smoke above all things; but sympathise with them all, and am willing to work with all of them in any way to cleanse, or purify, or beautify our city, which ought to be the grandest in the world, and an example to all cities.

From CHARLES DICKENS.

Tavistock House,
Third January, 1854.

DEAR SIR,

I too have a very pleasant remembrance of the evening to which you refer, and your name is so much a part of it that I required no other reminder.

I shall take counsel with our "Friends," with the greatest interest in the subject that occupies their thoughts. Sanitary improvements are the one thing needful to begin with; and until they are thoroughly, efficiently, uncompromisingly made (and every bestial little prejudice and supposed interest contrariwise crushed under foot) even Education itself will fall short of its uses.

Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

From JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

18, Savile Row, London,
Jan. 9, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you very much for your "Some Thoughts for next Summer," which I have read with great interest and much satisfaction. I have at different times thought a good deal upon the means we possess for improving the sanitary, and thereby the moral and intellectual, condition of the people. The *first* great step as it appears to me, is to *create a want* for better things in the minds of the working classes. This is to be done by spreading information among them by publications and lectures. I belong to a Society which endeavoured to do this, but we stopped for want of means. I send you some of our publications. I went out and lectured, and should like to have travelled through the land with my diagrams on my back lecturing everywhere, but being dependent upon my profession for a livelihood for myself and family, and

finding that my practice was diminishing at a rapid rate, I was obliged to pause and work hard at other matters. (I enclose the result of one branch of work.) With ample funds we might send lecturers throughout the land, we might have a lecture delivered in every National School Room, and we might publish and advertise tracts and books.

With a powerful Government we might have some grand designs carried out, but I fear very much that the cry of "the liberty of the subject" being in danger will for the present offer a terrible barrier. With the diffusion of information these poor people would help themselves somewhat, private benevolence would fall into proper channels, and public benevolence would take care that the evils pointed out were being effectually encountered. But so long as people are utterly ignorant of the measures which must imperatively be carried out for the conservation of life and health, no step can, I feel assured, be ever made in the right direction. Is it not a terrible disgrace that London has no exercise grounds? Until she has, and she will not have them until the people demand them, drunkenness must continue to be our curse—the exercise grounds for London with its two millions, are the skittle cellars under the taps of public houses!

I need not say, my dear Sir, that I shall be very happy to co-operate with you in any way.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

ARTHUR HELPS, ESQ.

From DR. WHEWELL.

Trin. Lodge, Cambridge,
Jan. 4th, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for sending me the new discussions of your "Friends in Council." I hope the world will be wise enough to attend to them, and that she will be able to exorcise the Foul Fiend Cholera, or at least to keep him outside the circle of our nation.

Perhaps you will think I am too exclusively a moralist, when I tell you that I would rather read of the Councils of your Friends for averting moral than physical evil. The cholera itself does not seem to me so ugly as the practice of men beating women, of which we have had so many instances lately. In some parts of London the brutality of men in this respect must be much greater than that of the Dog-ribbed Indians, or the Australians. And this tendency of some of our tribes of British population does far more to prevent life from being a beautiful thing, as Mr. Milverton says it is, than any amount of disease and death, which, thank God, often do make the being of man beautiful. . . .

Yours very truly,
W. WHEWELL.

From LORD LANSDOWNE.

January 17th, 1854.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

Let me now thank you for your obliging note which I received during a few hurried days I

spent last week in London, and the little tract which was enclosed with it.

The latter I have read with much interest since my return here. There is at this moment I believe a great disposition in the departments of the Government connected with the subject to which it relates, [to give it] the attention its importance seems more than ever to require—and I am glad your "Council" is of opinion that so much might be effected by the exertions of private individuals applied to one particular district. I know by experience in this neighbourhood how much resistance there is to be overcome in attempts at improvement on a small scale, but every fresh alarm gives it a shove.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

LANSDOWNE.

From JOHN SIMON.*

Jan. 18, 1854.

Many persons will receive your proposal with a doubt whether the expenditure of a hundred thousand pounds, if you could collect them, would achieve any sensible good in resistance to the disease.

Undoubtedly it would not give to entire London immunity from Cholera. Universal sanitary improvements are needful for this result:—improvements which must cost millions of money and occupy years of progressive labour.

But I believe it to be not less certain that very

* Dr. John Simon—Chief Officer of the Board of Health.

great good might be done, in either of the two directions which have apparently occurred to your mind.

If, for instance — according to one of your thoughts, you were able, in concert with the constituted local authorities, to undertake the sanitary supervision and cleansing of certain poor districts in London—to rectify their mal-arrangements of drainage and water-supply, to pave their yards and cellars, to quicken their scavengers, to limewhiten their rooms, and so forth. . . . I do not hesitate to say that, so far as these operations might extend, you would give very great protection—in some localities an almost absolute security against Cholera.

Say in S—— and B——, with their 200,000 inhabitants, and the limited resources for improvement; suppose that here there were given such aid, next summer, for three or four months; acting through the district in detail, thoroughly, day by day; so as to conquer for the time those atrocious sanitary evils that made the Cholera rage there so savagely in '49:—no one can doubt the result.

Instead of sixteen hundred deaths—instead of four or five thousand grievous sicknesses—instead of that universal degrading panic which pestilence diffuses amid a population—there would be comparative health and comparative sense of security.

And, as regards another element of your plan, you need not despair of doing good even on the sewage-sodden south side of the river. Even in L—— or R——, if you would extemporise—perhaps by adaptation rather than building, a few model

dwellings; using very much care to guard against the peculiar perils of the district, I believe you might have the gratification of witnessing their exemption from disease; and—as the Cholera, if epidemic in London, would assuredly be raging around them, you might be shewing, in strong contrast, the significance of preventive medicine.

In respect of both experiments I should venture very confidently to predict an useful result; because already by similar cares similar immunity has been gained. Our best constructed wards at St. Thomas's Hospital, with Cholera all around them in the districts, and with other wards of the same establishment suffering epidemic visitation, remained quite free from the disease by reason of such sanitary protection; and I could quote to you many illustrations to the same effect—shewing not only that well-placed districts may be thoroughly secured by cleanliness, but that—even in the lowest levels, where general defences are a matter of almost insuperable difficulty, there may be constructed by sanitary science partial strongholds against the invasion.

Therefore, I very heartily wish success to your plan—believing it to be substantially sound and practical and feasible, as well as benevolent; and thinking also that, whatever lives it may be immediately instrumental in saving, whatever bereavements in preventing, its ulterior good may be immensely beyond this, as an educational stimulus to our torpid public.

Perhaps—who knows? Men may begin to think the physical improvement of their poorer fellow

creatures as important as the fattening of cattle; and your Model Houses may receive as many studious visitors as flock to the Christmas show of the Baker Street Bazaar.

Let me only remind you that time presses. The middle of January is past. If Cholera is to be epidemic here, it will probably have recommenced by the first week of June.

Yours, etc.
JOHN SIMON.

From LORD MONTEAGLE.

Torquay,
28 Jan., 1854.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,

Stephen * tells me that you were for some time in town before I left it, which was on Tuesday last, but yet you never let me see you. This was very wrong indeed, and I mean to punish you for your misdeeds. My first penalty is to tell you that the 8th is my birthday and that you and Mrs. Helps must come and meet a "select party" at 7½ dinner. Cranworth, [ ], † and some of my old friends generally hold themselves to be due that day.

I am very much pleased with your present occupation, ‡ and the ardor with which you have thrown yourself into it. I know few duties more pressing, or one to which it is more difficult to rouse and animate our race. When the trial comes we lose our heads,

* The Hon. Stephen Spring Rice.
† Name illegible.
‡ Action in connexion with his scheme for Sanitary Reform in London.

and some are so crazy and cracked that the loss is not great. When the trial is over it is forgotten, and before it comes it is voted a bore and like all other bores is excluded from all consideration. The relative force of everlasting and eternal, the relative merits of Philpotts and Gorham, the diplomacy of Stratford Canning or the naval evolution of [ ]* even Disraeli himself occupies a larger space in the public mind than that which concerns the whole family of man.

One reason for all this is the detestation which Englishmen feel for centralization and the love they entertain for holding to the old ways of administration—*Corruptio optimi pessima est*—in those cases where clearly nothing can be done except by large co-operative movement. This is strengthened by the mischief, failure, and waste of money consequent upon the steps taken by Corporations of Boroughs, Sanitary Corporations and others. For many years after the closing of the grave-yards had been made a subject of self-laudation from the Crown to Parliament and from Parliament to the Crown, nothing, or worse than nothing was done, and it required the force and courage of Palmerston to set in motion what had been long agreed on. The great Victoria cloaca maxima in Parliament Street and (open) under the Exchequer is another example. We also frequently go wrong by pushing our principle too far and rendering it odious and impracticable. I urged Normanby on his introducing the first bill to divide it into two, to make the one applicable to

* Name illegible.

all new houses and streets, the provisions being made mandatory and inflexible, and as perfect as they could be made. The second bill applying to existing buildings and being less imperative, in many instances permissive only, and pared down so as to diminish the force of objections. In place of this the measure was framed as it might have been by Nicholas. Culs-de-sacs were to be destroyed, rendering it necessary to open Downing St., St. James's Place and Park Place to the Park, and *pour comble de plaisir*, it was enacted that every water closet should be opened and cleansed twice a month!

If the worst that can be said of the Foreign Policy is that it has been sought to exhaust all other resources before having recourse to war, I think they need not shrink from the charges. If an error, it was an error surely on the right side. As to the nonsense talked by the Tory papers of upsetting Aberdeen, by whom would they seek to replace him? By Stafford, B. Disraeli and Lord Naas? Faugh! They may as well seek to make a Palace out of the Common sewer. But they must look carefully after their measure and not resist the *douce violence* which will be imposed on them by Parliament in consenting to postpone the Reform bill.

They must also feel that the Palmerston in and out episode * has deranged and weakened not only the principal performers but the whole cabinet. It is unintelligible, and therefore cannot be defended or justified.

* In Dec., 1853, Lord Palmerston resigned upon the question of a Reform Bill, but nine days later withdrew his resignation.

I think the attacks on Prince A. however disgraceful, are not half so bad as the wretched credulity of the people who swallow them—the 400 or 500 who attended at the Tower to witness his commitment for High Treason, and the compassionate persons who say, "Poor young man we hope he may not be executed!" This has been the most sorry exhibition since the days of the Cock Lane Ghost. I cannot express the infinite disgust which this has occasioned me, seeing a well-earned character affected by such incomprehensible folly and malignity, and a deep wound inflicted upon the Queen herself, in destroying that sober certainty of waking bliss which seemed the blessing of her private life. At the same time it would appear from the line of defence taken that it is more than probable the Prince has interfered more than discretion would warrant, though not so as to provoke the attacks directed against him.

Always with kindest regards to wife and children, my dear Arthur.

Yours,
MONTEAGLE.

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea,
17 May, 1855.

DEAR HELPS,

It gives me real pleasure that you turn up again,—serene as ever, and "with the time of day in your pocket" (one may say, tho' in another sense than the Irish mother rejoicing over her son's new watch when he came home)! Many and many

a time in this last grim year, one of the grimmest and loneliest I ever had, have I asked myself, "What has become of Helps? What has come over him?"

Morgan left the little volume * faithfully last night. To read it will be nothing but a pleasure to me, had you no pleasure with it. I can never rightly see whither you are tending with this Book: but all the parts of it I read are luminous, naïve and human: extremely comfortable reading to me, you may believe.

But am I to send the volume back? And if so, when? The Post will be my handiest way; and I will *time* according as you order. I find a "Peter Martyr" often quoted from, this morning. Have you explained anywhere that he is not the Oxford *Protestant*-Italian Peter M^{r}; but another of the name with a difference, of whom further details are scarce with me? I know not what you have made out of Charles V. (who remains entirely invisible in Robertson and all English Histories hitherto); I know only, for absolutely *certain*, that he has the Austrian chin, a pair of lazy deep eyes,—and shews here and there a longheaded *Flemish Mercantile* character to me, of much obstinacy and occasional arrogance and wrath; dead to the higher considerations, or pretty nearly so. . . . Good speed to you, good speed! Happy men that are within "two months" of the shore; † not bound in dreary Polar seas, like some others of us; nothing on any azimuth but

* 2nd Vol. of "Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen."

† An allusion to A. H. being within two months of the completion of his history.

icebergs and walruses, the very stars for most part gone out!

It would do me real good, I am certain, to get down for a whole week to the silence of Vernon Hill; and I will pray for it, while the leaves are all green, and the summer in its pride: pray;—but the gods are very deaf: alas!

Well we cannot help it; we must toil along, with the *general* "Balaklava" round us, the Supreme Charlatan on the top of it; and Roebuck's Committee publishing daily reports by way of remedy. God is great.

Yours ever truly (in haste),
T. CARLYLE.

From C. E. NORTON.

Shady Hill, Cambridge,
July 4, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,

A long time has passed since I had the pleasure of writing to you,—a long time in which I have often reproachfully reminded myself that I had not thanked you for your last letter. The other evening meeting Mr. Emerson at a pleasant dinner given to our common friend, Lowell the poet, just before his departure for Europe,—when he said to me, "Have you heard lately from Mr. Helps?" I was sorry to have to reply, "No, not for a long time" —but adding that I meant to write to you shortly, he charged me with messages of kindest remembrance for you.

The truth is that I have been very much engaged

during the past eighteen months with various occupations, the chief and most interesting of which has been the carrying through the press of some works left by my father in manuscript. One of these is a Translation of the Gospels with Notes, which was the occupation of many studious years, and which is as it were the crowning results of a life devoted to the setting forth of the evidence of the divine origin and authority of our religion. I had hoped that these volumes might be published last autumn, but they have been delayed to the present time. They are now just out, and by the steamer which takes this letter I shall send, to the care of your publishers, a copy of them that I beg you will do me the favour to accept.

Lowell, of whom I spoke just now, has lately been appointed to succeed Mr. Longfellow in the Professorship of Belles Lettres at the University here in Cambridge. He has gone abroad to spend a year before entering upon the duties of his office, and, as it is his intention to pass a short time in England before his return, I trust that you and he may have an opportunity of meeting. He is one of the most agreeable men I have ever known, and even a fair and reserved description might lead one who did not know him to suspect that the partiality of friendship was blind to all but excellences. A poet, a wit, a master of a most rich and musical prose style, with an almost unrivalled memory and a perfect command of it, with a peculiar facility of happy expression, with very various cultivation and great ease in acquisition—he is yet one of the most

simple, natural, modest and generous of men. I think no one knows him slightly who does not like him, and no one knows him well who does not love him. If you have not seen his poetry I wish you would let me have the pleasure of sending it to you. He has written with too great ease to write everything well, and he wrote much when very young—but he has written some poems that are among the very best of our modern poems, and he will write still better if he lives. If he carries out his plans he will not be in England till next year about this time.

I have been passing some weeks of this spring in South Carolina. It was my first visit there, and I had never before seen so much of life in a slave state. The luxury and brilliancy of the delicious Southern spring were in strange contrast to the tone of feeling forced upon one by the condition of society. South Carolina at the present time affords a very curious point of observation. During the last few years a gradual change in public sentiment has been going on there in regard to slavery until now a majority, a very large majority, of the men and many of them intelligent and Christian men, sincerely believe that slavery is a truly beneficent institution both as regards the blacks and the whites. They believe that slavery is the negro system of labour, that its end is to promote the present good of the slave, and the future good of his race. All that conflicts with this view is studiously kept out of sight. The monstrous conclusions to which one who endeavours to defend slavery as good in itself is forced, are logically admitted and adopted.

Nor is this condition of opinion so unintelligible as it might at first seem or without good results. Slavery exhibits itself under its mildest aspects in South Carolina, where it has assumed something of a patriarchal character. The slaves are gradually improving in intelligence and civilization. They are a very contented and affectionate race. They are like children, and they have learned the lesson of dependence so well as really to be unfit for and undesirous of liberty, and unable to meet the stern demands of a condition of independence. On the other hand the masters who assert and believe slavery to be a blessing to blacks as well as whites are forced by their very doctrine into thoughtful care of their slaves—and I believe that it is unquestionable that there is from year to year a gradual amelioration in the condition of the slaves. But the perplexities and evils of the system are to one who observes it even at its best of most oppressive sadness. Have you read a very able article on the subject in the last *Edinburgh?* It seems to me in most respects very just and correct.

Are we not soon to have something more from you? I doubt if you yet know with how much pleasure and interest your books are waited for on this side of the Atlantic. I wish you would come over if only for a short time, and if for no other purpose than to find out how many friends you have here.

I beg you to believe me, as ever,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

From MR. EMERSON.

Concord, Masstts.,
17 July, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. HELPS,

Mr. Henry James,* a valued friend of mine, and as I am wont to think, the best man in the city of New York, for all its millions of bodies, goes to London and to France, and though he hinted a wish for letters to "souls in prison," I think he might also go to enfranchised and palatial souls. You will find him well versed in what is good in America, and with a compass in his thought and his love of men that is rare here. He is meaning, I believe, to put his boys in school in Switzerland. I think I cannot do either of you a greater kindness than to present you to each other, I wish he may add motives to the inclination you professed to visit your friends and readers in this country.

With kindest regards,
Yours faithfully,
R. W. EMERSON.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

Nov., 1855.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

Sincere thanks for sending me this book. †

It is quite true that among many and many deep regrets that trouble me just now—your having spent so much strength and time in unwrapping a mummy,

* A writer on theology. His best-known works are, I believe, "The Logic of Creation," "Morality in Religion," "The Church of Christ not an Ecclesiasticism."

† The book referred to in the previous letter.

is one of quite my sorrowfullest. Here and there a piece of bitumen turns up—which one burns in a lamp and it makes a nice smell; here and there a grain of wheat—which would bear a hundredfold—if anybody cared to plant it—which they won't. On the whole—all I can say is—fervently thank God it's done. And you may judge of my true respect for your intellect and affection for you—by the fervency of these thanks—if those at the beginning of the letter seem doubtful to you.

Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea,
2 June, 1855.

DEAR HELPS,

I may safely say I have read both the Fragments, especially the big one, with real pleasure and approval. "Remarks" I have none, perhaps a stroke on the margin here and there which really does not pretend to be anything; but this record of my *experience* as your reader may be worth giving, and encourage your weary steps thro' that great black wilderness where you have been journeying so long.*

It is a fact then that these pieces, especially the bigger, make capital reading, and are likely to suit all kinds of classes, in that respect, who have any *naïvety* of heart, whether much intellect or little,—for your writing will suit both kinds; which is a rare quality in writing. A beautiful *piety* looks

* An allusion to A. H.'s work, "The Spanish Conquest in America."

thro' the record everywhere, touches of mournful banter (what we recognize as *Helpsisms*, nothing loth); and on the whole, a beautiful mild *light* (as of Sinumbra lamps, or of the Sun shining without glare, thro' fleecy clouds as he does at Quito) *illuminates* everything that is narrated or that is taught; very well done indeed. I have not read so *easily remembered* a Book for years back: "easily remembered," I daresay you understand how many things that presupposes, and I certify to you that it is so.

Your fearless diligence, long-continued patient labour, and determination everywhere to spare no cost in getting to the actual truth so far as possible: these qualities obtain and merit a still more emphatic suffrage from me. They greatly distinguish your work and you,—alas that it should be so,—in this unfortunate epoch of the world. Every man is certain to be *damned* (so say the very Bishops, if they understood themselves),—very certain to be damned, *unless* he do even in that fashion: and I leave you to count on your fingers how many you know in any trade who do it! It is actually frightful:—visible at Balaklava, Sodom, and some other places modern and ancient.

Adieu, dear Helps; may you go *fausto pede*, and come out victorious on the hither side of that Black business, whatever it may (essentially) be.

Yours ever sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Both the Pieces go in a Parcel by this day's post; and ought to have reached you while you read.

In this letter A. H. mentions his desire to enter Parliament.

To LORD MONTEAGLE.

18th Decr., 1855.

MY DEAR LORD MONTEAGLE,

I have just received your letter of the 16th inst. in which you very kindly offer to mention my name to your two colleagues in the Decimal Coinage Commission as that of a person whom they might choose for their Secretary.

The subject submitted to the Commissioners is a very interesting and important one; your Commission seems to me admirably selected, and you are men whom I should have great pleasure in acting with and under. There is a great deal to be learnt from all of you upon subjects in which I take an exceeding interest. It is, therefore, with reluctance, and not without due consideration that I have resolved to decline your very kind proposal. The historical work, however, which I am engaged in is very arduous and somewhat pressing; and I should not feel justified in quitting it unless it were to do something which might be for the public good.

Now, to speak frankly with you,—with such men as yourself, Lord Overstone, and Mr. Hubbard, it does not very much matter what kind of Secretary you have, I will venture anything that the work will be very well done, and the Report be a conclusive one. But if I were offered some office connected with sanitary affairs I should say to myself, "Friend Arthur, you have been working at this matter for

many years, your heart is in it, you might bring some peculiar knowledge to bear upon it, I doubt whether it is your duty to be poring into and pondering over these manuscripts about Guatemala when you might do your own country and your own generation some little service." And I should very likely give myself the benefit of the doubt, for I am very fond of active life, and secretly detest the labour of historical research. In the present case, however, no such form of duty comes before me, and therefore I must abide by the duty of finishing what I have once begun.

Then if ever I enter public or official life again, I think it must be from another direction. What I am going to say will probably astonish you; but the truth is, I am a speaker rather than a writer, and always have been so. I never feel so much myself as when I see a great number of heads looking up to me and waiting to hear what I shall say next. My usual shyness and timidity vanish; the subject arranges itself before me in a clearer manner than I ever see it elsewhere. I have presence of mind on those occasions to abridge here, and enlarge there accordingly as I see my audience coming to or going from me: in a word, I was born a speaker, as my father was before me. Lord Carlisle who has heard me address a large multitude will tell you the same thing. My habits of dictation have strengthened this power, for I have scarcely put pen to paper for the last three years, and everything I have done from a short letter to a long chapter on history, has been dictated right off. Now, of course, it occurs to me, if I re-enter the world, why should I not use

this gift, which has its weight with the world? And, between ourselves, I am not very unlikely to have an opportunity.

You know me too well to think that the above has been written in any spirit of vanity. Indeed, I am so pervaded with a sense of our all being God's creatures—exactly what He has been pleased to make of us—that I do not see the room for anybody to be vain or proud of anything. Moreover, I think a writer is a greater power than a speaker; but I am aware that I am the latter rather than the former; and naturally, I mean to avail myself of this if I have anything to do with public life again.

I have not hesitated to tell these things to such a dear and true friend as you have always been to me, because there might come a time when it would be well for you to know them in order that you might give me judicious advice about my conduct. There is no one, I believe, who has my real interest so much at heart as yourself, and who would be more anxious that I should spend my life to the best purpose.

Yours always,
With respect and affection,
ARTHUR HELPS.

In 1856, some of Arthur Helps's Cambridge friends wished him to come forward as a candidate to represent the University in Parliament. The following letters refer to this. A. H., as Lord Stanley's letter indicates, had asked his support, but, as the next letter shows, he withdrew from his candidature.

From DR. PHELPS (Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge).

Sid. Coll.,
17 Jan., 1856.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,

A mutual friend of ours has suggested to me that *you* are the proper man to represent the University in Parliament. I need not say that no one is so fully convinced of that proposition as your old friend. But what do you say? I really think that unless some wonderfully popular *Noble* were to offer, you would have a great chance of being returned —and after all what place would be so suitable for you? Write immediately with your usual prompt decision. I need not say the grave is not more secret than

Your truly affectionate,
R. PHELPS.

From LORD STANLEY.

Jan. 22, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter only reached me last night at this place.

First—as matter of fact, I believe the contingency which you contemplate is not likely to arise. Mr. Walpole has pledged himself to come forward, and I imagine, will certainly do so. I do not see how he can retire without a contest. In the next place—it is probable that a circumstance which affects me solely and personally, will render it

inadvisable that I should take any part in the approaching election.

Of these two answers either might suffice. But having given them, let me say unaffectedly how much I desire for the sake of the H. of C. that you should have a seat there. We have clever men in plenty—active men more than enough—but thoughtful and independent men (in the true sense) only one here and there.

I wish, as I wished from the first, that the Health Fund could have succeeded. But the discussion did good; no work done is ever wholly without fruit.

Very faithfully yours,

STANLEY.

A. HELPS, ESQ.

From A. H. *to* PROFESSOR BUNBURY.

22nd Jany., 1856.

DEAR BUNBURY,

In reply to your letter of yesterday's date, I am happy to tell you that I am not one of your opponents, and am not going to stand for the University of Cambridge.

The facts of the case are simply these:—On Saturday morning I received the very unexpected information that some persons of considerable influence in Cambridge and elsewhere, wished me to come forward as a Candidate. I replied that if they would bring me a Requisition sufficiently weighty to justify my coming forward, I would do so. My friends, however, soon found that they were too

late in the field, and that such men as yourself, upon whom, perhaps, they might have counted, if you had been applied to in the first instance for me, were already actively engaged on one side or the other. I am, therefore, absolved from any obligation to move further in the matter.

You will probably be surprised that I should have consented, even conditionally, to come forward; for I have more work to do than I know how to get through, and there is no one I imagine to whom personally a Parliamentary life would be less attractive. But there are social questions to which, and to the legislation about which, I have of late years given much attention; and it seems to me (perhaps with the captiousness of a bystander) that these questions are not adequately discussed in Parliament; and that even the voice of one odd person who cares about them, might be valuable.

I felt it, therefore, to be a duty not to reject such an opportunity of becoming a Candidate, whatever presumption there might be in seeking to represent a constituency which may justly demand to have the first men in the country as its representatives.

I am thoroughly glad, however, that the burden of contest, is not upon my shoulders, but upon the far stronger and abler ones of Mr. George Denman, to whom I beg to tender my vote.

Yours etc.,

ARTHUR HELPS.

From LORD STANLEY.

March 6/57.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your kind volume * arrived yesterday afternoon. Let me thank you for it, and say that I shall with great pleasure avail myself of your offer of the others. The circumstance of receiving them from the author will add not a little to my enjoyment of their possession. After being read they will take their place on the shelves at Knowsley, where I hope they may bear witness, a century hence, to our acquaintance in the year 1856.

Of this work of yours I have read no part as yet: but the "Friends in Council" have been for several years past very familiar to me: and when casting my eye over those volumes again now, as I sometimes do, I cannot but feel that many of the thoughts embodied in them have become part of my own mind, so that while seeming to think for myself, I am really committing an unintended plagiarism.

Your sanitary project, though its immediate purpose remains unaccomplished, has not been without fruit: it has stirred up the public mind, and when such matters are talked of, I hear frequent reference made to it even at this day. Has it ever occurred to you to try, systematically, to get the people enlightened on that question? I mean, by a large diffusion of cheap (if not gratuitous) tracts upon it, putting in plain and strong language that which it concerns all people to know. The Board

* "The Spanish Conquest in America" (3rd Vol.).

of Health publications are too official, too technical: they are for Parliament, not for the nation. There is a mass of utter ignorance and scepticism as to the reality and value of sanitary truths, which time alone will not do much to remove. But you have your work, and I only name this as a thing which in my judgment wants doing.

Believe me,
My dear Sir,
Very faithfully yours,
STANLEY.

In March, 1857, the question of his candidature for the University of Cambridge was again raised by Dr. Phelps and others, but Arthur Helps declined to come forward, upon the grounds set forth in the following circular letter.

To DR. PHELPS.

Oxford and Cambridge Club,
March 9th, 1857.

MY DEAR MASTER OF SIDNEY,

I have just received your letter.

I have no intention whatever of coming forward as a Candidate for the Representation of the University of Cambridge. The experience which I gained, when sitting in Mr. Denman's Committee, convinced me that I am not a fit person to aspire to that honour. I cannot attach the importance to such questions as "The Maynooth Grant" and "Sabbath Observance" which I found was attached to them by many excellent persons in your Constituency; and I

perceived that a man like myself, of decidedly liberal tendencies, inclined to form his own opinions upon all subjects that should be brought before him, would be likely to come into unpleasant collision with that numerous and influential part of the Constituency which enjoys a fixity of opinion, not always justified by the amount of thought bestowed in forming the opinion, upon most matters in Church and State.

Moreover, in the present embarrassing condition of political parties, I am afraid I should find it difficult to obtain a firm footing in any direction.

Like the rest of the world, I admire Lord Palmerston for his many brilliant qualities, and for much of his conduct of the late war; but I think his Home Administration singularly deficient in purpose and usefulness. He holds out little or no promise, that I can see, of political or social reforms; and, with regard to the subject at present at issue, I am obliged to admit, that, if I had been in Parliament, I must, however reluctantly, have voted against the Government upon the China question.

I am much grieved to observe the imputation of unworthy motives to those public men who have come to a similar conclusion, upon reasons which I doubt not were imperative upon their consciences.

Amongst the foremost men in politics, there is hardly any one with whom I have hitherto sympathized less than I have with Mr. Gladstone; but, I am not blind to the nobility of his nature, and to his ardent desire for right and justice on every occasion. I cannot accuse such a man of factiousness.

Then, with regard to Lord John Russell, I have never very much admired the Whig Administrations which he has directed; and I have often regretted to see the predominance in them of certain Whig families, which has not been justified, as it seemed to me, by any particular administrative ability on their part. But I must confess that the political world, especially the liberal part of it, seems to be somewhat ungrateful to Lord John, and very prone to construe his conduct in the most unfavourable manner. I believe that on this China question he has been actuated by none but the highest motives; and I am confirmed in that opinion when I find that he is supported by such a man as Sir Francis Baring, whose scrupulous sense of justice I have had many opportunities of observing when serving with him, in a humble capacity, in official life.

Lord Stanley, too, must be admitted to be a man who is above and beyond mere party considerations. The same assertion is indubitable as regards Mr. Cobden, Mr. Roebuck, and many other well-known personages who voted recently against the Government.

I do not know what view the University may take of the China question, and I may be merely fighting a shadow; but I think it probable that my views on this question, and my opinions, above expressed, of some of the principal members of the Opposition, would alone insure my rejection by many of those whom I might, otherwise, hope for as supporters.

Upon purely personal considerations, there are

not many men in the country, I believe, who would be more glad than I should be to find the next six weeks pass over without having to solicit the votes of their fellow-citizens; but, as I said on a former occasion, I shall not reject any feasible opportunity of obtaining a seat in Parliament, for in so doing, I may strengthen, though by one vote only, and by the labour of one additional mind, that small party which finds most employment for its energies in matters connected with social legislation.

I firmly believe that, amidst the din of wars, the intricacies of foreign politics, the contentions of party, and the difficulties arising from the want of preparation and the inefficient conduct of legislative business, the interests, the welfare, the amusements, and the education of what we call the lower classes are steadily neglected,—of those people to whose stalwart energy, habitual obedience to Law, and wonderful endurance, here at home, as well as on the battle-field, we owe the pre-eminence that we enjoy as a nation, in arms, in industrial conquests, and in political organization.

I have thus fully explained myself to you, my dear Master; and I think you will have no doubt after reading what I have written, that I should be a most unlikely Candidate to succeed in obtaining the Representation of the University of Cambridge—one of the greatest honours that can be conferred on any man.

Will you have the kindness to communicate the substance of this letter to my friends at Cambridge. The question which you put to me has been asked

by others, and I cannot too quickly inform them of my determination not to come forward.

I remain,

Yours ever most faithfully,

ARTHUR HELPS.

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea,
10 March, 1857.

DEAR HELPS,

I heartily congratulate you on getting so massive a new piece of the Sysiphus Rock * rolled up and fairly laid at rest at the top of the hill! I will read your new volumes; and I have no doubt it will be with the old pleasure: but that, and all men's reading and applauding, or not reading and even hissing, is (if I may judge by my own feelings), a small matter in comparison with the above most important fact,—which is indisputable to critics.

Oh Heavens, yes certainly if I ever live across this horrid vortex of the juggling infinitude of Prussian sand and marine-stoves (which fact seems often problematic to me) I do certainly intend to recreate myself at Vernon Hill; but all that is yet—God knows how far!

Pity me, pray for me; and accept many thanks, congratulations, good enquiries, and old and new regards.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

* The third volume of "The Spanish Conquest in America."

From LORD CARLISLE.

Dublin Castle,
13th March, 1857.

MY DEAR H.,

Your book is very welcome—still more so will be the leisure when it comes for my perusing it.

I have just been reading a more compressed composition of yours—the letter to Cambridge—very good I think—perhaps with a slight tendency to *loftiness* of judgment, but as this is coupled with modesty of action, I do not demur.

I hardly expect to have my royalty here cut short as yet, and I do not find myself repining. I have had the satisfaction of making a good Bishop, and I have thought to myself, A. H. would have approved of this.

I often seem to hear your old conversations; I wonder whether your opinions have undergone any essential modifications; I suspect not.

I shall think it a shame if L^d^ John does not carry the City, and I doubt whether I could have given my vote against Gladstone for Oxford. But then you know we two are about the only entirely fair men going. I see that Charles Sumner is coming to England.

Affec^ly^ Yrs,
CARLISLE.

Lord Goderich (afterwards Marquis of Ripon), the writer of the next letter, when Lord President of the Council, came to know Arthur Helps intimately.

From LORD GODERICH.

Putney Heath,
Nr. London, S.W.
12 April, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. HELPS,

I cannot resist the strong inclination I feel to write and tell you how greatly I regret that you are not a member of the new Parliament. I was unable to hear of any place, which I thought likely to suit you, although I kept a sharp look-out in the hope that I might be able to do something to bring about an object which I have so much at heart as seeing you in the House of Commons.

You will have seen not only that Lt.-Col. Sterling did not even succeed in being accepted as a Candidate at Cambridge, Mr. Hibbert being already in the field, but that the two Conservatives were returned. This result, though untoward in itself, lessens the regret which I previously felt at being precluded from giving you the little assistance in my power, owing to my previous engagement to Lt.-Col. Sterling. I hope you quite understood how the matter stood; I have often thought of it with regret since, lest you should have thought me lukewarm about an object in which I feel a very strong interest.

I do not like the appearance of the new Parliament, and your presence there would have been a great consolation to me for the loss of some of the most eminent and useful members of the last—as it is I fear we shall be found to have deteriorated, which certainly we could ill afford to do. However I ought not perhaps to begin to grumble at the

Parliament before it has been tried, especially as, considering the false issue upon which it was attempted to take the Elections, it might have been so very much worse.

I hope you will forgive me for troubling you with this letter; but I could not help telling you how sorry I am that you will not be able to give your powerful aid in Parliament to the carrying out of these important objects, for which you have laboured so earnestly out of it. The difficulty which men like yourself, who will not pronounce the shibboleth of any party, but who would be of the greatest use in the House of Commons, find in getting a seat is a matter for grave consideration. To get such men in would be the greatest of "Parliamentary Reforms."

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
GODERICH.

The writer of the next letter, G. S. Venables, was a life-long friend of A. H. He was a well-known writer in the *Times* and *Saturday Review*.

From G. S. VENABLES.

Llysdinau, Builth,
South Wales,
May 1, 1857.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I have read the greater part of your book,* not yet all, and I am much interested in it, with an

* 3rd Vol. "Spanish Conquest in America."

interest which it has the merit of creating. I have always had a difficulty in entering into the interests of black, red, and yellow men, and generally of any of those who may be considered as only quasi-fellow creatures: but still you have contrived both to raise and satisfy a curiosity as to the way in which the natives of the islands were improved off the face of the earth. Is it not the case that in Central and South America the indigenous element is wearing out the Spanish blood and restoring the country to a red semi-civilization? But this you will probably deal with later. The Mexican conquest I have been familiar with since eight years old, partly in Robertson and partly in Marmontel's Incas, and at a later period I learnt the story over again in Bernal Diaz, and attempted it in Prescott, but he, though for all I know a very good man, seems to me to have no historical faculty, making himself a mere conduit for his authorities, whom I would rather read, unless I can have their results summed up and reproduced by an independent thinker. Still I find your books very readable. The Casas part is almost entirely new, and I like it very much, and I highly approve of subjectivity in a historian, to use a most pedantic German phrase for a man expressing his own opinion, instead of affecting a contemplative indifference to the fiction which he presents as facts. I begin to think that in spite of the opposite example of Wilberforce and Lord Shaftesbury, a philanthropist may deserve some admiration; but it is annoying to me Casas always fades as in a dream, just when he is on the point of success. Those monks seem really

to have had a great deal of good about them. How often those poor Dominicans must have wished that they were comfortably at home, frying a few relapsed Jews or Moriscos. I wonder whether they ever arrived at the philosophical conclusion that it was much easier to swim with the stream than against it.

> Tantum vestigia poterat madere malorum
> Tantellum que eadem poterat madere bonorum.

I wish you had entered in your chapter on religion into a question which has often occurred to me, whether the raw material of the great mystery of sacrifice is not dinner, and a respectable butcher the first priest. I can imagine the primitive and uncorrupted man to say when he killed a sheep—"I have separated this whole into its component parts of a ponderable carcase and an invisible life. Let me divide it fairly with the gods—the life may probably be in their line, and certainly not in mine—the carcase will make mutton chops." This theory or conjecture is founded on the Homeric sacrifices, but it seems to me also to correspond to Genesis and Noah. The blood, assuming Morrison's Religion to be sound, thou shalt not eat.—Burning part of the offal I take to be a later and superstitious addition. Human sacrifices would be an obvious refinement on the original principle, or, given cannibalism, a legitimate application of it. I don't see that Cain was far wrong in supposing the life of an animal to be a higher form of organic creation than the vegetable existence of a cabbage; but the little burst of temper to which he subsequently gave way has prejudiced

the opinion of posterity. With the exception of the actual Merivale and the future Viedde you are the only one of the set who has written a real book. I admire the persevering labour thrown into the undertaking. I find many reminiscences in the history of the different books with which you began—especially the frequent recurrence of just and suggestive thoughts, which make the reader think not of it, but something else, or something else with it, by way of complement or analogy or opposition. Sometimes they remind me of a meridian curving between two points so as to suggest the possible complete sphere. In this way half truths are often pleasanter than whole ones.

In short I have derived and shall derive much satisfaction from the book. This essay is written in the intervals of attending a sick room about which I am very anxious.

Yours very sincerely,
G. S. VENABLES.

From ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1, Doune Terrace,
Edinburgh,
September 28, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have long contemplated writing to you, if only for the purpose of thanking you for the copy of your History of the Spanish Conquest in America which you were so kind as to send me.

I must at the same time own to a certain feeling of regret that you to History give up a genius and

power which appear qualified to work to so much more immediately beneficial ends in the social questions of our age. And while I say so, I feel the very fascination you have felt, and indeed stand in the like case, having spent the leisure of three years in a work of Scottish history—a labour of love which will perhaps be pronounced in a great measure superfluous. If then, I had any real reproach to set forth against you, sympathy would swallow it up.

It is upwards of four years since we met. So much for the hyperborean position to which I am condemned. Would we could have another afternoon together, like that delicious one we once had at Roslin! I much desiderate your ideas about a great number of things of common interest to us, or which I judge to be so. I desire the sight of your face, the sound of your voice, the grasp of your hand. Is there no managing it? I design to be at a meeting for Advancement of Social Science at Birmingham on the 12th October. It would be delightful to find you there. I shall also, in all probability, spend a few weeks this winter in London—living with a married daughter, one of those pretty twins you may remember (now Mrs. Priestley, living at No. 16, Somerset Street, Portman Square). When there, I shall try through Parker to get some witting of your whereabouts.

Please meanwhile to believe me, with unfailing kind remembrances,

Sincerely yours,

R. CHAMBERS.

The following is from an old friend of A. H.:—

From The Rev. C. W. Le Bas.

Brighton,
Feby. 28th, 1858.

If I can, O Arthur, I will read thy Tragedy.* Yes,—*If I can!* For, even if William Shakespeare himself, ὁ μυριονοὺς, were to revisit this Earth, holding in his hand a new Tragedy of his own composition, it may gravely be doubted whether I should summon resolution to look into his Manuscript. I have long ago forsworn nearly all Tragic fiction. The grim realities of this Life have, in them, enough of Tragedy, to do for us the good office of purging and refining the Passions through the clarifying influences of Pity and Terror. *I* look to Fiction for occasional relief from the grim realities. Write me a good Comedy, Arthur,—one that shall cause the "Lungs to crow like Chanticleer,"—and, I'm your man. *Eris mihi Magnus Apollo.*

But, I will, incontinently, procure the forthcoming "Fraser"—The man who can tell us so much about Councils of the *Western* Indies, must be worth hearing on the kindred subjects of Council for the Anglo-*Eastern* Indies. The subject is, indeed, most important, and withal, of tremendous difficulty. It has appeared to me, from the first, that the great question is this;—can a Council be so constructed, and so adjusted, as to avoid the danger of *eventually* engulfing India in the Maëlstrom of British

* "Oulita, The Serf."

Parliamentary jobbery?—For, I fear, there is too much very *serious* truth in what my old friend Dealtry used to say, *sportively*, viz.—

" . . . . All the world's a job,—
And all the men and women merely jobbers."

To revert, for a moment, to the *Tragica*. You see, I must now, like Fagin, plead guilty to being "an old man, my Lord, an old—old—man." And, old men are apt to have, not only "marvellous weak brains,"—but somewhat feeble imaginations. They become terribly prosaic; and testily impatient of *all* Poetry in *extenso*, whether Epic, or Dithyrambic, or Tragic. A liqueur-glass of it, now and then, by way of cordial, is all very well. But a lusty flagon of it is too much for the nerve and brain of one who, like me, is close on the commencement of his 80*th* year.

By the way—when is our Anglo-Indian Council to be hatched? Or, will the downfall of *Pam* the Great reduce it to an abortion?

Thine always,
C. W. Le Bas.

P.S.—Does Tom Carlyle mean ever to come upon the *arena* again? Or, does he vote himself *rude donatus?*

* * * * *

A. H. was a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* at intervals in the 'sixties, and a letter of his to the Editor on the "India Bill" is, I think, worthy of insertion here, touching as it does on some points now engaging attention.

THE INDIA BILL.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF "FRASER'S MAGAZINE" ON THE PROPOSED COUNCIL OF EIGHT.*

February 20th, 1858.

SIR,

I do not know what your opinion is about the India Bill; but I feel confident that, whether you are one of those who would prefer the maintenance of the Double Government, or whether you are of those who would prefer to wait a little and inquire before so great an undertaking as that of recasting the Government of India is commenced, or whether you are an advocate for the present Bill at the present time, you will not refuse to listen to, and to insert in your publication, any views which are offered solely with the object of improving the details of that measure.

This is one of those great occasions when we should throw aside party spirit as much as we can, and endeavour to work together for the public good.

The East India Company have been at a great disadvantage in having to fight their battle without knowing exactly the nature of their enemy; and some may think that their defence has been premature. We cannot be surprised, however, that powerful personages who knew that in some way or other their

* The India Bill has probably passed, along with the Ministry which proposed it; but any future Administration is likely to try its hand at a measure for the reconstruction of the Government of India, and we feel assured that these remarks of our valued correspondent will not be without their use in considering the details of such measure.—Ed. F. M.

power was if possible to be taken from them, should not wait for the attack till it came officially upon them, but should begin the struggle at once, and show that they were a body having yet some vitality and strength, and were by no means inclined to be abolished quietly.

It has been argued, and apparently with much justice, that this is not the time for making any change in the Government of India; that a remarkable emergency (let us hope of a transitory nature) ought never to be taken as the occasion for the exercise of statesmanship of a permanent character. On the other hand, it must be recollected that for a great number of years the Government of England has been a Government of emergency, and that nothing is done except upon an emergency. You, as an editor of an important Review, are doubtless better versed in the characters of public men than most of your readers can be. Do you know of any British statesman who looks forward many years, and prepares his measures accordingly? If you do, and will mention his name, I have no doubt that many thoughtful persons will instantly transfer their humble allegiance to him.

The above questions, however, are not such as would have induced me to address you. I am not going to argue for or against the Double Government; for or against the fitness of the present time as a time for legislation about India; for or against the British Parliament undertaking an immense additional weight of government. These are questions for politicians. I only speak as a man who has

had some acquaintance with official life, and whose wish is, that if we are to have a single Government of India, it should be made a thoroughly effective one. This I fear it never will be with a council of eight, having an unlimited power of protestation.

The real cause—at any rate one of the most potent causes—of the occasional mal-administration, or rather of the defective administration, in England is, that the energies of the individual Ministers who undertake to manage her affairs are often utterly wasted. Look at the life of a Cabinet Minister. Fretted by deputations, oppressed by correspondence, worried by committees of the House of Commons, not always soothed by his colleagues in the Cabinet, obliged to give public and guarded replies upon all subjects connected with his office at the shortest possible notice, doing a great deal of social work in the shape of private and public dinners, and having the steady weight of the ordinary routine work of a department upon him,—is it to be wondered at that his energy gradually breaks down, and that though he may seem busy and workful, he is often too much exhausted, mentally speaking, to undertake with vigour any new work which requires long, patient, and continuous exertion?

What you want to supply to such a man is intellectual force, not intellectual hindrance. Sir Robert Peel publicly owned at a critical juncture in reference to a most important branch of legislation that however desirable it might be to have a Government measure about it, there were not the means at his disposal—he meant the intellectual means—to

prepare the measure. It required time and study and forethought: and the Minister could not command a sufficiency of these good things in his office. There was a want of certain personages whom Mr. Henry Taylor in his admirable work on statesmanship, has well described as "In-doors statesmen." I confess, though, I want something more than, and somewhat different from, that which Mr. Henry Taylor has proposed,—something that may bring the Minister's office in close contact with the ruling minds of the country, and with those who have any special information on subjects connected with his department.

So far you will suppose I have been arguing in favour of the Council of Eight. Nothing of the kind. This Council, in possessing a substantive existence of its own, in having the power of recording its difference of opinion from the Minister, is likely to prove an unmitigated nuisance to him. Indeed, instead of being a body of "in-doors statesmen" at the call and under the command of their chief, they will partake rather of the character of domestic annoyances to the unfortunate Minister.

Turn to the origin of councils. Look at the councils that *have* been tried, as far as we can learn about them from history. You will find that those councils which have not been thoroughly subordinate to the person calling them together, have for the most part been a hindrance, a drawback, and a stumbling-block to him. I could no doubt, after small research, oppress you with historical instances; but I forbear.

Remember that the Cabinet Council is not a case in point, for there they meet as equals. If Lord A. annoys Lord B., Lord B. can carry the war into Lord A.'s department; but the proposed Indian Council is, I believe, to advise, and not to act. The Minister cannot worry the Council as the Council can worry him.

Well, but you will say to me, you began by admitting—and not admitting merely, but declaring—that the individual Ministers of State required aid and intellectual force; you object to the proposed Council; and, as a man who has once been in official life, you ought to be aware of the rule not to object to other people's propositions, without being prepared to suggest distinctly something to be put in their place—not to erase without being ready to substitute something for the erasure.

I am sorry to have even the slightest appearance of being egotistical in making my suggestion; but I must refer to what I urged before, when writing on the general subject of Government several years ago. I have not time to recast the passage; and besides, there is some advantage in showing that the plan was not proposed on an emergency, but was the deliberate conviction of one who has always longed to see the public offices strengthened and made worthy of the great nation they serve. The passage is as follows:—

"Having now supposed the business divided amongst certain departments, and fit persons chosen to preside over these departments, and able men selected to fill the subordinate offices; there is still

to my mind a want of something which I think may be noticed in all Governments of modern times, and that is, a power of attracting from time to time fresh ability and fresh views, and putting the department in reasonable communication with the world about it. I believe that what I am going to say is new, and being new, and therefore unpractised, it is liable to the objection of not being practicable. I am sure, however, that the deficiency I have noticed does exist, that it will not be supplied by committees of the Legislative body, nor even by permanent commissions; and therefore any way of attempting to supply this deficiency may at least deserve attention. What is wanted is to bring more intellectual power within command of the heads of departments, and moreover, that this power should neither be elicited in a hostile manner, nor on the other hand that it should be too subservient. It should rather be attainable without the walls of an office than within. It should be at hand for a Minister; but it should not be too closely mixed up with ordinary official life. The plan then is this; that there should be gradually formed, in connection with the two or three first departments of the state, a body of able men not bound down to regular official employment, but who should be eligible for special purposes—for the Minister to devise with, to consult, to be informed by. There will be a likelihood of freer range of thought and more enterprise amongst such men than amongst those uniformly engaged in official duty. They would be of the nature of Counsellors to a Department, without forming the check and

hindrance that a council would be. It can hardly be doubted that it would often be an immense advantage to a Minister to be able to call in a man of known ability, conversant with the department, and yet not much tied by it, to hear his opinion upon some difficult dispute (from the colonies for instance), in which both the Minister and his subordinates may be liable to err from their very knowledge of the parties. Then, again, what a gain it would be to place on this staff men of long standing in the colonies who had returned to pass the remainder of their lives here, of whose experience the Minister might well avail himself. This same body would give the Minister a means of choosing official men such as has never been devised. It should not have any collective power. Parliament is sufficient check upon any Minister. In modern times Ministers want strength more than restraint." *

Of course, many modifications of the above plan may be required in reference to the peculiar nature of our possessions in India; but I do contend that, whatever the subject-matter for counsel, a council that is to be attached to an executive department should be thoroughly subordinate to it.

Lord John Russell, in his very temperate and clear-sighted speech on Mr. Baring's amendment, shows you that he perceives at once (perceives, perhaps, with some regret) that, whether we like it or not, Indian affairs will for the future be far more discussed in Parliament than they have been. The Indian Department, therefore, must be made strong

* "Friends in Council," Vol. II., Essay on "Government."

in both Houses. There should be one or more Parliamentary Under-Secretaries of State, and there must be a permanent Under-Secretary. If you observe public affairs carefully, I believe you will find that no department gets on well—that no department conducts its executive business well—unless it is ably represented in the Legislative body, at any rate in the House of Commons. The power of obstruction which any member of Parliament has now, is such as to require constant watchfulness and great ability in the heads of departments, to prevent the necessary changes in legislation from being marred and blurred, and rendered ineffective.

To return again to the sort of councillors which I venture (really with very great diffidence) to propose. Though, as I think, they should have no power of themselves to meet, there will be no objection to the Minister for India summoning them all together. He should have at his call the services of the proposed councillors in any way that might seem best to him. He might even have the power of sending one or more of his councillors to India for the purpose of investigating on the spot some question of considerable difficulty, about which there was much conflicting evidence.

Fear of responsibility is the great fear of modern times. As men become more cultivated and see further into consequences, and learn to apprehend more, they dread more the responsibility of coming to any decision upon any great question. You add to this indecisiveness as you increase the number of

persons whom the Minister who ought to decide has to please and to satisfy. To convince his colleagues, to persuade the Legislature, to please the British public, is surely enough work for any statesman. Let him at least within the walls of his office be supreme.

But suppose that the other view of the case predominates. Imagine the present measure carried. That is the way to look at a proposition of this sort. Place in imagination any of our foremost statesmen at the head of Indian affairs—Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Grey, Mr. Disraeli, or Lord Stanley. Would not these statesmen wish to devise their own measures? Would they require councillors, except of the ancillary kind I have described above? On the other hand, if more malleable and manageable men were appointed as Ministers for India, they would be oppressed and overpowered by the Council if constituted as at present proposed by the Bill. In few words, it is much to be feared, that either the Minister, or the Council, will be a nullity—and not a harmless nullity, but a vexatious nullity.

Among those who have already commented upon this India Bill, there does not seem to be anybody who imagines that this Council of Eight will be a great power in itself, and that it would be desirable to depress the Minister of India for its sake. Nobody supposes that it will have the weight for remonstrance and restraint that the present East India Directors possess. But it is overlooked, I think, that the existence of such a Council may afford a ready and

feasible excuse to a weak or irresolute Minister for his inactivity and feebleness of administration.

And, indeed, it is difficult for any one who has had no experience of Councils, to imagine how tiresome and depressing they may be : how the rays of thought diverge on all sides, and will not be brought to any focus : how this man's temper and that man's crotchets, this councillor's perversity and that councillor's over-nicety in the choice of words, prevent any conclusion being arrived at, except through weariness —which is the great master of Councils.

It is always to be recollected that the most amiable nature may nevertheless be a protesting one. How many protests have we all read, signed by "Vassall Holland"? Moreover, you do not find out a protester until you come to sit in council with him.

I entirely agree with Mr. Roebuck that, in looking for fit men to fill the Indian Council, with whatever powers it may be invested, we need not limit ourselves to "old Indians." I suspect there is very nearly as much truth in the maxim, "cuique in suâ arte *non* credendum," as in the maxim, "cuique in suâ arte credendum." One man of good judgment and of that very rare qualification, good habits of business, is, in general, worth a host of people who have merely local knowledge. Local knowledge may be acquired ; but good sense and humility (vain men are the ruin of councils) are things that you cannot read up. Everywhere, whether in official or military life, to get first-rate human beings for counsel or command is the chief thing. Local and

technical knowledge, even when carried to a great extent, are still quite minor matters.

I do not wish to say anything against the East India Company or the double government. It is a time of trouble with them; and we ought to view any shortcomings of theirs in a very generous spirit. There was an excellent article in last month's *Blackwood*, "a letter from Mr. John Company to Mr. John Bull," with the sentiments expressed in which every fair man's judgment must, I think, somewhat coincide. Indeed, the East India Company, taking into consideration its long career, for the most part of beneficence and usefulness, has been an institution of which every Englishman may justly be proud. But, at the same time, we must own that the existence of the Sepoy army, in the disproportion it bore to British forces, was a blot in the proceedings of the past government of India. We cannot deny that. I imagine there are but few things that history teaches directly; but one of these few is, not to trust implicitly (and it was practically implicit trust) in alien forces. You never thoroughly understand a person of another nation, never, at least, understand him well enough to make him your principal arm of defence.

It is worthy of remark that the first question which Napoleon, when at St. Helena, addressed to the British Officers allowed to visit him, was in reference to the Sepoys. It was not his business to put the British on their guard; but I feel sure that his great sagacity when directed to self-interest would soon have led him, had he been the ruler of England, to

suspect and guard against the native forces of India.

I am not arguing against there being a large admixture of "old Indians" in any Council that may be formed, but am maintaining that it should not be formed exclusively of "old Indians," and that there should be members of that Council whose general conversancy with statesmanship might occasionally counteract the natural prejudices of men who have passed their best years in India.

A friend of mine, who has spent a considerable portion of his life in investigating the early records of the colonial administration of Spain, tells me that these colonies were never well governed except when some wise and powerful person at home took them in hand—that when King Ferdinand the Catholic, or Cardinal Ximenes, or Charles V., or the Grand Chancellor Selvagius, applied their minds to colonial affairs, great and good was the result. These Spanish kings and statesmen availed themselves of all the information that could be gained from those who had been in the Indies, and were particularly easy of access, listening to wise and prudent men of all shades of opinion.

I have written this letter to you, Mr. Editor, literally *currente calamo;* and it is advisable, therefore, for me to sum up briefly all that I mean to press upon your attention, as the conclusions which it seeks to arrive at, viz., that if we are to have a single government for India, it should be a strong one; that it will not be strong if hampered by a Council of the kind at present proposed; that the

proper kind of Council for the department of Indian affairs would be one much more numerous than a Council of eight, with no power of protesting, with no power of meeting except when convened by the Minister, and of which Council the members might be consulted and employed either singly or in Committees formed of any number and of such persons among the Councillors as the Minister may think fit to select; and lastly, that his Council should not be entirely composed of "old Indians."

You, Mr. Editor, may say, on behalf of the British public, this is giving too much power to government. My answer is, you cannot do these things by halves. If you, the British public, mean to govern India yourselves, and are resolved to take more responsibility than you have hitherto taken in its affairs, you must have a well-organized and powerful department for Indian affairs. You may have a thing like the present Board of Health, which is so weak that it only maintains its equilibrium by being knocked about on all sides equally. As that concerns only your own health, and you are but twenty-eight millions of people, it may appear a slight matter to you, and of course you have a right to please yourselves. But, for the sake of any jealousy (well-founded perhaps in the abstract, but not applying to this particular case) of an increase in the powers of Government, do not hinder the formation of such a department as will act promptly and powerfully, when you consider that it will have to superintend the government of one hundred and eighty millions of distant Asiatics committed to your charge.

One more remark. Do you think that this present India Bill is the Bill that would be proposed by a statesman looking to the good of India alone? No: it is a compromise, as most British measures are. I do not blame the Government for that. They have to see what measure they can frame which will have a chance of being carried. This proposed Council obviates or blunts a great deal of opposition. But surely there are many independent members of the House of Commons who, without fear of the Government, or favour towards the East India Company, will be solely anxious that this India Bill should be made a good working measure. I am not so presumptuous as to suppose that these remarks of mine addressed to you are likely even to reach the ears of men in power, much less that they would influence such persons; but it is possible that what I have here written may be read by those independent members above alluded to, and may perhaps lead them, when considering the details of the India Bill, to devise some better expedient than I could think of, for making the proposed Council a most effective aid to the Minister, and not a vexation and a hindrance to him.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
A. H.

P.S.—I cannot help seeing that the question of patronage will be the great difficulty, and will induce many members to vote for the Council as at present proposed. But I would ask them to consider

whether it may not be better for the people of England, that a large amount of patronage should be in one man's power than in that of nine. Supposing him to be a greedy and nepotic Minister (and surely we have a great many public men who are not such) still there comes a time when he is satiated, when his immediate friends and relations are provided for. But, nine! Besides, the "Dowbs" of obscure people (that is, of people comparatively obscure) are not known to the public, and are taken care of without any fuss being made about them.

In 1858, Arthur Helps wrote "Oulita, a tragedy in blank verse."

From ALFRED TENNYSON.

Farringford, I.W.,
March 6, 1858.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Thanks for "Oulita." I have not yet read it but I have cut it open, which looks as if I meant to read it.

My complaint against the time and my office of P.L. is not so much that I am deluged with verse, as that no man ever thinks of sending me a book of prose, hardly ever. I am like a man receiving perpetual parcels of currants and raisins and barley sugar, and never a piece of bread.

When you talk of sending "tribute to a *Royal* man" see what an unhandsome allusion you make to my position in H.M.'s household!

I remember that Sunday morning at T. Taylor's very well, and what a pleasant bit of talk I had with you.

Believe me, my dear Helps,
Ever yours,
A. TENNYSON.

To CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Vernon's Hill,
Bishop's Waltham,
March 7, 1858.

MY DEAR KINGSLEY,

Many thanks for the poems. I have already read and re-read several of the shorter ones. They are exquisite. I particularly admire "The Sands of Dee," "The Three Fishers," "A March," "Oh thou hadst been a wife for Shakespeare's self," "Airly Beacon," "The Ugly Princess," "The Bad Squire." "Dolcino to Margaret" is very beautiful too.

Let no small critic persuade you that you are not a true poet.

You are at present in high favour with me. I don't know that you will care much about that, but so you are.

I have heard what you have said about Lewes's book. Now that man must be very distasteful to you for many reasons (I like him very much); and for you to recognize amply and liberally all the merits in any work of his shows a largeness of mind and a fairness which I love beyond everything to see in my friends.

To return to the poems: I think they will be very successful, at which I shall rejoice.

With kindest regards to your wife,

I remain,

Yours always,

A. H.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

March, [1859 ?].

MY DEAR HELPS,

Sincere thanks for your letter—and for your enclosure—and for what you say in it—and for what I hope it is the introduction to—a Milverton and Ellesmere journey—is it ?—please tell me ? *

I am so curious.

I think I must say something about War—indeed I feel all you say about "taxation"—but I feel also that taxation is only the means we take of purchasing our luxuries by oppressing the poor.

Let every man in England go this year—from now to Christmas—without the following articles :—

1. Carriage or Horse—(I'm fond of driving in a postchaise myself—like somebody else—when I want to think. Very fond.) Unless the carriage be needed for an invalid—or the horse for exercise—I mean let them go without show or sporting horses.
2. Jewellery or Plate—Selling what they have except family jewels.

* This refers to an article, "War, a Conversation," in *Fraser's Magazine*.

3. Unnecessary or poisonous eatables and drinkables such as turtle—champagne—(I'm very fond of it)—ices,—etc.,—etc.

And let all women wear one dress—simple—for morning—and as many as are necessary for walking—of plain white muslin—up to the throat—for evening-dress—till Christmas.

And devote the money so saved to diminution of taxation—and see what the result would be on Christmas morning.

Yours always affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

The Fraser article wants the opposite side.

All greatness in states has hitherto depended on their being warlike—or at war. Think of the Bull of Uri—and the Grasshopper—and the Lion.

Morgarten—
Thermopylæ—
Salamis—
Agincourt—
Naseby—
Waterloo—

From G. S. VENABLES.

March 22, [1859?].

MY DEAR HELPS,

I take the present of your book very kindly; and it happens to come when I am likely to have for some weeks plenty of time to read, and nothing else which has so good a claim to be read. I believe you are right about such matters as Lodging House Acts, though I do not much like the word social—but legislation and administration of that

kind depend more on the class of members returned, than on their politics, and for the present all parties are agreed in thinking individual fitness the last consideration to be regarded at an election. The choice lies between parties or sections distinguished by some political profession or tendency. The worst of these tendencies seems to me to be represented by the Dizzy-Gladstone-Graham declamation against turbulent and aggressive policy—I think I care for peace as much as any man, and I wish England to have the power of maintaining and enforcing it by not being afraid or thought to be afraid of war—the grovelling baseness of the first despatches (by Ld. Clarendon and Ld. J. R.) in the Russia blue book almost accounted for the war. The firmness of the nation rather than of the Govt. in refusing the J. R. capitulation, and the subsequent firmness of Palmerston about Belgrad have placed peace on apparently secure foundations. I have had the means of knowing how thoroughly Russian, Austrian, French—anything but English—the high aristocracy are. Palmerston and Ld. Lansdowne are exceptions, and one is hated by them, while the other is spoken of with a sort of tolerant superiority—as a good old Whig who has taken up an extraneous crotchet—the expression of this feeling is the only common peculiarity of all the members of the late Coalition. That they are taking different lines for election purposes is not surprising; but I cannot find that any of them have any practical object except to overthrow Palmerston and to abjure the policy which he is supposed to represent. You of

course know that Gladstone has separated from Sidney Herbert and Graham after they had followed him through all the mud of the session. He is disposed to join Derby, probably through some natural affinities to the Conservative party. They think their chance better under Ld. J. R., whom they have for years hated and vilified. Graham attacks Palmerston, because he is not reforming enough. Herbert inclines in the same direction. Gladstone considers him not sufficiently Conservative, but they all agree in bitter hostility to the same man, and I can only find one point of intersection for the Commune's inimicitiæ shared also by Cobden. The real question when a Minister is habitually and angrily opposed, is whom do you want to put in his place? and whom do these people want to put in Palmerston's place—some Derby and some J. R. In my opinion neither change would be for the better; but the union of the two factions—not merely about China, but in the Budget debates, in the press, and in society, constitute in my opinion an eminently factious coalition—best represented by the *Saturday Review* from the beginning of January when I left England. It is now doing Liberalism and Reform, and the editor is making speeches at Maidstone in favour of Conservatism, but always against Palmerston. It has several clever writers, and they are sincere in the particular opinions which they express; but they are used as tools for a purpose which most of them would disapprove. I am very sorry to part with it, and perhaps with journalism altogether,

Yours very sincerely,

G. VENABLES.

The following letter, from a writer at the Antipodes, is, I think, worthy of inclusion, as showing how thoughtful words may, like wind-blown seeds, lodge and fructify in the congenial soil of a responsive mind.

From AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT.

Glasgow, 1859.

SIR,

I am afraid you are about to taste one of the privileges, or the liabilities, of successful authorship. By successful authorship I do not mean a book in great demand at the circulating Libraries, but a book which has struck deep into some, and perhaps many minds: you are about, I am sadly afraid, to undergo a long letter, although it shall be as short as I can make it, seeing that I have a sort of "message" to deliver (as Carlyle might say), as a Reader of "Friends in Council."

I should not think of being guilty of the otherwise impertinence of mere praise, if praise were all I had to utter. I break my peace, mainly because you half threaten to hold yours. At the conclusion, of your second series, you say we "are not likely to be troubled in the same way, for a long time again if ever."

My principal object then in writing is to request you (should health and all other necessary conditions permit) to reconsider this apparently only partially formed resolution. It may tend to induce you to do so, if I can show that your seed has fallen into some good soil, and may bring forth abundantly.

It was about two years ago, when I, at that time

practising at the Bar in Sydney, first got hold of your 1st series. A friend of mine, a very clever English-bred Solicitor, of rather a metaphysical turn of mind, had written to England for some later legal publications. The Bookseller here, as if to fill up, had amongst other things, (one a Treatise on the Horse's foot ! !) slipped in your little modest looking volume. There was nothing very attractive in the Title, as very stupid friends have been in Council before now, and my friend told me that it was a mere accident that he opened the book at all, fully employed as he was at the time on very important business. He, however, did open it. Like draws to like. He saw something of his own mind and views reflected from your pages, and bringing the book to me he said, " Here's something after your own heart, it's as full as your own favourite Bacon." If any other man had said this, or had any weekly critic written it, I do not think I should have tried these " Friends." Somehow or other, seven or eight years' very hard toil amongst the realities of the Supreme Court, had hardened me against Books in general. Except Shakespeare and the Law Reports (*you* will not feel surprise at this collocation) and some few other authors equally real, I had almost ceased to read new books, they seemed in general such sadly faint and distorted images of things. " Why should I read books," I sometimes thought, " when I can every day read the things of which books are, or ought to be made ? "

I therefore took to " Friends in Council " with some misgivings, notwithstanding my confidence in

the taste and judgment of my friend. In that warm and drowsy climate, it requires something very stimulating to the brain to keep one's eyes open after eleven o'clock at night, and I only recollect three occasions—queer collocation again—when I was carried with unabated watchfulness deep into the morning. These were three very ravenous attacks upon the "Wilhelm Meister," "Friends in Council," and "Vanity Fair," upon all of which I fell by accident. I was pleased at the discovery that my intellectual digestion was yet sound, and required only substantial nutriment.

Here then was something to the Author, almost worth writing the book for. Whilst you were sleeping in England your thoughts were doing their work at the Antipodes. Somebody said, "When you have nothing else to do, plant a tree. It is growing, whilst you are sleeping." How true (and in a much more extended sense), is this, of a good book. In a colony not remarkably distinguished for high principles of any kind, where "Probitas laudatur et alget," the shows of truth and honesty are more highly respected than the realities, and yet such is the power of goodness in men, in almost any situation, that my friend is necessarily one of the leading men in that society. An emanation of your mind, has assimilated with and become now part of his, and a nice analyst may hereafter detect "Friends in Council," in the Legislation of New South Wales. This seems to me the only distinction worth working for. Ministers of State, soon flit across the stage, and are forgotten; and even whilst they are on the

stage, the glory of mixing among such Dramatis Personæ as the Reynoldses, and the Sibthorpes, &c. does not seem overpoweringly great. But the good that authors do lives for ever after them, fructifies and ramifies in and with everything, and I am not without a hope, that the author when translated into an angel, may be able to look from Heaven upon the (to us) tangled web of this world's state, and say without pride or ostentation, and with the serene joy of happiness-making, "that is my part."

All your Slavery papers, are so unexceptionally good, that I should deeply regret if you had really done your work. Your paper on the Art of Living, I would have put up in some Public place, and all wives to read the same once a week. "The spirit of barter" being "carried into the amusements and enjoyments of life," proceeds as well as shyness, "from a painful egotism, sharpened by needless self-examinations, and foolish imaginations." Your Mrs. Thompson, is only the alias of Mrs. Grundy, with the "damnable iteration" of "What'll people say." Some of one's friends perhaps give crowded and agonizing evening parties; I may perhaps rather affect little gossiping dinners with three or four guests. But what other people do, *we* must do. "What will people say if we don't?" I do not know a wife who would not say in respect of this very letter if she were to know that I am about to send it, "How very odd, what will the author think of him?" This eternal and disgusting *sole* reference to what other people are doing, or thinking of us, is I verily believe the supreme curse of social

life. If it had always been thoroughly acted upon we should be still living in hollow trees, and Tailors would be unknown. I am not certain yet that the Galvanism in those words, "How very odd, &c." will not be the death of many of us in the long run. They carry with them a self-imposed slavery of our very spirits, and are a day and night-mare always upon us.

Your notion of our living over again with dim suggestions from our former experience, had often occurred to me (and I dare say to many others), before I read your book. I had also concluded that in such case we should only "fall off on the other side," but then, I think, we should fall softer. But if I launch into all the responses I have encountered in your pages, I shall never have done. Your book, however, is one an adequate constituency must grow up to. As an artist's eye is trained to a keener sense of the beautiful, as the man who reads Shakespeare for the tenth time feels powers and beauties, of which casual first readers are unconscious, so your merits will not be obvious to the readers of Albert Smith and Mrs. Trollope. I was somewhat disconcerted with the latest evidence of this, last evening, when I experimented upon two ladies of my own domestic circle, by reading aloud your account of your young Madrid Dancer. Here was a picture richer in what it suggested, even than in what it told, and I think I read it, as I felt it, in its pathos and manifold beauty. Alack! The listeners, who I am afraid look upon Lear as no better than a stormy and capricious old scold, did not come out with a

proper enthusiasm on the occasion, and I confess I was mortified, although I felt I was a fool for my pains. As well might a man with sight feel annoyed at the blind. How much can such a man as Dickens profit by pictures like that. They would be a part of the food of his mind, as Montaigne's essays were of Shakespeare's.

I almost wish you had gone further into the great questions that surround the subject of marriage. I at times have vainly fancied I could write an essay on marriage that would break like a thunder-clap over the heads of Society, and I dare say some thousands of men have thought the same thing.

August 2nd.

Thus far had I written some months back, and laid my paper aside, to complete it on another occasion, when being in the streets one day I came upon your "Companions of my Solitude." I saw you had again uttered, and would probably go on, and that therefore this gentle spur of an individual reader, was superfluous, and need not be sent. It might be misinterpreted. Flattering vagabonds sometimes write obtrusive slaver for bye ends of their own; and what I have felt at the time to be a stupid fastidiousness, deterred me from forwarding what I had penned. Having however got and read the "Companions" I again took out my letter, and now add these few lines. I am only sorry so fine a fellow as Ellesmere should seem to feel so little of the manifold villainies of law. Ever since I first (as a student fifteen years ago) drudged in a special

pleader's chambers over "special traverses," and "Negative pregnants," I have growingly felt how monstrous and how shameful are the iniquities of Law, and how that Attorneys are by our system frequently little better than mere mechanics, and mechanics of a hateful description, a smoother kind of Executioners. Bentham's conscience, they say, could not stand practice, and many other consciences I have no doubt are equally nice, but the "res angusta" which never pressed Bentham, urge many onwards, until somehow,—what's that about "the dyer's hand subdued to the stuff it works in"? There is some truth in that, at least my experience says so, for during my eight or nine years of hard work in arguing demurrers, and addressing juries, my misgivings and transitory touches of disgust and remorse, somehow could not get fair hold of an already fully occupied mind. I dare say that generals never think about the metaphysics of murder, whilst upon a field of battle. Thought comes after action; and now that I have realized what I expatriated myself for, a humble competency, I frequently feel my mind in moments of leisure transported with rage and indignation, at gross wrongs which have been done by law, and calmly tolerated by an enlightened public. If the Common Law Commissioners who have been lately enquiring into, and reporting upon the Practice and Pleading of the Superior Courts, had effectually studied, a few of those works of art, nay, most astonishing works of imagination, Attorneys' Bills of Costs, and if said Commissioners had only resolutely cut away from "an action," all that may

be cut away without endangering justice—endangering justice, rather thereby additionally securing it—they would have worked to better purpose, than in examining officers of courts, and special pleaders. But men whose souls have been immersed in Archbold for many years, are not perhaps the best enquirers. If we could *see* their whole minds, as we see their entire bodies, such minds would frequently startle us, like the miserable cripples who thrust before us stumps of arms, or go about in a bowl for want of legs. Surely Ellesmere is never to come to anything like this pass. Apologizing if I have bored, I subscribe myself your obliged and obedient servant,

ARCHD. MICHIE.

From LORD STANLEY.

House of Commons,
Aug. 2, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you sincerely for your new book.* Remembering the pleasure with which I have read (I think) *all* its predecessors, I look forward to an equal treat in this case as soon as Parliament allows me the usual holiday.

I am very glad you have quoted my words at Lynn about the war. Not because they are my words—though to that compliment I am not insensible—but because they are true, and I fully intend that they shall be repeated on every fitting occasion.

We are threatened with a renewal of the war-spirit. Hardly any Court, or any Government, will

* New series of "Friends in Council."

seriously oppose its spread: for large armaments give importance to Courts, and embarrassments abroad relieve Cabinets from domestic perplexities. And I fear that ours is the only country in Europe where a war, though needless and aggressive, is not looked upon as a legitimate resource for increasing influence, or averting difficulty. There is all the more reason, therefore, why writers and speakers should do what they can to protect civilization.

I have often thought that a second great European contest would end in deposing Europe from its present position at the head of the world, and that exhausted as we should be after a twenty years' struggle, we should find the United States the paramount power: having grown stronger as we grew weaker. A pleasant result for Emperors and Kings!

Very faithfully yours,
STANLEY.

In May, 1860, A. H. was offered the Clerkship of the Privy Council, which he accepted. In writing to his brother, to tell him of his appointment, it is characteristic that he says, "I have seen Lord Granville (the Lord President of the Council), but have not yet entered into any details with him upon the subject of my appointment. It is odd, is it not, that I should have had a long interview with him and have arrived at so few facts about the matter; but strange to say the subject he wished to see me about was 'quite other,' as Carlyle would say, than the Clerkship in question; and scarcely a word passed about it."

At this time men's minds were much occupied with the great fight between Sayers and Heenan. To A. H. it brought the thoughts and reflections contained in the following :—

From "FRASER'S MAGAZINE," MAY, 1860.

The Late Prize-Fight.

We have always thought it a fine thing of Charles the Fifth, that he challenged Francis the First to mortal combat. Though a bold and dexterous cavalier, the Emperor was not by any means a stalwart man.* He felt that he was deeply aggrieved: he believed his cause to be righteous; and his piety gave him confidence that the God of Battles would decide in favour, not of the strongest arm, but of that which was upheld in the just cause. Far better, too, would it be, that Francis and himself should put their own persons in peril, than that their kingdoms should be harassed, desolated, and impoverished by never-ending wars.

It is impossible not to sympathize with the monarch, who, though perhaps the most cautious man of his generation, and at that time in the plenitude of earthly power and enjoyment, was willing to put all his fortunes and his life to the hazard of this great arbitrament. We could wish that some monarchs of our own time would take a similar chivalrous view of their position, and would come out into the lists, and champion fate "to the utterance," instead of laying heavy burdens upon their unfortunate subjects. That, indeed, would be

* The Spanish historian *Sandoval* admits the physical superiority of Francis. 'Que si bien era (el Rey Francisco) mas fornido, y al parecer de mas fuerzas que el Emperador, la justicia y fortuna fueron siempre favorables à Carlos."

a prize-fight worth seeing; and so sternly are we constituted, that, for our part, we could accept the adverse fate of either monarch with becoming fortitude, whether the great contest were between the King of Naples and the King of North Italy, or between the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Austria.

But, in truth, there is always something which stirs the blood and calls forth some sympathy, when any man, for any cause, even for gain, comes forward and says: "Here am I, ready to maintain this opinion, ready to contend for this prize, not by the vicarious suffering of others, but by imperilling my own life and fortunes."

We think we hear the humane and delicate reader exclaiming: Surely we are not going to have a justification of prize-fighting. Make your mind easy, gentle reader, you are not to have anything of the kind. You say that this fighting is barbarous, inhuman, obsolete. We agree with almost every disparaging epithet you may choose to utter. But, after all, you must admit that you could not resist reading an account of the fight; that you began to feel intense interest for one side or the other; and that in your heart of hearts you think that Sayers and Heenan are very brave fellows. And so do we too, though we were not amongst the clergymen and authors who are said to have assisted at the fight, and though we devoutly trust that it may be the last transaction of that kind we shall have to comment upon.

Of the courage of the combatants there can be but one opinion; but yet, strange to say, we think that by most persons that courage is greatly underrated; and that it would offer a very curious study of human nature to see in what that courage mainly consists.

Almost everybody dwells upon the courage manifested at the time of fighting. He thinks of the forty rounds. He hears in fancy the *thud, thud,* those terrible sounds made by an almost iron fist on human flesh. He pictures the English champion, with his disabled arm, coming up to time, and as ready as ever to renew the contest under this enormous disadvantage. He wonders at the gallant American striking desperately, and not a whit dismayed, as his eyesight began to fail him; and he dwells upon the hideous mauling which both combatants patiently underwent. But all the foregoing is but a small part of the dreadful business. The real bravery lies in this, that the prize-fighter, however confident he may be of victory, knows that the victory will only be obtained by great suffering and tremendous punishment received on his part. Were there an equal certitude of suffering in war, few conquests would be attempted, and the world would enjoy comparative tranquility.

Let us state the case. In the last Italian war there were great Emperors and Generals engaged; and you may say that they put their own persons in considerable peril. But look at the chances. Were they less than ten to one against any of these great personages coming to harm? If these were the real chances, what were the chances which each man thought to be in his favour? We know how men go through calculations in which their own persons are concerned, bringing out results very different from those which Laplace, Quetelet, or any other of the great calculators of chances, finds to be correct.

Each man thinks all men mortal but himself.

And so each soldier in an army thinks that the bullets and the cannon balls will make exactly the right

curve to avoid him. If he were as sure of receiving "punishment" as either Sayers or Heenan were, and only that, the entrance into battle would be a much more sombre affair than it is.

It has always struck us as a curious instance of this law in human nature, that a furious mob, whom cannon might not have dispersed, were put to flight at once by the judicious working of some fire-engines brought to play upon them. Each man found that he was certain of getting a wetting, and this small certitude soon made him steal away homewards.

But you will say, the courage is granted; we admit it to the full: it is greater even than we thought; and we agree with you that wars would soon be stopped if those concerned in them were sure to receive the heavy blows, *and those only*, which Sayers and Heenan were quite certain to encounter. But, still, is not this prize-fighting, as we at first declared, a brutal, a hideous, a revolting spectacle? *

* We cannot help subjoining an extract from Hazlitt's remarkable essay, called "The Fight":—

"It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a minute or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, all natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gasped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over. Ye who despise the Fancy, do something to show as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives!"

"True, every word true"; but let us not waste all our indignation upon prize-fighting; and let us look at some other sports which are far less manly, and which escape with mighty little censure. We will describe one of these sports to our delicate reader.

A wide level circuit is carefully enclosed. Around it, on raised platforms, sit unnumbered spectators, gaily chatting, and eating, and laughing. As this pastime must of course take place in a savage country, there can be but little occasion to describe the dress of the spectators. Doubtless they are covered with tattoo marks, and embellished with red paint.

Now for a description of the pastime itself. In these savage countries there are animals which have sharp bony excrescences growing out of their heads. There are other animals used as beasts of burden; and it may serve to show the exceeding brutality of this pastime, that the aged amongst these animals, which have long worked for their masters faithfully, are often chosen to enter the arena, and to be sacrificed there. The animal with the bony excrescences is goaded nearly into madness by small implements of torture. The beasts of burden have no weapons by nature to protect themselves; but skilful men bestride them, and by dexterous movements elude for a time the plunges of the maddened animal. We forbear to enter into details which might well shock, not merely the delicate, but the hardened reader. Suffice it to say, that the skilful men are often slain or fatally injured; the aged beasts of burden are pierced through and through in the most deplorable manner; and that, to end the joyous scene, the maddened animal with the sharp excrescences is at last gracefully dispatched by a single blow. Loud plaudits rend the sky. Fresh sand is brought to cover certain ugly blood-stained

patches. There is an interval of chatting, and laughing, and eating; and then perhaps the pastime recommences with a fresh supply of men, bulls, and horses; for it is of a bull-fight that we are speaking, graced perhaps by the presence of some of the greatest ladies in Europe, who, as patterns of their sex, the feminine world delight to imitate even to the uttermost disfigurement of their graceful persons. Delicate reader! keep some of those epithets which you are so lavish of in speaking of the prize-fighter and his backers (the latter we willingly surrender to your tender mercies), for the personages who assist at such spectacles as bull-fights.

Bad as prize-fighting may be, it has been a sport which only the most valorous peoples, such as the Greeks, the Romans, and the Anglo-Saxons, have been in the least manner inclined to.

We have seen that it has been said, and it was meant to be said apologetically, that "in the eyes of a philosopher standing armies are but collections of Sayerses and Heenans." We wish it were so. But, on the part of Sayers and Heenan, we beg to repudiate the similitude. These poor men, in their rough way, knew what they were about, and what they meant to do, and why they did it. They thought that, in some way or other, they were fighting for their country's honour. On the other hand, take the common soldiers in the army of a despot, and what are they fighting for? Each good stroke they give is but a riveting of the chains of their fellow-countrymen. In that heterogeneous mass, the army of Austria, when the Hungarian struck a good blow, was it for the good of Hungary that he struck? When the Italian made a skilful shot, was it to serve his native province and delight his father's home that he exercised that skill? Nay, even when the

German fought with the old Germanic valour, was it a profitable fight for his fellow-countrymen? And though not so obviously mischievous, was it not really as injurious to the liberties of their fellow-countrymen, when gallant soldiers on the other side pierced opposing squadrons, and did what they could to consolidate their Emperor's dangerous power? No, no; Sayers and Heenan know better than to hire out their valour for such a profitless contest to themselves or their fellow-countrymen, as that which is waged by the soldiers of despotic monarchs.

This prize-fight has furnished many strange thoughts to various persons, and has led them to curious reflections upon the progress of civilization. There is one person, however, to whom it has given great satisfaction, and we think that the reasons for his satisfaction are worth communicating to the public. He is an innocent and benevolent enthusiast, a friend of ours, who for the last four or five years has been inflicting upon his friends long tirades about the mischiefs, iniquities, and dangers of standing armies. We have been much amused in listening to the discussions which he has provoked. It was in vain that the more cynical amongst us tried to persuade him that the world could not do without its usual amusements, that bloodshed must go on, and in fact that the best kind of material—battles, sieges, and the like—must be supplied for history. He seemed at first somewhat puzzled by these cynical remarks, but soon afterwards brightened up amazingly with a new thought that seemed to possess him. "If it must be so," he exclaimed, "if the people must be amused in this manner, I have a way of providing for their amusement at infinitely less cost. Divide each of the standing armies in Europe by a thousand. That will leave for France six hundred men, for

Austria seven hundred, for ourselves about a hundred and forty; and then with all my heart let them fight it out as they like. You would soon be as much amused by the wars of these small armies as by large ones. It would fill as much newspaper, which I suppose is what you want. Let me show you. I will be their chronicler." He then gave us a vigorous account of a campaign in which there was a closing battle between three hundred Frenchmen and four hundred and fifty Austrians, which was most exciting. There were forced marches; there were surprises; there were deployings to the right and to the left of large bodies of fifteen and twenty, that were profoundly interesting movements. There were outflankings and crownings of hills by numbers of thirteen and seventeen men, that made one hold one's breath. At last the Emperor's chosen guard, sixteen in number, were, at a most critical moment, "launched" across a bridge against a wavering squadron of twenty-seven, who were supported however by three artillerymen on their left wing, a support that made the passing of the bridge a Balaclava incident. The Emperor that "launched" this gallant body of sixteen gained the victory. Two surgeons, with three assistants, took care of the dying and the wounded. The remaining victors and vanquished sat down to dinner in a large hotel that happened to be near the field of battle, and an admirable treaty was concluded, one unimportant clause of which was afterwards faithfully fulfilled.

As might be expected, we were all inclined to laugh at our friend's imaginary campaign; but though we laughed, we felt how much truth underlay his humour, and what a deplorable thing it is that the pugnacious propensities of mankind are not indulged in a somewhat less expensive manner than

they are at present. We find we have omitted to give one part of our friend's narrative. There was an English auxiliary force on one side or the other, consisting of thirty-three men, in which a certain Colonel Bright distinguished himself immensely, and, according to his commander's report, could not have enough of fighting.

We were a little astonished when our benevolent friend rushed into our room the other day, and began to talk of this "lovely" fight between Sayers and Heenan. "Lovely!" we said; "why, you must be demented. Hideous, brutal, barbarous, we should rather say," for we were resolved to be respectable, and to rebuke our friend. "Oh yes," he replied; "I know all that—I quite agree with you. But see how it goes to prove my argument. Observe what hundreds of thousands, I may almost say millions, of people have been as much interested by this prize-fight as if it had been the shock of great armies meeting one another in battle, and shaking the very earth with the thunder of their artillery. Does it not prove to you that we could have all the excitement, with next to none of the misery, of large and long wars?"

There is no good in reasoning much with enthusiasts, and therefore we made no reply. Besides, we thought that this prize-fight, however liable to condemnation, might be a thing productive of much good, if it only led people into a deeper aversion to the great prize-fights which are looming in the distance all over the most civilized part of the world.

There is another topic which this recent prize-fight has brought again into notice—namely, discussion about gymnastic exercises and muscular development, which some people think may be going too far, and may prevent mental development. We

hold views which may be called very moderate about this question. It is a curious fact, but almost the keenest and the brightest intellect we ever knew, accompanied by an abundance of the most unflagging good spirits, was enclosed in a body of such peculiar indolence that the owner of the mind and body for years never took such a thing as a walk, and for weeks together never went out at all. We also cannot but remember that Cardinal Richelieu, borne about in a litter, and for a long time a dying man, continued to the last to rule France with stern and supreme sagacity. On the other hand, we have known men who could almost fell an ox with a blow who were admirable logicians, persons of high imagination, and of great powers of intellect generally. Considering, therefore, the extraordinary contrasts that are to be met with amongst men in these respects, we hold that mental and physical development are not so closely connected as some persons imagine; that both of them are very good things in their way, but are considerably independent of each other. Referring to the examples we have adduced, we do not believe that if Richelieu had been educated gymnastically, and had been able to endure the education, his powers of mind would thereby have been much increased or impaired; neither do we believe that if our muscular friends had been brought up delicately, and never learnt to ride well after the hounds, they would have been otherwise than vigorous thinkers and enlightened men.

If we may come back from such important themes to the one which has furnished the subject for this paper, we can only express a hope that the fight between Sayers and Heenan may not be renewed; that it may be the last bright flicker of a

flame that should certainly die out; and that the undecided nature of the battle, not pressed to any extreme, should remain as a symbol of the issue that all contests should have that might arise between two States so near and dear to one another, as America and England are and ought to be.

From LORD CARLISLE.

Dublin Castle,
8th Feby., '61.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I am extremely obliged for your kind thought of me in sending your book. I hope I may have soon time to be enlightened thereby, especially by the passage you point out to me.

I have indeed read the Essays *; and what is more, I gave them to our Yorkshire Curate to read. I am however relieved by his telling me that there is nothing in their outlines which has not presented itself to him. I only fear that they produce too much effect on me. I like Jowett's much the best. I want to know something more about him. I comfort myself with thinking that doubts do not appear to have in themselves a corrupting effect on the mind. I thought there was an able, and to some extent a counteracting article on the Book by Isaac Taylor in one of the Reviews. It was called Modern Thought.

The Session appears to open very smoothly. I always think of you when Dr. Anster passes by me at the Levee, making several curtseys during the transit.

* Essays and Reviews.

Always tell me if there is anything new in "Modern Thought or Action."

Ever sincerely yours,
CARLISLE.

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea,
13 February, 1861.

DEAR HELPS,

Many kind thanks for this kind Gift of your last Volume.* It is very pretty reading, like its predecessors, when I dip into it. By and by, if it please Heaven, I design to give that Work an Examination much worthier of its qualities than I could yet bestow on it,—or anything that has appeared in *its* time: wretched sinner, swallowed in the Prussian quagmires (fetid as the Stygian), and swimming for life (too literally that!) as I have long been.

Yes, my friend, I do congratulate you on getting honourably done with such a Business. None feels more than myself what a blessed consummation;—nor do I know any one who has deserved it better. Euge!

I thank you much, dear Helps, for this Volume itself, and for what it is the token of; and am always (below par *in health* for some days past, which has occasioned the delay),

Yours sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

* "The Spanish Conquest in America."

From MR. GEORGE TICKNOR.

MY DEAR SIR,

I please myself well thinking that a copy of the 4th volume of your "Spanish Conquest in America," which I lately received, without any intimation of the source from which it came, was due to your kindness. At any rate it recalls so distinctly to my recollection, the pleasant evening I spent with you at Mr. Chorley's.

Your book it seems to me is remarkable in two respects—its conscientious examination of original authorities, and its elevated moral tone. Your whole discussion about Las Casas—his character, conduct and works—will, perhaps, better illustrate my meaning than any other part of the book—certainly it illustrates it better to me, than any other part of the book that I now recollect, although, probably, the reason is that I know a little more about Las Casas than I do about other portions of your subject. I remember well that when it was necessary for me to say a word about him in my "History of Spanish Literature," I felt strongly that justice had not been done him. I do not feel so now.

Your subject is a very interesting one. It embraces the early history of an evil, whose mortal effects are now upon my country. Of the final result of the contest, I do not know, indeed, doubt; but of what will be our condition after the military part of the drama is over, I have no distinct or consoling idea. The North will prevail, not by subduing the South, which seems all but impossible,

and not by a reconstruction of the Union and a restoration of the powers of the constitution over the rebellious States, but by a preponderance fully acknowledged. Beyond this, however, there is to me a dark future. We have been for eighty years a government of consent and opinion. We can be such no longer. The country we are to live in is no longer to be the same. The insane hatreds which now prevail between the North and the South—much fiercer at the South than with us—leave no hope of the re-establishment of kindly relations between the two sections. And yet,—whether as one nation or as two—it has pleased God so to place us, that we must always live side by side, and have with each other—whether for good or evil—a most intimate connexion. Be assured that since the days of the Greek Republics there have been no such hatreds between communities speaking the same language.

But I will trouble you no more with our unhappy affairs. We must fight it out, perhaps until both parties are exhausted, and then govern ourselves by events, which we cannot now foresee, and which we shall not then be able to control—*Dominus providebit.*

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

From GEORGE H. LEWES.

16, Blandford Square, N.W.,
21st Feby., 1861.

MY DEAR HELPS,

The gods were not propitious to me yesterday and would not let me see you. I came to congratulate you (if you *wished* it) on the completion of

your arduous and important book; though I have some doubts whether it ought to be all congratulation, for I think you will sadly miss the companion of so many years. One never likes to say *finis*, and in spite of the trouble and vexation I dare say you already begin to feel a void left. Nor am I at all sure that your readers compound for the idea of not having more such volumes, on the poor reflection that at any rate the work is complete. The only satisfactory reflection is that we shall have *other* works—and the more because they won't be so expensive of time as this was.

I hope you are in tolerable strength and spirits. I don't ask you to write and say so, knowing your faint fondness for letters.—By the way if ever you don't want a solitary dinner and don't want the bore of a club, please drop in here at half-past five and take what you find; or come in for an hour some evening when you feel sociable and not too tired to talk. We are always at home; and there is *no one*, literally, no one, whom we both see with such pleasure.—On the other hand if you don't like moving after the fatigues of the day we won't reproach you for *not* coming.

I long for these dreary months to be over, and I pant for Italy once more.

I was with Carlyle the other day—grimmer than ever.

Yours faithfully,
G. H. LEWES.

The following from De Morgan, the astronomer, relates to a question asked by Arthur Helps, bearing

on Columbus' position in his 3rd voyage of discovery—when, nearing the American continent, he took an observation and "found the North star was in five degrees" (the altitude of the pole equals the latitude of the place).

From PROFESSOR A. DE MORGAN.

Dec. 16, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very happy to answer any questions you may put.

I am not aware that, cosmically speaking, the conditions of the places on the earth are altered by the precession of the equinoxes. It is often supposed that the precession of the equinoxes alters the pole *on the earth.* It is not so: the earth being conceived to have a *real wide axis,* the shifting of the axis is accompanied by a shifting of the earth so that the axis and earth change together. A peg top has precession: the axis of rotation shifts its direction—but the top shifts with it, so that an insect on the top A, would always be at the same distance A B from the top's equator, unless he took to travelling.

The latitude of places have never varied for 2000 years, a twelfth part of the revolutions of the equinoxes.

The effect of precession is to alter the point from which it is *convenient* to measure star longitudes.

Yours very truly,

A. DE MORGAN.

If we do not drown till the precession drowns us we are all born to be hanged.

The following letter from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (afterwards 1st Lord Lytton) apparently refers to a Bill on copyright, in which A. H. was interested.

Feb. 20, 1862.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Many thanks for your communication. Theoretically I admire the principle of the proposed Bill, and as a writer, I gratefully thank its author. But, since you ask my practical opinion—it is this. I do not think Parliament would pass such a Bill.

Lord Macaulay's arguments, unsound as I deem them, would be revived, and clothed by much more authority now he is dead than when he was alive. If you escaped the House of Commons, which I doubt, you would have before you the Lords. There I should imagine the objections would be very formidable. If the lawyers were neutral, the feeling of the assembly would I should think rise against the stern proposal of placing brain property in the same category with landed property. But, as respects the House of Lords, you could get two opinions better than mine—Lord Stanhope's, Lord Grey's—If these be favourable then you may go further . . . I should think that such a Bill had better emanate in the Lords; it would have a much better chance in the Commons, coming down to us after passing the Lords. I think a further extension of copyright practicable, but then that is *pro tem.* a departure from the great principle contended for in the Bill. I should advise reconsideration, and specially advise the avoidance of insisting on an

exact parity between copyright and land, for that surely provokes an opposition which might not be aroused otherwise.

Yours very truly,
E. B. LYTTON.

From LORD STANLEY.

St. James's Square,
M. 22, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am delighted with your little essay.* Every page suggests more than it contains. I meant, in reading it last night, to offer comments, but the number that occurred to me makes the undertaking hopeless.

The one central idea of the whole—much labour wasted for want of a little labor previously expended in deciding what shall be done—is thoroughly sound and can't be repeated too often. It holds most true in public affairs, but there is an excuse—under no actual or possible government can a nation act with the unity and consistency of purpose of a sensible individual. Have you noted, in private as well as other affairs, the kind of repugnance which most men feel to tying themselves down beforehand to a perfectly regular method of procedure—clever men, I suspect, rather more than others? There is certainly in most of us a feeling of unwillingness to organize—a wish to leave something to impulse and the chances of the future—which lies deep in our

* "Organization in Daily Life."

natures, and the cause of which I have never heard fully explained. But the fact is certain—as certain as that there is no such thing in human history as a plan long worked upon, on a large scale, with entire and unbroken consistency. We get tired of the long, straight road, though we know it to be the shortest and safest.

Better essays could be talked than ever were written on these, and many such subjects.

V. truly yours,

STANLEY.

From SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

E. Sheen, S.W.,
27th March, 1862.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I have just finished your book, for which and the profit thence derived many thanks.

As individuals become less pre-eminent, organization becomes more important, because things are done by plural operation.

Twice within the last few years I have conceived that I had conceived a conception which might strike root downwards and bear fruit upwards. On each occasion I wrote to the Minister charged with the Department and explained and advocated my project. On one of the two occasions I wrote to half a dozen Ministers and ex-Ministers. With all of these gentlemen I was more or less personally acquainted and most of them seemed to regard my projects as worthy of consideration—and there was an end of them. The projects lie at the bottom of one of my

green boxes. I said to myself by what organization in these days can things worthy to be considered *get* themselves considered to some practical purpose? I had some glimmering of the answer, but I knew myself to be destitute of the organizing faculties and energies which are indispensable to the work.

There are two attributes of statesmen which are to be borne in mind. Brutus says of Cicero—"He'll never follow anything which other men begin." This points to one of the difficulties which a mere projector has to encounter. Most statesmen are Ciceronian in this respect and their instinct of incubation is to hatch their own eggs and not those of another. This is one instinct of statesmen that we have to look to. The other is that of self-preservation. A statesman *will* sit upon another man's eggs if he foresees the alternative of being put in the pillory and pelted with them. If I had had £10,000 to spare and could have commanded the services of men having the faculties and energies which I have not, I should have said to such men, take my projects, write about them in 20 newspapers, send out circulars, assemble meetings, make speeches, give dinners upon the subject, canvass Members of Parliament, get notices made, and if the projects are intrinsically good, see whether the Minister will not then consider them; instead of considering them worthy of consideration.

In this Country nothing seems so useless and nugatory as what is called "throwing out a suggestion." Excellent suggestions are flying and fluttering about in all directions like so many moths and

butterflies, and boys throw their hats at them, but if they are only intended for the welfare of mankind they might as well never have been born.

Can any organization be devised by which they may be turned to account? I fear not, because nothing except the material interests of classes seems capable of producing unity of opinion and harmony in co-operation.

You will see that much of what you have said has reached a man who was prepared by his own deficiencies to feel the force of it. For the rest, I think the "Conversation" is one of your best and pleasantest. So thinks Alice too.

Are we never to see you again?

Ever yours,

H. TAYLOR.

From LORD MONTEAGLE.

Sunday, 30th March, 1862.

Aut Mori, aut diaboli—I venture to apply the old saying to you, though I have less of the Erasmus in me than you are entitled to claim of the More. You were found out, and fairly driven from your cover in the first 4 or 5 pages, and then with perfect conviction on our part, and if with conviction then with much of thankfulness, and very high gratification. In our days from a habit of working under a strong steam power our momentum is difficult to restrain and being liable to mistake reverse of wrong for right we find it difficult to pull up or to put about, and are consequently perpetually to find a coral reef through

our timbers or our hull sunk and buried in a sandbank. In this way what is a just alarm of bureaucracy, materialism and routine turns up as a rejection of all adherence to rule, and of the profit to be drawn from methodical experiences, those elements which carefully adopted, and then judiciously applied become the foundation of what you call organization or on which organization rests and depends.

The unwillingness to desert the old and proved, without adequate evidence, the fears of what is new because it is new would leave us working the Royal Harry when we ought to rival the Merrimac and the Monitor. But I think it is as a protection against invasion that the Iron vessels will be most important. For transport of troops within the borders of England our Railroads will perhaps be our best arm, enabling us to concentrate from Yarmouth to Dover, Dover to Portsmouth, and Portsmouth to the Lands End. But Iron-clad batteries floating and moveable will give similar force as against assailing squadrons. The more scientific is your strategy the more will depend on your organization, organization of head as well as of arm. But if we do not look sharp Dickens and his circumlocution office will be used to batter down that order and arrangement without which all states will be reduced to the form of loose bundles of sticks. You have done your work exceedingly well, and have not only given us good medicine but have made it more than palatable.

I do not wish that your patients should be "ingrates," but you are justified in doing all you can to make your pharmacopœia popular.

I rejoice much at the amicable termination of the Debate. I think with old [ ]* that it would have been a sin to have provoked a party issue on so narrow a basis. I am made angry by the marvellous unfairness with which the case against the Govt. project was stated, at the same time that I could not but consider it open to some fair objections. But they have been met by the proposed changes.'

Walpole closed with the Government offer very fairly and gracefully. Our Yorkshire manufacturer Forster distinguished himself much, and I think both Lyttelton and [ ]* appreciated and fulfilled their duty respectably. The result is a considerable improvement of the system in which the better of the Government reforms are at least in part accepted.

Always, dear Arthur, with best wishes for you and yours,

Your affecte. old friend,
MONTEAGLE.

This refers to Arthur Helps' sketch of the Prince Consort's character given in "The Speeches and Addresses of the Prince Consort," edited by him.

To LADY AUGUSTA BRUCE.†

Vernon Hill,
Bishop's Waltham,
Dec. 25th, 1862.

DEAR LADY AUGUSTA BRUCE,

Many thanks for your kind letter. I am glad to hear that the Queen is pleased with the

* Names illegible.
† Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen.

Review in the "Spectator." I liked it the best: it seemed to me the deepest. I will find out who is the writer. He must be a superior man.*

I am rejoiced to think that this work has been a comfort to the Queen. I will tell you what has been one of the chief pleasures to me in relation to it; and that is, that so much of it is really Her own.

I do not think anybody knows (not Gen[l]. Grey, nor yourself, nor even the Queen) how much it is Her Majesty's. And I should like you to know. At the outset of the work, H.M. honoured me by describing at large, and with a careful attention to details, some of the most remarkable points in the Prince's character. I closely noted the Queen's words; and, whenever I could, I adopted them. Some of the sentences are as nearly as possible H.M.'s. Then there were the criticisms, omissions, additions and alterations of all kinds—suggested by Her Majesty.

Sometimes I was not satisfied, or convinced by what H.M. said, and I pertinaciously asked for more explanation. The Queen bore with all this, and would kindly re-explain to me anything upon which I felt a difficulty.

I cannot but say that I think the Queen must feel much gratified at thinking that she, who of course has had hitherto very little to do with the writing of books, should have had so large a part in this publication, the only one in which H.M. would care to be concerned. Do you know that some parts of it have been six or seven times under the Queen's

* Mr. Hutton, probably.

own supervision; and that I received the greatest aid from her notes and suggestions, written upon those occasions.

I dare say you recollect that Dr. Johnson said, after an interview with George the 3rd, "it was not for me to bandy words with my Sovereign"; and so, the other day, when the Queen said to me that I was too modest about this work, I could not help thinking that it was Her own case, though I did not venture to say so.

In fine, I can but repeat that the greatest pleasure to me has been that the work was not by any means merely one of my own, but that I received such large and substantial aid—first and foremost from the Queen, and then from the many persons in the Household who knew and loved the Prince: Gen[l]. Grey, Sir C. Phipps, yourself, Dr. Becker, Mr. Rutland, and Dr. Jenner.

This aid has taken the work out of the category of ordinary works of literature, and has made it a tribute of affection and devotion.

In just glancing back at the preceding page, I see that even now I am forgetting to mention the Princesses, and the Princess Hohenlohe, who (especially the Crown Princess) aided and suggested and encouraged, and were, if I might presume to say so, contributors to the main result.

At the risk of being tedious I have written the above, for I do not like so much more credit being given to me in this matter than is my due; and, particularly, I do not like that it should be unknown, at least to you, how much the Queen was

heart and soul, if I may so express myself, of the publication.

This applies to the character: with regard to what was said about the speeches, Her Majesty was satisfied at once, and made little or no alteration.

Forgive me for this long letter, and

Believe me, dear Lady Augusta,

Yours very faithfully,

ARTHUR HELPS.

I append what General Grey wrote to my father, after reading the sketch of the character of the Prince Consort, also a letter from Lord Palmerston.

"I have read it again with ever increasing pleasure. To one who loved the Prince as I did—and who could be with him for so many years without loving him—it is most gratifying to see such a just appreciation of his Character—I do not know that there is anything to add to it. But if I think of anything I shall certainly do what you suggest, and put it down, to turn up perhaps at some future time."

Broadlands,
19 Jan., 1862.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Many thanks for your beautiful and most just tribute to the memory of the Prince Consort. Every word of it is true and you have exhausted the subject.

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

From SIR CHARLES PHIPPS.

January 14, 1864.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I think that it will please you to know that the Queen, having seen in the *Daily Telegraph*, in an account of the Installation of the Dean of Westminster, that the compilation of the Prince's speeches was attributed to him; could not bear that the credit of what you had done with a taste and delicacy—to say nothing of ability—which had pleased her so much, should be attributed to another—and therefore made me write privately to have the statement contradicted—which has been accordingly done.

Sincerely yours,
C. R. PHIPPS.

Arthur Helps had been asked to write an article for a new evening paper (? *The Echo*), and had consulted Ld. Granville, his official chief, as to the propriety of his doing this.

From LORD GRANVILLE.

Jan. 24, '65.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I have read with great pleasure your proof sheets—and there seems no reason why you should not publish your essay in the new evening paper.

It is avowedly yours, and as a whole it is so much more philosophical than political, that it is impossible to class it with ordinary anonymous articles on party politics.

It would however be better to omit the short allusions to political subjects, and the omission would not be fatal to the essay.

If you could by any new argument, or by brilliant condensation of the old ones show that the Bank Act was a great cause of waste, it might be painful to omit it. But after going entirely with you in your clever and ingenious instances of waste, one is a little startled to be called upon to accept a bald declaration that this act is one of the least considered acts of legislation. It contains, with a not very important modification, a clear and simple principle —this principle may be wrong but it was entirely approved by Sir Robert Peel, and by every succeeding Chancellor of the Exchequer, excepting possibly Spring Rice, not to mention such authorities as Overstone and George Norman.

So about the American War, there has been an immense waste of human life, and of the products of human industry, but it is doubtful when one considers the objects which nations have generally proposed to themselves in going to war, and the objects which they have received at the time of peace, whether the American War is an exceptional illustration of the waste produced by war. Each side has a strong stimulus—the wish to extend slavery was the first motive of the South, but independence, the strongest one for which a nation can fight, soon became the uppermost desire. On the other hand it is natural that Americans should make a great effort to preserve that Union, which is the great glory and pride of their national History.

Then again as to the criticisms on the conduct of the war. It is impossible to say what a genius such as Napoleon would have done, but can any one lay down with certainty whether Wellington in the last generation, still less MacMahon in the present, would have done more than those good generals Lee and Jeff Davis?

The battles have not been decisive chiefly on account of the country—there are no plains such as those of Leipsic and Waterloo—the odds are greatly against the attacking party, and those odds increase as that party pushes further into the woods. Neither the nature of the Country or of the men is favourable to Cavalry operations—neither Army has good *fighting* cavalry—and the individual intelligence and education of the soldiers make them excellent at taking up lines, and suddenly raising obstacles to the advance of an army.

Again to lay down as an undeniable evidence of waste, the non-bombardment in case of war, of such towns as New York, and therefore also of London and Liverpool rather shakes than strengthens one's inclination to agree with all the felicitous illustrations you give while dealing with the whole subject. The great argument however against retaining the political passages, is that without them the greatest hypercritic, even if he happened to edit the *Edinburgh Review* could say nothing against your admirable essay helping to give the newspaper a fair start.

Yours,

G.

From THE HON. W. COWPER.

Dolgelly,
Aug. 23, 1866.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I must tell you how pleased I am with the interesting paper * you sent me. I admire the keenness and refinement of perception with which you have traced out some of the least obvious points of character which escape ordinary observation, and have brought out so vividly some of the characteristics which specially endeared him in private life.

I have shewn it my mother who is as difficult to please on such a subject as you expected, and I find that she is wishing to see a full portrayal of his character as a public man, and a description of the principal achievements of his life, in addition to the reminiscences which you have reproduced with so much ability.

Although it is too soon to publish a Memoir detailing transactions in which he was engaged with living or recently departed persons, and although it would be difficult now to deal historically with a life embracing all the prominent political events of the last 55 years, still an account of what he appeared to his contemporaries to be, and a narration of what he did for England and the world, would be written better at the present than a future time, while access can be had to living witnesses of his career, and while sources of information are open which will hereafter be closed. I hope that in the course of a

* "In Memoriam," on Palmerston.

few months I may be able to examine and sift the heaps of letters, despatches and journals which are at Broadlands, and to ascertain what would be suitable for publication, and what should be only used for information, and when I have done so, I shall be much obliged if you will allow me to bring the subject again before you.

I am seeking and I hope finding health among the Welsh mountains, and I hope you are not often detained in Downing Street.

Ever faithfully yours,
W. COWPER.

To A DAUGHTER (MRS. W. H. STONE).

Balmoral,
Sept. 15, 1866.

I hope you have by this time got quite well; and are no longer troubled with neuralgias and low things of that kind which only belong by rights to poor, ill-fed, or over-worked clerks.

I have been to a ball: think of that; but I had not the courage to dance, though I could have had the Princess for a partner and the polka was played throughout, but the tune was not a commanding one; and I did not think I could manage to dance properly.

The ball was at the Prince of Wales's; and the company consisted of the Queen, her visitors and her household: the Prince and Princess, their visitors and their household, their agents and stewards, and the poor people on the estates.

A large number of the dancers came in Highland

costume, which made the scene very bright and gay. People of all ranks danced together; and in one dance, where it is a matter of skill, I saw the Prince entirely cut out by one of his own coachmen. But, in general, the Princes and the gentry far outshone the common people at their own dances: and the Duke of Edinburgh danced admirably and is a very graceful fellow.

It was altogether a very amusing and picturesque scene. Even the Queen was amused and stayed for some hours. The poor Prince had hard work. He had 4 dinners going on at one time. Of course the young people had to borrow things from Balmoral —even eatables.

I did not get home till 1 o'clock. Lots of the others stayed till 3 or 4. The ball began, by the way, at ¼ to 7. I feel very tired to-day, as you may imagine, and very unfit to attend a royal dinner at a ¼ to 9 o'clock.

Everybody says; "You will be sure to get better in the Highlands," and so one would, perhaps, if one went to bed for a week or two, and kept the windows open, so as to imbibe the fine air and have no fatigue. But "I don't hold," as poor Mrs. Brown says, "with travelling and racketting about."

No more time, for there is a great deal to be done here in one way or other—pleasure or business.

P.S.—By the way, going out never does me any good. I come back dreadfully tired. Everybody will show me something. The old people lay hold of me to talk politics and philosophy: the young

people lay hold of me to come and smoke with them, and to have some fun. In short, I never have any peace; and I come back and find a huge quantity of work waiting for me.

A. H.

From J. A. FROUDE.

Derreen, Kenmare,
Ireland,
October 3rd, 1867.

MY DEAR HELPS,

. . . Most of what I get is written by men who have a subject on which they wish to say something. And thus I scratch on, never in a manner quite satisfactory to myself, but sometimes approaching it.

The Trades Union article is smart. I am always on the side of the poor man whether he is right or wrong in the particular position he takes up—*on the whole* he is sure to have more right than wrong, the account which stands to his credit to begin with being so prodigious. The Champion on this occasion is a young Scotchman. You observe my intimation at the end which is made in perfect honesty.

I am glad you like Vikram.* The Printers' "chapel" at Spottiswoode's voted it idiotic.

Macmillan comes to me late in the month—so I have not yet seen the October number. I presume Milverton continues his views about Gibraltar, etc.? I have never much considered the question of our military ports—but for our colonies, so far from

* "Vikram the Vampire."

shaking them off I would incorporate them with England. Pinched up in these islands—with primogeniture and territorial dukes we have not room to grow a larger population here and we shall be eclipsed and overweighted by Russia and America—But why should we allow this?—Canada is as near London as California is to New York, and a deal nearer too. Why is not Canada a mere extension of British Territory, where our people can flow over till it is filled? The climate of Canada is the climate of the New England States—Why when the three million Irish and Scots were forced to leave their homes, why were not free grants of land made to them at the Great Lakes? We should have had a loyal Ireland, for the people would have seen we wished them well—a Canada able, with only help by sea, to hold its own against the Union—and an America without the only element which has ever made it really dangerous to us. Let the Colonies go, and we shall fall eventually as Athens or Venice fell. No country is permanently great except in virtue of its agricultural population. Neither health of body nor health of mind grows in the feverish atmosphere of towns.

I should like to see an Imperial Parliament sitting at Westminster with representation from Canada, Australia and India—dealing only with Imperial questions—and all the local business transferred to local assemblies.

Milverton would most likely convince me in five minutes that I was an ass—but as I am in love with my own opinion, and as I am further convinced that

it will never be tried and therefore can do no harm —he need not grudge me my crotchet.

Practically my expectation for England is that it will one day be re-annexed to the United States.

You will see by the date of this letter why I did not write to thank you sooner. I have got a sort of a place in the Kerry Mountains for two or three summers—and am in a condition to understand the wrongs of the Irish tenants. Neither Bright nor Mill would do much good here. The landlord, while the race exists, must be almost despotic here, for Pat understands no other kind of government. He requires to be ruled, and must be ruled well or he will shoot you.

Despotism tempered with assassination—Absolute landlords with a bullet through the heads of the V—S—s is the only system which will work. They have hit it off for themselves and we shall not mend it.

I hope you are tolerably well.

Most truly yours,

J. A. FROUDE.

From MR. DISRAELI.

11 January, 1868.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

I am most obliged to you for sending me a copy, and an early one, of the Royal Volume.*

I read it last night, and with unaffected interest. Its unique character would alone ensure that; but it has essential charms.

* "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands."

Its vein is innocent and vivid; happy in picture, and touched with, what I ever deem the characteristic of our Royal Mistress,—grace.

There is a freshness and fragrance about the book, like the heather amid which it was written.

They say that Truth and Tact are not easily combined; I never believed so; and you have proved the contrary; for you have combined them in your preface—and that's why I like it.

Faithfully yours,

DISRAELI.

From MRS. M. A. EVERETT GREEN.

Jan. 13, 1868.

We English wives and mothers owe you a debt of gratitude which I, for one, am not willing to leave unacknowledged. Your discrimination in suggesting, and the Queen's kind and frank simplicity in acting upon your suggestion have given us a picture of a royal home which might well be a pattern for every home in the country. Its purity and sympathy, the sweet and genial family love, the keen appreciation of the beautiful, and the grateful recognition of services and courtesies, give a great charm to the volume. In families where the moral tone is natural and beautiful, it will be read with deep and sympathetic interest. Where fashion and frivolity and vice are in the ascendency, it will do much, I think, coming from such a quarter, to awaken a more genial spirit. A royal example is more potent than a volume of sermons.

I cannot but think that to the purity at court England is greatly indebted for the growing purity of morals in the higher and middle classes.

The pleasure of loyalty is one of the few denied to a sovereign, but it is greatly enhanced when the instinctive attachment to the Crown is intensified by a warm personal admiration of and love for the head that wears it.

The Queen has condescended to become the friend of her people and they love her for it.

My own literary occupations have thrown me a good deal upon investigations into the domestic history of royalty. Therefore I can appreciate the boon which this book will be to future ages also.

Did not etiquette forbid, I should have liked to send to the Queen a warm-hearted "thank you for your book," but to you I may say that you have materially added to the literary obligations which you have already conferred upon your country.

From THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Marlborough House,
March 29, '68.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Accept every possible apology from me for not having answered your kind letter before, but I mislaid it in consequence of the universal confusion there is on my writing-table. Many thanks for sending me the Archbishop of Dublin's letter and his enclosure (which I return), and it is indeed most gratifying to see how much the Queen's book is appreciated, not only in Great Britain but in Ireland

also. I can easily imagine what pleasure that kind of letter must give you on account of the immense interest that you naturally take in the success of the book.

You will I am sure be glad to hear that I am soon going to Ireland, and that the Princess will be able to accompany me. I trust that this visit, and I hope later a sojourn in Ireland will do good. I have not seen you for an age, and I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you again when your time permits it. Any day this month at 3 o'clock except Wednesday and Thursday would suit me.

Believe me,
dear Mr. Helps,
Yours very sincerely,
ALBERT EDWARD.

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea,
14 December, 1868.

DEAR HELPS,

I followed *Realmah* faithfully to his last fragment in *Macmillan;* and now have him in a piece, to take a spell with when I please. Thanks, thanks. It is a strange wandering meandering Book, like no other I have ever read; but it is full of lively fancies, wise delicate discernments; loyally humane, wholesome, everywhere vividly clear;—and there runs thro' it (as thro' all this Author's Books) a fine vein of gentle real humour, wisdom wearing quietly a pathetic smile;—these, I can assure you, are rare and considerable charms! By aid of these and the

like, I went thro' the big *Spanish Conquest* volumes too (which you yielded me some years ago), in a right pleasant and prosperous way; not always quite sharing the Author's views on certain minor questions, yet always glad to go with him in his mild lucency, in his perfect clearness of heart and head; and always wishing him cordially good speed in this bad world. I now pray only, May his diligence continue, increasing, not abating.

If it do,—perhaps these disastrous Events* (of which I never heard clearly till the other day), perhaps these may be only new quickeners in this direction; and if *so*, are not disasters after all, dear Helps, but only blessings in disguise! That, I believe, is verily the truth of the matter; essentially what it means? Bear a hand, at any rate; *work* manlike while it is called To-day: the *wages* one gets, these are a mad thing always, mad especially in this our maddest of epochs; we won't bother about these. Some things are for the day, and are eaten within the day; some other things are forever, *forever*. Go ahead, I say, with a valiant heart.

If some day you showed face here again, wouldn't it be a glad thing? Seeing and speaking, or silent and remembering, my affectionate good wishes, and good hopes, are with you always, dear Helps. I remain and am

Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

* A. H.'s losses in connexion with the Clay Company on his estate.

From ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Garrick Club,
Jan. 7, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. HELPS,

I am very much obliged to you for your book and your kind letter, which I have this moment received. When I have read it, which I will do at once, I will write to you again and tell you what I think about it—in very truth. I was surprised when I heard that you had descended into our arena, feeling that you had fought your battles on a nobler battle-field. With me, it often comes to me as a matter, I will not say of self-reproach but of regret, that I can express what I wish to express only by the mouths of people who are created—not that they may express themselves, but that they may amuse. You have gained your laurels after a more manly fashion.

Most faithfully,
ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

From MR. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden,
Jan. 13, '69.

MY DEAR MR. HELPS,

Though it is very magnanimous in you to give me the opportunity, I would on no account interfere with your "Liberty of Prophesying."

I am glad that the tendency to over-examine should be kept in check by vigilant criticism.

I am no blind worshipper of the system of examinations. It is a medicine which the nineteenth century seems to require, but like other physic there

is poison in this also. My ideal of the affair of teaching and learning is—shall I confess it?—most nearly embodied in the mediaeval University, say Oxford of the 13th Century.

If you give us the three Universities you mention, I hope in common justice you will abolish three of those that we have already.

Yours sincerely,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

* * * * *

This letter refers to a passage in one of Arthur Helps' writings in which he advocates the giving up of Gibraltar to Spain.

From THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Jan. 30, 1869.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

Alas, I fear I am original only in the bad sense, but it is true I abhor prejudice—nothing less than following the multitude to do evil: nevertheless I too have my prejudice, *i.e.* in favour of probity and truth. Thus I have for years entertained a prejudice against retaining Gibraltar, which was originally anything but honourable to us as a possession, though we have since made ourselves famous by defending it.

Suppose when Napoleon was endeavouring to place his brother as ruler in the Peninsula, if the English had *kept* Lisbon or Oporto because they had taken them from the French, when we were there only as the allies of Portugal, I dare say some Admirals or Generals would have cried, "Well done"; but

all the rest of the World, "Perfide Albion." Is our tenure of Gibraltar more righteous?

But then it may be said "the Bourbons accepted Spain minus Gibraltar." Where are the Bourbons now? *Spain* has never surrendered it.

Should we have been better off if we had retained Calais or Dunkirk?

But after all, possession forms so large a portion of right, that I should like to see our sailors convinced that we can do without Gibraltar before we give it up. It is quite true that we must have safe and sure coaling places, but it is not true that Gibraltar holds the keys of the Mediterranean as was always imagined. Steam makes a great difference. Why is it that we hear so much of "running blockades"?

Why is England less safe under Steam than formerly? As for Ceuta; your friends will have to shew that the Moors will not be more inconvenient enemies than the Spaniards.

I am, however, quite aware that the Vox Dei, *i.e.* vox populi, will prejudge the question on some foolish ground or other.

Even now it grumbles about the cession of the Ionian Isles, just as if we had not unwillingly engaged for the nonce to keep them out of the hands of the dangerous French!

You see that you have imprudently let yourself in for a yarn.

Hoping soon to enjoy again the pleasure that I had for a few minutes on the last occasion that I was at the Council Office,

I am, yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

From J. A. FROUDE.

Westcliff,
May 9th, 1869.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Your note was sent to me from London yesterday. I return them to-day and shall try to see you when you will have half-an-hour to give me.

I have been at Vienna, looking up some curious papers on the Henry VIII. history. I have found among other things a long account of the Anne Boleyn affair, which makes it all only too intelligible and too tragic. One of those mad beliefs which sometimes *possess* the English nation had got hold of them about her. She was believed to have poisoned Queen Catherine and to have tried to poison the Princess Mary. The only way to save Mary (so the noble lords about the court then really thought) was to destroy her, and her own light ways made it but too easy. The Jane Seymour marriage was arranged two months before. There was a regular correspondence with the Emperor about it. Mary was asked if she had any objection, as the King might perhaps have a son by her. She said she had no uneasiness about it if Lady Jane were *pucelle.*

Charles wished him to have the Infanta of Portugal—Francis wished him to take the Princess Margaret. He said he preferred marrying a subject, that if she misbehaved herself like poor Anne he might be able to cut her head off—which with a foreign Princess he could not conveniently do. It

is not a pretty story to tell—but I must tell it, and I want to consult you about the *how* and when.

Truly yours,
J. A. FROUDE.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.W.,
May, 1869.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I am so grateful for your letter—it was curious I just wanted to write to you to ask where the Spanish peasant is in Friends in Council who makes the beautiful bow when Spain is praised. And the benevolent Turk I want, too, who takes such horrid liberties with the Koran. I think I shall make an index to the Friends—myself.

I've been sharply ill—heartache got into the stomach. The Doctors gave me ice and brought me within 48 hours of the eternal ice-house. I drove them out of the house at last and cured myself with hot brandy and water. But I'm still thin and staggery.

When *shall* I see you? I'm going out of town for three weeks. After that you must come and dine with me.

Love to Alice.

Ever your grateful,
J. RUSKIN.

From THE REV. T. N. FARRAR.

25th December, 1869.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Many thanks for the book * you have so kindly sent, and still more for the kind note which accompanied it. It has, I assure you, been a pleasure to me to work with you and with the others. I cannot see why differences should be disagreeable, and believe that when they are so there is generally a bit of the old Adam of self in the matter. At least I find it the best correction of bad temper to ask *myself* the question—"Now is it the object in view, or is it your own notions, your own self-will, your own reputation, your own self-esteem you are so very zealous about?" And the answer very often produces something very different from what one's first feelings prompt.

If I do not at once read "Las Casas" again it is because I read it with much interest only last year. The lives of such men are the salt of the earth: and yet they drive one to despair. If one could only see any good object so clearly, so apart from and paramount to other good things, how much might be done! And yet how legitimate the claims of a sceptical intellect; how terrible fanaticism! Doubt and criticism are among the first duties. And yet doubt makes vigorous action impossible.

Las Casas seems to have escaped the worst danger of successful enthusiasm: the danger of losing sight of the original object, in the enjoyment of the

* "The Life of Las Casas."

power and influence acquired in seeking it. On the whole—would that there were many such.

Ever yours sincerely,

T. N. FARRAR.

To JOHN RUSKIN.

Privy Council Office,
Jany. 15/70.

MY DEAR RUSKIN,

Thank you very much for the book. I like it, and admire it, exceedingly.

An indignant passage about music—in reference to the *Westminster Review*—was the passage that pleased me most. I mean to make use of it.

It was not this, however, that made me think of writing to you to-day. It was your letter to the *Telegraph*. Those are exactly my sentiments—so much so that those few persons who have seen the proof sheets of my new book—"Casimir Maremma"—of which I hope to send you an early copy in a fortnight's time, will almost believe that you determined to give me a lift in what you say about the Captains of Emigration.

I always say that, in many respects, your views and aspirations resemble so closely mine, or rather those which I desire and endeavour to hold, that we ought to be very much attached to one another; and I believe we are.

At any rate, I am always,

Yours affectionately,

ARTHUR HELPS.

In this letter Mr. Ruskin is in a very self-depreciating mood.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.E.,
16th January, 1870.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I cannot tell you what great comfort and gladness (a rare thing, the last, with me) your letter gave me. Indeed we *do* feel and think alike, except that you always feel with a wiser intricacy and think with a more searching light. I think widely and massively enough—but I don't get down into things. At least I get to their tap-root, but I miss ever so many of the fibres.

But you can't think what a mere faint echo of Carlyle—and coarse echo of you, I seem to myself—when I read either of you, now. I would fain stop talking—but yet I know it is better that there should be this echo—at least good in prolongation—and I know also that I *am* myself—though much moulded by both of you.

There's more about emigration in the Woolwich lecture, which I hope soon to send you. The infinite meanness and baseness of governments in thinking that nations ought to multiply like a polype—instead of spreading like a tree—and that their colonization should be fissile—by spores like plague and fungi.

I want to have grand cities built with noble walls and the shield of England on every tower of them—and that—at the touch of one telegraph wire—we should be able to send out a hundred fleets under English Captains—fifty the reflection of the

other fifty—masts downwards. And "commerce" indeed; exchange of finest Food and Tissue—and wood—and stone—from the Spice Islands to Labrador—and from Table Mountain to North Cape.

I've been looking over some photographs of Titian and Mantegna to-day. How like that face of the Charles V. on horse-back is to you. Some one must have told you before—or I would tell it you as a triumphant discovery.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To THE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER.

Feb. 18/70.

MY DEAR FORSTER,

Let me congratulate you, which I do with all my heart.

The provisions of the Bill seem to me to be admirable. The speech was worthy of the Bill.

Conciliation, comprehensiveness, and the introduction of high and sound principles, not so introduced as to dwarf or discourage previous efforts in the good cause—are the leading characteristics of the measure and the speech.

Praise from one who knows comparatively little of the subject—very little indeed as compared with you—may seem presumptuous. In truth it is so. Still, I feel that you will receive it kindly, being assured that it is given in all sincerity and with thorough heartiness, by one who is always your very faithful friend,

ARTHUR HELPS.

From LORD LYTTON.

Torquay,
March 4, 1870.

MY DEAR HELPS,

You flatter me by a wish for the "Lost Tales" I have written to Massey to send you a copy—which, as you already have one, Miss Helps may perhaps honour me by accepting, I have told him to send also a copy of my miscellaneous poems, and directed Blackwood to send you a copy of my comedy of Walpole. It is a proof of the singular want of perception and of literary education among our professional periodical critics, that not one of them perceived that the metre employed was Molière's, and the object of my attempt was to try if comedy in England can have a metrical form of its own, and if so whether Molière's form is not the best.

I agree entirely with one of your crotchets. I wish I had never published except anonymously, and been enabled to preserve an impenetrable mask.

Excuse a brief line, as I am suffering from the extreme lassitude bequeathed by influenza,

Yours truly,
LYTTON.

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea,
8 March, 1870.

DEAR HELPS,

I can at least bid you dismiss the "tremmock," or any remnants of it, and change *it* altogether for a cheerier, suitabler feeling: and I ought to

have done so sooner,—tho' in truth your Letter found me, not here, but on a visit in Wiltshire (Melchet-Court, Lady Ashburton's); and it was weeks before I could get hold of *Casimir* himself and fasten on him. After which all was plain sailing. I read the Book at a stretch, and with the reverse of difficulty; ready to read as many more of the same sort as you like to try me with: this is a plain matter of fact;—which sends the "tremmock" clean over the hills.

"Casimir," you may depend on it, is a true *Helps*ian Book. Full of humanity, sincerity, clearness, good sense and good-nature; beautiful really like the face of an ingenuous pretty Child,—and with a trickle of the old queer humour everywhere tinkling thro' it, such as could belong only to a head getting gray. It is a strange and to me very taking element, this. Pathetic, sarcastic, cheerfully patient, always full of tenderness, ingenuity and smiling pity.

For the rest, one of the strangest Books (except "Realmah") that I ever read! And all the more, as it does not, like "Realmah," plant itself in any *Lacustrine* antediluvian scene and epoch, but quietly presents itself in the streets and drawing-rooms of hodiernal London, and goes about there as if it was quite like other people! Which it is so amazingly far from being. But I suppose the Author understands *his* trade, all the same; and do not enter upon this. With his ideas on Colonization, and the crying necessity for it just now, I entirely and heartily concur;—and with regard to that strange child (strange as any other of them) "the Lady Usefulness" will recite only the

old Scotch stave she brought, dancing and haha-ing, into my head, from a half-century's distance :—

" A Piper met her gawn to Fife [not London at all !]
And speered what was't they ca'd her :—
Jog on yr gates, ye bletherskates,
My name is Maggie Lauder ! "

Adieu, dear Helps, with many thanks and good wishes, and true regards,

Yours always,
T. CARLYLE.

In March, 1870, Arthur Helps happened to mention to the Queen some remarkable photographs of the battlefields of the Civil War in America which Charles Dickens had shown him, and Her Majesty expressed a desire to see them. Dickens sent them to Her Majesty, who asked Arthur Helps to introduce him to her, that she might thank him.

Arthur Helps writing to his son-in-law says, " The interview between Her Majesty and Dickens was most interesting and amusing. It lasted half an hour, and I was sorry when it was ended." Dickens told her the story of President Lincoln's dream on the night before his murder. Her Majesty asked him to give her his writings, and presented him with a copy of her own book, " Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands," saying " the humblest of writers was ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest."

As the following letter shows, Mr. Dickens sent Her Majesty a complete set of his works, and when A. H. was attending a Council at Balmoral in June Her Majesty showed him the books in her private library, and asked him to tell Mr. Dickens where she had placed them. This message was sent to him on

A. H.'s return to London, but it arrived when the author was lying unconscious on his deathbed.

From CHARLES DICKENS.

5, Hyde Park Place, W.
Saturday, 26th March, 1870.

MY DEAR HELPS,

The binder reports to me to-day that he wants "another fortnight" for the completion of the set of my books which I have entrusted to him to bind for the Queen. Of course he must have it, or he will for ever believe that I spoilt his work by driving him.

En attendant, I send you for Her Majesty the first number of my new story which will not be published till next Thursday the 31st. Will you kindly forward it to the Queen with my loyal duty and devotion? If Her Majesty should ever be sufficiently interested in the tale to desire to know a little more of it in advance of her subjects, you know how proud I shall be to anticipate the publication.

You will receive soon after this a copy of your Godson's most portable edition of his writings, for yourself. I hope you may like it, and, revising and abbreviating the Catechism, "do one thing in his name":—read it.

Faithfully yours ever,
CHARLES DICKENS.

ARTHUR HELPS, ESQ.

LIBRARY OF THE

From J. S. MILL.

Blackheath Park, Kent,
March 28, 1870.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

Your letter was forwarded to me at Avignon, but I delayed acknowledging it until I should have an opportunity of reading your book, which was waiting for me here.

If, as you intimate, my review of your first publication had any share in procuring for the world the series of works which I and so many others have since read with so much pleasure and instruction; far from regarding this exploit of mine as a sin to be repented of, I should look upon it as a fair set-off against a good many sins. This most recent of your works is as full of valuable and happily expressed thoughts as any of its predecessors, while as a story it is more successful than "Realmah," though perhaps not more interesting to a psychologist. With regard to its practical object, emigration, I should like very much to see the experiment tried in the manner you propose, of founding beyond the seas a new community, complete in all its parts. But the conditions of a new country produce, of necessity, a state of society so much more democratic than our own, that it is only very exceptional persons in our higher and middle classes that could either reconcile themselves to it, or have the foresight and mental adaptability required for guiding and organizing the formation of such a community. And considering the great addition made annually to the poorer part of our

population, the scheme would have to be executed on a vast scale indeed if it is to clear out the bad quarters of our towns, and leave them a *tabula rasa* for reconstruction on better principles; not to say that the inhabitants of those quarters are far from being, in general, good material to colonize with.

I am very happy that you go so far as you do with those who are seeking to remove the civil and political disabilities of women. Since you think women should have the suffrage, surely you should join the Suffrage Society, which claims nothing whatever but that independent women with a due property qualification should be allowed to vote.

I am,
Dear Mr. Helps,
Very truly yours,
J. S. MILL.

From JEAN INGELOW.

Harrow Weald House,
June, 1870.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

I came here to be kept awake for two nights by the nightingales which absolutely swarm in the grounds of this house, but I was so disappointed to see so little of you at Mrs. Tennant's that as two unpleasant things always follow each other this must be the reason why they will not sing.

In case you should have an hour to spare I send this card—for I do want to know whether there is likely to be anything that I can do for my sex in case

you men should determine to throw your duties upon us in addition to those we now have.

Perhaps you may think it absurd that I should be so sure this is coming. I have felt sure ever since the last Reform bill. Women you know make sweeping assertions so I will say at once that I don't believe in the good faith of the two leaders of Party. Gladstone, unless he is got out, may soon have to offer something very like manhood suffrage, and then the natural thing will be to bring in Womanhood suffrage because it is thought that women are conservative. I wish you would think what can be done, for I am sure if we come you are not ready for us, and I believe we are not in the least ready for you!

Please come and see us on Saturday, and tell me if you think I can do anything towards showing my own sex what qualities and what knowledge they must cultivate in case they are all turning into an inferior kind of man. Of course I still hope the danger may be staved off for a little while, but the best chance for this is in such writers as you are, I wish you could teach us to combine to stamp out "the woman question." I do not want to take up your valuable time, a few words spoken are more than many written so I do not press you to answer this—but only consider how comfortable we were! I know you could do something to prevent things from getting worse.

Always very sincerely yours,

JEAN INGELOW.

From LORD SALISBURY.

40, Dover St., W.,
May 15th, 1870.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

I will only trouble you with a line in reply. I cannot agree with you that any responsibility is effective, where the person who really possesses, and the person who is supposed to possess are two different individuals. But I quite agree with you that raw politicians cannot know administrative work intuitively—and that until they have learnt it they must be dry nursed. That this apprentice government should have to be endured so often is a necessary result of our system of party government. But, I am not one of those who look upon that system as the last word of political wisdom. Government by irresponsible, because unrecognized officials is only a small portion of the heavy price we pay for it.

Ever yours truly,
SALISBURY.

The following refer to A. H.'s "In Memoriam" of Charles Dickens.

From W. L. POLLOCK.

59, Montagu Square,
London, W.
30th June, 1870.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I thank you much for thinking of me, in sending the *Macmillan*.* I knew and liked Dickens,

* In which Arthur Helps's "In Memoriam" of Charles Dickens appeared.

and you could have sent your notice of him to no one who would value it more than myself. The portrait you have drawn is a capital one—doing full justice to the original and expressing some points which have escaped general observation. I was pleased at seeing your comparison of Dickens' wonderful intuitive powers of apprehension—to the trained skill of the professional performers of legerdemain—because it has always been a favourite one with me. Just as young Houdin, after once passing a shop window could describe the nature and position of everything in it, so Dickens at one glance in entering a room, became seized (so to speak) of its contents living and inanimate—faces, dress, furniture, pictures, objects great and small—went down at once in his catalogue. Following Balzac in this respect, he sometimes drew too largely on his resources of this kind, and overdid his descriptions, when unnecessary for the legitimate purposes of his art, and on this account as well as others I would add the name of Balzac to those of Dickens' other great predecessors in fiction, to form his compounded designation—as proposed by you.

There is one point only of character deserving special indication which you have not brought forward —I mean the singular freedom from egotism which was so remarkable in Dickens—a stranger unacquainted with his features might have travelled from London to York with him without discovering who he was—from himself. He could not fail to discover that he had a companion of rare parts and powers of amusement, and varied experiences: but,

for any revelations of his own, the agreeable fellow passenger would remain unknown.

I must not however serve up to you any more slices of my potato in return for your excellent peach, and thanking you again remain,

Yours very truly,
W. L. POLLOCK.

George Grove, writing to my father on his "In Memoriam" of Dickens, says—

He was the best and pleasantest person in the world to tell a good story to. You saw that he was taking in every word. As you went on the sense of the fun seemed to rise in his face—his eyes shone and looked more and more knowing as you neared the point; and the moment it was reached there was just that explosion that was most gratifying.

Extract from one of Mr. Froude's letters.

Sept. '70.

I have been much out of sorts since I left London but am getting better. I do not like the look of things. I am not like you a disbeliever in the future, I should give up politics if I were, but I fancy our immediate future is not pleasant.

We have to get organization without losing freedom and this is not easy.

But what a grand task it is—to organize the English-speaking race. I wish all of us who have really lived 20 years, that is to say who have not been

waiting on experience for these last twenty years, could live them over again, but when I have become useful I shall wear out.

I have been reading "Realmah" with great enjoyment, not the story, but the talk.

From THE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER.

Wharfeside,
Burley-in-Wharfedale, Leeds,
Oct. 9, 1870.

MY DEAR HELPS,

. . . After all you are right, men do never die prematurely of overwork—a constant death of real life, but do not be conceited at thus being right when you meant to be wrong. A "fluke" virtue is an intentional vice.

* * * * *

Pray send me that paper of mine corrected, it will be a useful lesson especially as regards parentheses which are the curse of my speaking, as well as writing, and of speakers who are as mighty as I am not.

Yours,
W. E. FORSTER.

This letter apparently refers to a passage on "Social Pressure" on "temper," in which A. H. said, "If you look through the list of the greatest personages in the world you will find that the supereminent amongst them (I use that word advisedly) were to be noted for good temper." He then goes on to mention Shakespeare, Bacon, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Charles the Fifth, Henry of Navarre, Horace, Chaucer, Montaigne, Goethe, Raphael, and Sir Walter Scott as good tempered.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.E.,
Oct. 21st, 1870.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I am very unwell to-day and cannot command my thoughts—nor if I could, do I think that it would be easy to strengthen your point from the histories of painters. Their work is apt to go wrong—not merely as literary work does, by falling short of their aim—but by turning out false or useless; their habitual state is one of effort, and in a skill in which it is easy to see when they are excelled by others. These are not conditions favourable to good temper. The gentleness of Reynolds is of course proverbial—since Goldsmith's—"Reynolds is lamb"—and that of John Bellini and Dürer—Perhaps the most perfect exhibition of gentle temper must have been in Phidias, when he allowed the populace of Elis to see his Jupiter, and altered it according to their comments—watching the effect upon them as they saw it first. Still, his business was to impress them—and there was no other true criterion. Polycleitus, however, is said to have mocked the people of Argos by making another Juno as *they* would have it—so showing the difference of his temper from that of Phidias. Mantegna and Francia are two other great Italian names celebrated for perfectness and sweetness of character—Giorgione—like all the Venetians a lovely musician.

I think the way Michael Angelo puts up with Vasari, and the strong affection he won from him, says

much,—though Vasari is Michael's Boswell and would no doubt, bear a growl, if needful.

Leonardo is I think more vain and mechanical—lively rather than good-tempered—conscious of being able to do—what he could. Luca Signorelli is little known to the British public—else Vasari's report of him is very pretty—and he seems to have died in working at Cortona merely to please his friend Cardinal Paperini.

There is no doubt whatever as you well know of the real gentleness of the great men—but they get sorely fretted sometimes by the little ones.

Ever lovingly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To A DAUGHTER (MRS. W. H. STONE).

Privy Council Office,
Oct. 21, '70.

I am vexed at hearing that the bronchitis does not go away quickly, and also that you are tormented with neuralgia. I can thoroughly sympathize with you. When I am depressed by all manner of anxieties, worries and troubles (and this year, notwithstanding its being a wonderful year for me, has abounded with such things. Wonders are often very expensive). When I say I am depressed, I often comfort myself by saying to myself, "Well, Arthur, you might be worse off: you might have neuralgia of the body as well as neuralgia of the mind." However, there is one comfort, this corporeal neuralgia seldom lasts long.

Enough of doleful subjects. I must tell you

some things which will interest you. I passed yesterday evening in company with the doctor who has had the chief charge of our ambulance at Sedan.* I learnt much from him. One very remarkable thing was that out of 1600 wounded men (enter printer's devil with lots of proof sheets : I will resume presently).

Well, what was I saying ? or going to say ? Oh it was this. There was only *one* man wounded with the bayonet.

Then he enlarged upon the merits of the Prussians —their size, their appearance, their greatly superior education, their greatly superior station in life—then, their wonderful discipline. He says that he saw a body of them coming into the town after 3 days' hard fighting : and they were like soldiers on parade—neat and clean as possible, with brass buttons that shone.

These are little things ; but are very significant.

He then told us about the wounds—that they were very bad—and no perceptible difference between those made by the chassepot and the needle-gun.

He saw the Emperor and MacMahon and their suites come into Sedan the night before the surrender —all silent—no man spoke to another ; but they moved off at once to their respective quarters. He describes it as a most remarkable sight.

Then, the thing which interested me almost the most was this—He, the doctor, saw on the walls a proclamation from Genl. Wimpfen, urging surrender and giving reasons. Now this General pretends that he did not counsel surrender.

* Sir W. McCormac (?).

Well, I must not bore you with any more of this doctor's talk.

* * * * *

Reverting to the War again, I had much talk with Mr. Gladstone yesterday, and a short walk with him. He thinks that the marine guns at Paris are producing a great effect (this, of course, between ourselves). The doctor told us that the French Marine Force behaved "splendidly" at Sedan.

Your affectionate father,

ARTHUR HELPS.

To HIS DAUGHTER (MRS. W. H. STONE).

Privy Council Office,
Nov. 2/70.

You stupid child! How dare you go and scald your hand in order to annoy W. (*her husband*) and me!

If you recollect, I have told you that my nursery governess always used to scold, and sometimes to beat me, if I met with any accident. She was very fond of me; but, upon principle, she always showed anger, instead of pity, if any accident befell me. Of course I had gone to meet the accident. My mother used to tell a lamentable story of how she once caught my governess cuffing me severely, while my naked legs (we indulged much in naked legs in those days) were bleeding from a fall upon a gravel walk. How well my governess understood the world. I have always been cuffed when I have fallen down. You will see how the critics will pounce down upon

me whenever I may happen to write anything a little more foolish than usual. Well I must tell you how I got on yesterday evening. I suppose that my speech was a success, for it roused up the audience immensely. They got up from their seats; and strangers afterwards came and shook me by the hands.

My subject was the contrast between English and French literature in their influence upon politics and social life. But, oh! if you could imagine how piteously nervous I was *before* I began. My heart beat so, that I thought I should not be able to utter a word. And then people compliment me upon my perfect ease in speaking. If they did but know the previous suffering, and the depression under which I rise on these (to me) melancholy occasions. I really do think I will not go again to a public dinner. Enough of me and my small troubles.

I must leave off. I must see Forster.

Your affectionate father,

A. H.

From JOHN MORLEY.

Flexford House, near Guildford,
Dec. 11, 70.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

I have been recruiting at Hastings, and your large envelope looked so full of business that my people dared not forward it. I am heartily obliged to you for sending me your book. Among your ten thousand readers, nobody has a warmer admiration or a keener relish for your wise words than I have. A recluse myself, I am all the more

eager to have delicate and profound reflections from a man who is in the world, or at any rate on a pinnacle looking over the world. This very night I shall put on my slippers, and dip joyfully into "Brevia," and go to bed full of mellow wisdom and good will, which is better than anything else. I hold slippers to be a compliment to an author; because who in this easeful fashion would read disagreeable letters or bad books? I wonder whether you agree with me in the garb proper for writing. Like Buffon, I insist upon shaving and clean linen before sitting down to composition.

The note of Harrison's to which you give your assent expresses what is, I believe, a central conviction of Comte's—that all Europe will eventually form itself into a large number of self-governing but closely connected communities. The state will thus ultimately take the size of the Platonic or Aristotelian πόλις. I confess these things are too high for me. I cannot for the life of me see three centuries ahead.

I saw the unlucky Empress of the French a couple of days ago get out of a train at Charing Cross, and for some minutes vainly trying to hire a cab. At length she got one and drove into the fog in a dank four-wheeler, nobody knowing her nor caring. I am not a sentimentalist, but I was sorry. It gives one no pleasure to see poor Sejanus dragged with a hook after all.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN MORLEY.

Arthur Helps, in an article upon "War and Culture," mentioned that he had never been able to understand a passage in Ecclesiastes xii. 11: "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd."

A clergyman, the Rev. T. H. Edwards, of Bishopwood Vicarage, Ross, sent him the following explanation :—

The writer of an article in the *Christian Annotator* for March 1st, 1856, called "A Sunday at Nazareth," says, "A large herd of cattle passed by. There were more than twenty drivers, each furnished with a stick five or six feet long, with an iron point or nail fastened to the smaller end." He then refers to the verse in Ecclesiastes as "somewhat dark in meaning," and goes on, "Now there used to be a custom, and it is still observed to some extent, that the head herdsman alone was allowed to fix the points into the ends of the goads. For this purpose he keeps some simple tools, and he is careful to prevent any of the goads having their points too long or too sharp, else they might injure the cattle.

"He also sharpens those goads which have become blunt through use. The words of the wise are like these goads, they are not too sharp, and though they may have force to arouse, they should not have bitterness to wound."

In forwarding this explanation Mr. Edwards suggested the following reading: Perhaps "As goads, even as the iron points fastened by the masters of the gatherings (of flocks or of cattle) given from one shepherd," and he expressed a hope "that the author of 'Friends in Council' would exert all his great influence in favour of the revision of our (so-called) authorized version, for, to any one who

knows and feels the pressing necessity for a revision, the ignorance shown by opposers of it is surprising. 'Synagogues,' for instance, in Ps. lxxiv. 8, in Asaph's and David's time, when there was not one in the land till the time of Ezra, 500 years and more later (see Vitringa). And Acts xxvii. 40, 'taken up the anchors,' when it should be, as marg. 'cut the anchors and left them in the sea.' To say nothing of Erasmus's translations from the Vulg. in Apoc. and interpolations in the Acts, and other interpolations, mistakes, and mistranslations."

To General Knollys.

Council Office, Jan. 23/71.

My dear Knollys,

I have received, through you, the Prince of Wales' kind invitation to Sandringham. The Prince, who knows what an official slave I am, will not be surprised to hear that I am not able to profit by all his kindness; but I am fortunately able to come on Wednesday the first of February and stay till Saturday. On Monday there is a Cabinet dinner at which the Clerk of the Council is obliged to attend, and he has to submit to "My Lords" all the excuses which have been sent in by persons objecting to be nominated as High Sheriffs. On that Monday morning I have to refresh my mind with all these excuses, in order to be well up with my work after dinner.

It is very self-denying of the Prince to honor me with this invitation. He cannot quite like to be cut out, as a sportsman, by a wretched clerk in a public office. And he assuredly will be, if he honors

me by inviting me to accompany him in a shooting expedition (an honor, by the way, I greatly deprecate), for certainly I shall bag a much nobler creature than a bird, namely a human life,—a feat which has not yet been accomplished by His Royal Highness.

Then, too, as regards hunting. When I last went out hunting with H.R.H., who was it who saw a little brown creature steal out from a wood, and sneak along the side of it, while the *other* sportsmen, stupid fellows, were looking the other way ?

I did not say anything, and indeed tried to make them all continue to look in the wrong direction, for, in the great case of Huntsman *v.* Fox, I am always on the side of the Defendant.

Please present my best respects to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
ARTHUR HELPS.

To HIS SON, E. A. HELPS (IN CEYLON).

Sandringham, King's Lynn,
Feb. 5, 1871.

You see where I am, but you cannot well imagine what I have gone through—dancing all night till between 5 and 6 in the morning—and on other nights not going to bed till between 2 and 3. Notwithstanding this drawback, the house is a very pleasant one, the host and hostess being exceedingly agreeable people. The Princess has just that love of music which I should wish a wife or daughter to have. She seems to love to be at the piano ; and she does

not bore one with asking questions and discussing music, but goes on playing vigorously, and for a long time. She and Lady Carmarthen have played duets charmingly. . . .

Kingsley is here. You may imagine how well he talks about what he has seen in the West Indies. He does not, however, approve of Las Casas much. He thinks that no missionaries should be employed except in countries already conquered and colonized. There is a great deal of wisdom, as it seems to me, in what he says upon this point.

I wish you were here to help me in playing whist. I get rather smashed by these good players.

Now, for politics: France is in a fearful state, threatened by civil war as well as by other evils. . . .

Council Office,
Feb. 7/71.

I was not able to finish my letter, at Sandringham, and so I resume here. Things look very black, and no one seems to be able to guess what will be the outcome. If I had to bet about it, I should bet that the Orleans family will ultimately prevail; but it may be a long time before that "ultimately" comes into being.

At Sandringham they have a capital plan. The morning service is divided into 2 services, and you may go to the latter one, if you please, which begins at 12 and ends at 1.

"Brevia" succeeds. There is to be a 2nd edition. You will be sorry to hear that Robertson, the play-writer, is dead.

I am to go to the "Gaiety" with the Prince. Toole is there. The best joke in the piece is that Toole enumerates a number of things which do not tend to happiness according to the ordinary notions, and then says, "and yet I am not happy." For instance, "My mother-in-law has lived with us for the last year and a half; and yet I am not happy." Can't you imagine how much, in the way of absurdity, might be made of this?

Looking at the part of my letter which was written at Sandringham, I see I have told you about the dancing. It was a servants' ball. I danced with the Princess, the Marchioness of Carmarthen, the Housekeeper, one of the Princess's dressers, and the wife of one of the grooms. A great combination of partners is it not? I danced very badly. By far the best dancer was a black boy, an Abyssinian, one of the pages. He danced with his royal mistress. Altogether, it was a strange scene, but to me a very pleasant one.

I sat in court for Reeve the other day, or, to use his own words, "took charge of the Judicial Committee." The consequence was as the court was very hot and out of doors it was very cold, I got a chill and was very unwell for two or three days, upon which some wag said that Helps had got a dignity cold since he had been sitting in Reeve's chair—you know what they call a dignity ball in the West Indies.

No more time.

Always affectionately,

A. H.

From MADAME CLAIRE AUBERT.

Sutton, Surrey,
Feb. 17, 1871.

MONSIEUR,

C'est bien timidement qu'une vieille dame vous adresse les deux volumes que vous recevrez avec cette lettre. *Oeuvres Diverses de Charles Clavel.* La lecture de *War and General Culture* est ce qui a fait naître en elle ce désir, non sans beaucoup de *misgivings* que d'y céder ne fût une indiscretion. Me rassurant, néanmoins, je me suis dit que s'il vous plaisait dans une heure de loisir d'ouvrir l'un ou l'autre de ces volumes, vous y trouveriez une vive sympathie avec l'idée dominante de "War and General Culture," et que cela ne serait peut-être pas pour vous sans intérêt. Votre pitié des douleurs de la guerre était la meme dans le cœur de Charles Clavel. J'aurais voulu pouvoir lire avec lui l'émouvante description d'un champ de morts et de blessés après la bataille. Vous souvenez-vous de ce passage si *mournful?* "There is in all their minds, whether they are sons, husbands or lovers, a pervading sense of horrible ill-usage—ill-usage by whom, they scarcely know or care; but had they the energy they would be inclined to curse the universal nature of things." Combien vrai pour lui! Il avait tant pitié de ces pauvres soldats pleins de joyeuse attente au départ, et si cruellement déçus par la réalité; trompés par les hommes, trompés par leur ignorance, il aurait dit que c'est ce qu'exprime admirablement tout ce passage. C'était un des bonheurs de sa vie que de

trouver dans les ouvrages des autres des idées ou des sentiments correspondants aux siens.

Charles Clavel n'a cependant rien écrit d'achevé sur la guerre quoique s'en occupant constamment. Mais tout se tient; son but dominant était de réformer ou de perfectionner le sens moral des hommes, et il en voyait les moyens dans de bonnes institutions, mais surtout dans de meilleures méthodes appliquées à l'instruction. Charles Clavel était essentiellement un jeune moraliste, et directement ou indirectement la guerre aurait trouvé son procès dans toutes les pages de ses écrits.

C'est là tout, monsieur. J'ai, comme vous le voyez, tenté l'explication d'un procédé un peu inusité. Je voudrais bien y trouver aussi une justification. Et dois-je le dire, l'esprit tout aimable et plein de bonté qui règne partout dans votre excellent livre, me fait espérer que je peut presque la considérer comme acquise.

Agréez, monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

CLAIRE AUBERT.

C'est dans les notes diverses du second volume que se trouvent le plus grand nombre de pensées sur la guerre.

From J. A. FROUDE.

Feb. 21, 1871.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I am and have been these three days half dead with influenza.

* * * * *

I am watching this American affair as a wonderful commentary on so much that you say.

So long as power of speech not power of work is the test by which we select our statesmen shall we not tumble on from one mess to another till we can tumble no further. In some moods I can bring myself to wish for a severe war to destroy humbug from out of us. But the nobler destinies of England are perhaps irrecoverable. . . . .

Ever yours,
J. A. FROUDE.

To E. A. HELPS.

Privy Council Office,
Feb. 22/71.

I was reading the other night Chas. Lamb's essay on writing to his friend Baron Field, at the antipodes. Lamb comments upon the difficulty of such an undertaking. The instances he gives are very droll. He invents a story about a friend of theirs—how he has married his servant maid—and enters into a long discussion as to how they shall receive her, what topics of conversation they shall avoid, and the like. It is of course a pure invention. Chas. Lamb had no doubt named the most unlikely man of their acquaintance to do anything of the kind. By Jove, by the time Baron Field's letter comes back, appreciating the joke, it is no longer a joke, for the man has married his maid-servant. Things of that kind do happen to apparently the most unlikely people.

It is merely an illustration however, of the

difficulty of writing to you far-away people. One feels that everything will be so stale, and perhaps so false, before it can reach you.

It is all very well saying in reply, "Yes; but now distances are traversed with so much greater rapidity." Very good, but look at the rate at which events move in the present day!

A great politician, meeting me yesterday, who had not seen me for 4 weeks, said "Such a world of things has happened since we met, Helps, that I don't know where to begin." Nor did he. To keep up sound and applicable conversation on political topics one ought to meet twice a day: the 2nd editions often disturb all our preconceived opinions—opinions carefully formed at breakfast time.

By the way, reverting to Chas. Lamb, he opines that it is impossible to send a pun on a journey of several thousand miles—I do not know that he mentions numbers; and indeed throughout I have made free with his words.

The metropolis is at this moment gladdened with the presence of the Sovereign. I am sure I am very glad that she is here; but it is less delightful for me than for other people, for I never know when I may be sent for, and I have to take care and come early to the office, which destroys my work at home in the mornings.

Your friend Forster is greatly worked. He has just introduced the Ballot Bill; and much remains, as you may imagine, to initiate the working of the Education measure. He is evidently the rising man

in Parliament; and, if he does not overwork, will rise, I believe, to the highest place.

Willie* is to ask a question in the House to-morrow about the Public School Statutes. The truth is there has been such informality that they have all been, by consent, disapproved by the Queen in Council. I should not wonder if his question were to lead to some discussion.

Always affectionately,
A. H.

In the next letter Lord de Grey refers to the Alabama Claims Commission, of which he was a member.

From LORD DE GREY.

1311, K Street, Washington,
17 March, 1871.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Many thanks for your two interesting letters. I can only make a very poor return for them, as we have scarcely a moment to ourselves here between the business of our negotiations and the round of social duties, which we are expected to go through.

Our diplomatic task is difficult enough, but to dine out or entertain at home every night in the week except Sunday, after a hard day's work, and to have occasionally "a family dinner" on Sunday with the Secretary of State here thrown in, is trying indeed to the stomach, if not to the brain. We thus

* His son-in-law, W. H. Stone.

burn the candle furiously at both ends, and are rapidly approaching the period when the two flames will meet in the middle and nothing will be left of any of us, but a pinch of ashes.

We, the English Com[rs] are getting on capitally among ourselves. I like Northcote much and Bernard extremely. Nothing can be more friendly and loyal than the former, and to the latter I have taken a strong personal fancy.

Our work, now we are in the full swing of it, is really pretty hard and a good deal of it not much to my natural taste. Our reception here has, however, been decidedly friendly; and I like the Americans better than I expected. Nevertheless I am getting terribly homesick and long to be back with the little lady in Carlton Gardens and to talk over my transatlantic experiences with "the proud little Sultan" of the Council Office.

Good-bye. Do not resent the shortness of this letter; but write me a long one in return, and believe me always,

Yours sincerely,
DE GREY.

To E. A. H.

Privy Council Office,
March 23/71.

Why is Bismarck like a celebrated painter, indeed I may ask, why is he that painter? Do you give it up? Yes. Because he's clawed Loraine.

What a state of affairs it is in Paris! Mob

government entirely prevails; and requisitions have already been made upon bankers and bakers. The attitude of Thiers is thought to be unimpressive and unsatisfactory. It is almost absurd to write about public affairs—at any rate about foreign affairs—for they change their aspect every few hours. There surely never was a period of the world in which there was so much confusion everywhere.

* * * * * *

. . . I was at the marriage of the Princess Louise the other day. It was a very brilliant scene, and the arrangements were very good. I had an excellent place just under Lowe, who said if I did not say my prayers properly, he should administer correction with his Prayer-book. The curious thing was that of all the great people assembled to go down by special train from Paddington, Dizzy was the only one who was cheered by the immense crowd at the station. That man has won a real personal popularity.

I hope you read the joke which was passed upon Lord Elcho by Capt. Vivian. He said if Ld. Elcho had been asked by Shem, Ham and Japhet to come into the ark, he would have declined, and would have said that he preferred to "paddle his own canoe."

Bernal Osborne has been very witty this session, and, as I think, very wise. In a recent speech he spoke strongly against competitive examination.

Your loving father,

ARTHUR HELPS.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

28th March, 1871.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I am very grateful—as I hope you entirely believe, for this book,* and its dedication. You know how much I feel with you, not in sympathy, but in similar experience and pain. There is one point in which I have before regretted, and now more than ever regret some passages you have written—your curious idea, expressed through Milverton, that a work of art is one thing and a human being a separate and different thing.

A work of art is the thing which a human being is born to produce so far as it (the being) is to be of value in this world. A bee that makes no comb is —not a bee—but a stinging beast. If all the honey ever produced by bees, is of no importance in comparison with bees—you had better do away with bees altogether.

Except as we can either write, paint, or plough—all these things being artist work—we are swine and not human beings, and so idleness does not change us towards the angelic, but towards the beastly side.

I would myself unhesitatingly fight any number of battles and lie, at the last as long as a human can lie, dying—with the happy consciousness that I have killed any number of ciphers long of mob—if only by that process I could save the Georgics of Virgil or the pictures of John Bellini.

I don't suppose I've expressed myself "logically,"

* "Conversations on War and General Culture."

but you'll know what I mean—I always *mean* logic you know. (J. S. M. talked logic and never meant it—I mean he is essentially an Illogical Semi-minded inferior animal, incapable of Whole Reason on any subject.) I'm always wholly Reasonable, only of course when one's so *very* reasonable as all that one never can put it into words. Except that I am for good reason,

Your affectionate friend,
J. RUSKIN
(much tired).

From THOMAS CARLYLE.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
10 April, 1871.

DEAR HELPS,

I am very much gratified by that kind dedication of your "Cortes" to me. It has in the very tone of it a beautiful simplicity and sincerity; it puts on record, before I leave this world, a relation which was always gracious, cheerful, profitable and pleasant to me; in short, it gives me more satisfaction than all the "dedications" that were ever made to me, or are like to be.

Cortes himself, I believe, will profit not a little by being disengaged from the big Book where so many cannot well afford to follow him; and to the select few who, like myself, desire also to know his connections there, he still remains attainable in that form. I return you many thanks for Dedication and Copy both, the latter of which is again in process of being read here. Long may you live, dear Helps, to

write new Books and purify and pacify your distracted fellow-creatures with sprinklings of mild wisdom, in a form all your own!

It has not been want of will that has kept me so long from answering your message, but simply an imbroglio of interruptions and botheration, excelling any strength I now have to deal with them.

With grateful and affectionate feelings,

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

From LORD DE GREY.

Washington,
11 April, 1871.

MY DEAR HELPS,

You are very kind about writing and your letters are very pleasant to receive in this land of our exile.

We get on terribly slowly with our work; but I trust we are making progress, and though I am still very uncertain of the result, I am just now in rather a hopeful state.

One is getting a good deal of experience both useful and interesting; and if we succeed in really putting things on a good footing between the two countries I shall feel rewarded for my share of the labour, which we have had.

What a horrible state of things exists at Paris! I trust that all the stories in the American Newspapers may not be true; but enough must be accurate to make one cover one's face with shame for the results of our much-boasted civilization.

Poor France! what is to become of her? I know not what to think or wish. I hope some of you good folks in London will write and tell me all you hear. The inaccuracy and imperfection of the information to be found in American Newspapers is astonishing, and therefore every scrap of authentic news is very valuable.

I find much to like in the people I see here, and am afraid that I shall disappoint my friends, when I get back, by having so few good American stories to tell.

Of course there are many things which are curious to English eyes and ears; and which a little exaggeration would make absurd enough; but in themselves they are often not really ridiculous, and deserve no more at the most than a passing smile.

The most unpleasant thing I see here in public life is the timidity of politicians and their fear of popular opinion and of the Press; but have we in England much right to take others to task on this score? Is it not the only too natural tendency of that democracy which grows so fast with us, and is moulding our habits even more rapidly than our laws?

Expect me to return talking the broadest American English and expressing on our first meeting my earnest hope that you have been "having an elegant time" during my absence.

Many thanks for promising to send me "Cortes" for my voyage home. Do not forget to keep your word, as I shall be looking eagerly for its fulfilment.

Yours sincerely,

DE GREY.

From JOHN MORLEY.

Flexford House,
near Guildford,
April 11, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. HELPS,

An American was staying with me when your new volume appeared at the breakfast table. "Staunton," saith he, *à propos* of the arrival, "our late minister of war, told me that during the very hardest stress of our troubles, when he was working eighteen and twenty hours a day, and was all but crushed by toil and anxiety, which for that matter did cut him off when the excitement of the war was over—the only relief he ever knew was to go home, throw himself on a sofa, and read a piece from Helps's 'Friends in Council.'" Now when I say that I *understand* this in Staunton, you may judge how grateful I am for a copy of your book possessing the extra attraction of being a gift from the writer. The passage on the Dying Thoughts of Men slain in Battle is surely a masterpiece in a kind in which it is profoundly hard to succeed, and produces intense emotion in the reader; while the writer preserves the firmest control over voice and phrase. I cannot tell you how much I admire the fine depth of art in that, and the strong feeling for the burdens of man which it so exquisitely expresses without the shadow of a shade of excess.

What you say of the misery of horses in War is true—but don't you think that the sufferings of horses in the yet more hideous campaigns of pleasure which the cockney makes to Epsom, the Crystal

Palace, Hampstead, and the rest, far surpass in amount in a year of peace the amount of suffering in such a six months as we have just seen?

You are grievously wrong about my love of decapitation. The only people whose heads I should not be sorry to see off are the people whose heads are of no good to them while still on. So, you see, you are perfectly safe. Now will you read my essay on Vauvenargues? * I send you the book containing it, which I hope you will accept. The man who has a passion for Vauvenargues is no very bloody person.

With warm thanks for your book and letter,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN MORLEY.

In writing to his daughter, Mrs. Stone, on July 1, '71, he says—

"I am much depressed this morning because Dizzy told me last night, in his most emphatic manner, that Life was not worth anything after the age of 30. The only thing then was to get out of it. But then you see Dizzy has not any children: that alters the case. I begin to brighten up a little."

Writing to her later in the month, after a visit to Sandringham, he says—"The Prince of Wales says that the beauty of the ladies to be seen at Goodwood was most remarkable. I like the Crown Prince and Princess the more, the more I see of them. He sympathizes greatly with me, or rather I with him, in an intense horror of the miseries and cruelties of war. We walked together for a long time at night yesterday, and fraternized greatly.

* A French writer of *Pensées.*

From HENRY STEVENS, *an American historian.*

4, Trafalgar Square,
Aug. 5, 1871.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

If it be not too late let me thank you for your excellent book on "War and General Culture," which I found on the table awaiting our return from America. Your friendly letter accompanying the volume reached me in Washington in April. It came most opportunely for I was then in daily communication with the San Domingo Commissioners ("the low joint Commission" as the jocose termed it, to distinguish it from the "High Joint Ditto,") and reminded me of old times and your magnum opus the "Spanish Conquest in America." I took Dr. Howe and President White, two of the Commissioners, to the Library of Congress, and laid out before them more than 100 volumes, referring to St. Domingo, every one of which had escaped their previous notice. The first work called for was your Spanish Conquest; and as it is in English, and good English too, I have no doubt it proved more useful to them in drawing up their report than any other of the books. San Domingo I suppose will one day become an American State and Hayti another, and then a kind of justice will be rendered to Columbus, for then that splendid island will be *in America*, and poor Columbus at last will have the full credit of having discovered *America*, and both Cabot and Vespucio will have to fall back and take their places as imitators. I wish you would set apart a day for

your *Friends in Council* to talk over the St. Domingo matter. A pithy conversation between Milverton and Ellesmere would take your American readers by surprise, and have no little influence in settling the materials of this disintegrated subject into shape for serious discussion in the next Congress from Dec. 1871 to July, 1872. Many are nibbling round but few are sufficiently well read in early American History to eliminate and discuss St. Domingo matters intelligently. Grant is personally much interested in the question, but he has fallen into the hands of men who have no digestive powers for historical pabulum. A paper for the *Cornhill* or *Macmillan* from you would have great influence. . . .

Believe me,

Yours ever truly,

HENRY STEVENS.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.E.,
21st Nov., 1871.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I am much more than grateful for your book * and its inscription. Already—in its lunar flashes of interrupted light it has again and again helped me and quieted, when I could read nothing else—but I shall get much more good of it now.

Behold, *I*—poor hermit—watercup-fed—even I, have had lately to come from my cave—and mingle in "public business." Shall I tell you for the things

* "Conversations on War and General Culture."

that have most struck me—in the entirely to me new and wonderful conditions of it. First—the ludicrous and awful power of chance and the turn of quite critical events finally depending upon somebody's taking the wrong turn at a street corner—and being ten minutes late—etc., etc.

2. The more than wonderful way in which the little and outer feelings of the best men over-ride their deeper ones—without their knowing it.

3. The delightful goodnature of the worst-tempered—or apparently hardest—or even most self-interested men—if you can only get at them on their right side—and fairly appeal and trust to them upon that ground only.

The other day I had a hard fight for a thing contrary to the interests of some of the most influential men on the committee*—and appearing doubtfully expedient to the others—I let the men who had points to gain have their way first in several things which they knew I disliked—without a word of opposition. This put them into entirely good humour—and called up whatever generosity there was in them, *under* the interested motives. Then I said what I could, quietly, to bring the doubtful people to think with me on the main matter—I had some business which forced me to leave at a fixed time.

I did not care—for I saw there would be a majority against me even if I stayed. The man who was most against me came round the table himself to beg me to wait to see the matter out—I said I could not, but

* A Committee for the relief of the Unemployed.

was quite sure—now that they all knew what I thought—that they would allow me—in necessary absence—as much influence as I was worth, and that I knew the *right* of the thing was perfectly safe in their hands.

They did what I wanted the moment I was out of the room!

Love to Alice—with my cousin's also.

Ever, dear Mr. Helps,

Believe me faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The following refers to competitive examinations, which Arthur Helps condemned in his writings.

From LORD LINGEN.

Treasury,
19/12/71.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

Part of my torn sheets was this—(which I think holds)—or to this effect.

Admission is not all. Men are made, after admission, by the spirit of their corps. It is the fault of the officers now in command, if this spirit is not good and penetrating.

I think the art of examination very backward. I do not think it a bad means of selection, in the absence of personal knowledge, which cannot cover the ground. No testimonial would weigh with me, if I did not personally know the writer of it. But this again comes to personal knowledge, and its narrow range. I believe few men have been in the

way of seeing more testimonials than myself (for inspectorships they used to come by hundreds). I should always, from what I have seen, disbelieve them, till I had reason to believe.

The fine spirit of the permanent service is "ich dien" in the sense of S. Matthew xx. 25–7. Power is not strutting (κατακυριεύω), nor titles (εὐεργέται καλεῖσθαι, S. Luke xxii. 25), but work, service, self-denial, and self-devotion, quite as often in resisting the cry that "something must be done," as in doing. No such preaching should ever appear in minutes, but in example, if it can be set.

Ever yours,
R. W. L.

From LORD DERBY.

Knowsley, Prescot,
Dec. 25/71.

DEAR MR. HELPS,

I have been reading your book * with great interest. It is full of thoughts clearly expressed, and suggestions so given as to wound no one's prejudices. I like especially your chapter on "What constitutes the prosperity of a nation," and above all the idea, a favorite one with me, and which I have never seen in print before, that (p. 220) "the cause of national decadence is chiefly to be found in the exhaustion of hope and purpose." I note in passing that it is quite compatible with this theory to hold that that very condition of mind may have something to do

* "Thoughts upon Government."

with the physical wearing out of a race; but that does not make against your argument.

You may be right theoretically in your notion that ministers should have more freedom than they have in the choice of agents. I should incline to agree with you there, but I doubt whether the exigencies of popular government will ever allow that view to be adopted.

The four fables on the distribution of honors take my fancy, but you have not observed how impossible it is to keep honors pure in a country where party service ranks as public services. There is no grosser or more direct form of bribery than the giving away of peerages and baronetcies. But I see no remedy so long as a minister must lean on a party—and without parties I believe parliamentary government to be impossible. The "want of time for statesmanship" is perfectly true, and it is a point which cannot be too much dwelt upon. Somebody said that when a man has once done something remarkable, the world conspires together to make it impossible for him to do another. In your praise of "paternal government" I would just put it as a doubt, whether you need call on the State to undertake this or that function, merely because it is one which individuals cannot perform for themselves. Cannot individuals write without the agency of the State? Is not adulteration (a case which you mention) being checked to a great extent by co-operative societies? * The state has left, in the main, the business of life-insurance to private agency—where is there a wider

* A question now answered.

organization, or one better managed? A. or B. cannot afford to keep an analyst to secure the purity of the articles of food they buy. But a thousand people combining could do so at a very trifling cost. The thing wanting is that they should care enough about the matter to take the trouble. If they do, the problem is solved. If they don't, laws not supported by their opinion will soon cease to be acted on. I say this by the way—To go into one-half the questions you have raised would require another volume. I hope we may talk them over some day.

All good wishes for the New Year, and believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

DERBY.

From SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

E. Sheen, S.W.,
24 December, 1871.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Many thanks for your book. I came to the end of it last night and it is in my estimation a thoughtful and very valuable work. I have an especial value for the chapter on parental Gov^{t}. with its felicitous conclusion. On many of the chapters I might have something to say if I had time and activity for saying it. I had occasion to touch some of the subjects in 1866 in a letter to Sir F. Rogers on the composition of the Colonial Office, of which I could send you a copy if you care to see it. There are one or two points on which I will say a few words now. 1st, at p. 164, you write: "Statesmen are for the

most part hardened to labour before they rise to any eminence, otherwise their health would almost certainly break down at an early period after their taking high office." Perhaps this view, like the proverbs, requires an opposing one for its complement. Soon after Mr. Gladstone had joined his Gov^{t}. three years ago, he spoke to me of the satisfaction he felt in the fact that with one exception (the Foreign Office) all the hard-working offices were filled by men who had not previously had any hard work taken out of them. When Lord Clarendon died I remembered this. He was the exception. On the other hand, Mr. Childers broke down; which is an example on your side. As to Mr. Bright, I suppose his unofficial life had been a compound of work and excitement, and the office which he held (in his way of dealing with it) would give him less trouble than it took away. 2nd. As to the publication of diplomatic correspondence. The objection to a free and easy publication might be enforced on the ground of the accidents which may happen thro' carelessness. Many years ago in looking through a bulky Blue Book of correspondence on the Slave Trade, to my astonishment I came upon a secret dispatch from Lord Stuart de Rothsay (or Sir C. Stuart as he was then I think), our Minister in Brazil, in which he reported the efforts he had used to induce the Brazilian Gov^{t}. to put an end to the trade, and communicated the consent of that Gov^{t}., *provided the English Gov^{t}. wd. engage to furnish a military force for the suppression of any revolt of their own subjects.* Fortunately the Blue Book was of

gigantic size and I suppose no one had read it but myself. The Brazilian throne was not strong on its legs, and had the dispatch transpired at that time, perhaps there would not have been such a personage as an Emperor of Brazil to pay us that agreeable visit which we received from His Imperial Majesty last summer.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY TAYLOR.

This letter refers to the serious illness of the Prince of Wales.

From THE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER.

Fox How, Ambleside,
Dec. 29, 1871.

MY DEAR HELPS,

It was very good of you to send me the extract from the Queen's letter, though it was sorrowful and anxious. The telegrams are more hopeful, but I do not feel at all comfortable myself. I have heard nothing. My best thanks to your daughter for so kindly copying.

What a pleasant Christmas greeting you sent me—it is not fair that you are not a happier man—you make every one so happy around you—but I suspect the simple fact is you give your share of happiness to other people.

I was glad to read the *Times* review of your book as I came down, and that there was merit in the Review intrinsically, but I suppose the *Times* does a book good—book readers are such flunkies. I am

much vexed I did not bring down the copy you so kindly gave me.

To-day's bulletin of the Prince just arrived. I think really better.

Yours ever aff.

W. E. FORSTER.

I am so glad you are having a few days' imitation of a holiday.

From J. A. FROUDE.

Sunday, Jan., 1872.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Surely in these difficult days, when naval and military matters have become a science for England, to trust the Admiralty and the War Office to Parliamentary actors who go in and out of office every two or three years is downright midsummer madness. . . .

You could say no more in the book than you did, but really a spurt of Hell fire on the thing is the only remedy.

* * * * *

Ever yours,

J. A. FROUDE.

From MR. GLADSTONE.

10, Downing Street, Whitehall,
July 12, '72.

MY DEAR MR. HELPS,

I have very sincere pleasure in tendering for your acceptance, with Her Majesty's warm

approval, the honour of a Civil Commandership of the Bath.

I regard with more than common interest your receiving a distinction (as I hope you will consent to receive it) which may serve as a record of the sense entertained of your most loyal and most valuable services to the Sovereign.

Believe me,

Most faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

From JOHN MORLEY.

Puttenham, Guildford,
July 26, '72.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR HELPS,

I should have written at once to thank you for your extremely kind letter, and the present of your new book; but the book itself was carried off from my office unawares by Mr. Churton Collins (who says some short word on it in the new F. R.), and I have been looking out for it ever since. But I cannot let another post go out without saying how sincerely I am obliged to you, and with how much pleasure I hope to study your treatment of a difficult subject. I always run to all you write, and I am always wiser after reading what you have written,—in spite of some differences.

Am I impertinent in offering you my warm congratulations on your new mark of honour? If not, let me do so in all humility and all sincerity. I believe the best part of the writing brotherhood

share my delight. We are so much the debtors of any man who, like you, has helped to make literature scholarly, wise, humane and broad.

With many thanks,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN MORLEY.

This refers to the "Life of Mr. Brassey," the famous engineer, which A. H. had edited.

From LORD SALISBURY.

20, Arlington Street, S.W.
July 31, 1872.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

I am very much obliged to you for the life of Mr. Brassey. What I have been able to read of it is exceedingly interesting. I go with you to a great extent as to the woodenness of Government, and its consequent exaggeration of precaution in trifling matters. But is there not another—complementary—difference between the case of Govt. and that of Mr. Brassey? It is true that Govt. looks after people with a minuteness which Brassey would have thought both superfluous and unwise; but then that has come from the moral twist which allows many people to cheat the Govt. who would never dream of cheating Mr. Brassey. Companies have much the same difficulty to contend with. The law may say what it likes, but human nature will not recognize a corporation as a person; and the corporations act accordingly.

Ever yours truly,

SALISBURY.

From EDWIN ARNOLD.

Aug. 6, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

A slight excuse would be sufficient for writing, that I might add my tardy congratulations to those which have welcomed the Knightly prefix to your name. We—of the Rank and File of Literature—felt your Honour ours.

But I have a good reason for writing. How shameful is this jealousy against Stanley and the newspapers—for having saved Livingstone and his priceless discoveries unofficially! As an old traveller—and having closely questioned the American—I do not fear to say that a cooler, finer, piece of quiet derring-do was never told. But after hinting that he was a swindler—and then saying that "Livingstone had rescued Stanley"—the Royal Geographicals have handed the great business over to a sub-section of the B.A. at Brighton; Stanley does not care—but think how mean and petty it all appears to the Americans! Can you not whisper in the right ears that the hour is passing when this pitiful behaviour might be neutralized? A gracious note from Court—a kindly compliment from the good Queen's lips—would sweep the gathering evil of this stupid officialism away, and be re-echoed in proud pleasure from American hearts. I write this to you as at once sympathetic and influential, and write it "out of my own head"—but indeed some such thing ought to be done.

Most faithfully yrs,
EDWIN ARNOLD.

SIR A. HELPS.

To LORD NORTHBROOK (THEN VICEROY OF INDIA).

Privy Council Office,
Sept. 6/72.

MY DEAR NORTHBROOK,

Thanks for your last pleasant letter. I wish, though, you people who go away from us into torrid or frozen climes, would understand us better.

Before scolding, however, I must confess to you a weakness on my part. I have a liking for you personally—very foolish, no doubt, and very weak to like anybody in this way—but so it is; and do you know I care more to hear about what affects the human creature, called by men Lord Northbrook, than about his theories upon government or any other serious things respecting which he may write ever so cleverly or even ever so wisely. These may come in as "tags"; but what I want to know is whether he is well; whether he stands the climate bravely; whether he is happy; whether he is bored by his grandeur; whether he is oppressed by his work; and last, and by no means least, whether he misses us his home friends, and would sometimes give a great deal to be with some of us again, playing "Patience." Upon all these important topics, he is deadly silent. He does not even tell me whether he likes his Indian dinners, and whether he is devoted to curry.

There is where it is that women's letters are so charming: these enter largely into personalities of all kinds, and are far superior to masculine semi-political, semi-official semi-theological effusions.

My son Edmund treats me exactly in the same way as you do. I am pining to hear whether he is well and happy; and he treats me to profound discussions upon European politics, thinking that that is the way to please and interest me, whereas his minor (if he so chooses to call them) joys and troubles are what I long to know.

Let there be reform in this matter.

Now, I tell you of my troubles. That detestable thing Rinderpest has broken out in Yorkshire on a farm where there were 22 *English* beasts. 7 have died; twelve are dying; and the remaining three will probably take it.

Forster comes up to-day to consult as to whether we should stop fairs and markets. Don't you wish you were with us, for no man knows more about such matters than you do? No; you don't, this trumpery little island and its affairs can hardly interest a man who rules over the vast Empire of India. A similar thing occurs in these personalities I have been speaking about. There is some member of Council whom you already like better than Arthur Helps, and who is, as you say to yourself, a similar sort of fellow. But I say he is not; and that his ideas upon "Patience" * are vague and futile in the extreme.

I am writing (you see I tell you of what interests me) a series of conversations upon our treatment of animals. There is no telling how I have wanted you to help me in making researches upon sundry difficult

* German Patience, a game taught Arthur Helps by the Prince Consort, of which he was very fond.

matters connected with the subject. If you had been here, I should have rushed down to Stratton to talk over these matters with you.

I am in health and spirits, no better and no worse than usual.

Yours always affec^{ly}
ARTHUR HELPS.

To E. A. H.

Privy Council Office,
Sept. 16/72.

MY DEAR EDMUND,

Here am I, as usual confined to London and obliged to come every day to town in this season when everybody is far away, to attend to this unblessed Cattle plague which has broken out in the East Riding of Yorkshire. I trust that we shall be able to confine it to that district, but it is impossible to speak with any confidence about the matter.

* * * * *

We are to pay 3 millions and a quarter to the Americans. Doubtless our colonies will subscribe largely—Ceylon especially—and the Ceylon civil servants most especially. If you wish to send your subscription by private hand, you can do so through me—or through Arthur Ricketts.

Forster is obliged to be in town in re cattle plague. When we play at chess together in the study at Kew, his legs are everywhere. If you get up to walk about the room to think what should be your next move, you are sure to tumble over those legs.

N.B.—The more I see of that man, the better I like him.

Do I remember that memorable Sunday? * Do not ask me whether I remember it; but whether I shall ever forget it. What cleverness, what genius, that man of much cleverness and great genius displayed in contriving on a *mail-coach road, in a one-horse chay with an animal abjectly docile,* and *with no obstruction* in the shape of any other vehicle, to get upon the pathway, and twice nearly to upset us. How genius always justifies itself!

I am very wicked to have written this long letter in official hours; but perhaps the world will profit by it, for less mischief will be done. That is, at least what you scurrilous "externs" will be sure to say.

Enter Baily. Then "to him," as the old plays say, Mr. —— Clerk of the Clergy business; then "to him" *S*—— then urgent letter from farmer in East Riding who, poor devil, has advertised his stock for a sale, which cannot now take place without special permission from Privy Council.

I cannot therefore scribble any more.

Always your loving father,

A. H.

* This refers to an allusion of mine, in writing to my father, to a visit we paid to Mr. Lowe, who drove us to the station, and very nearly upset us on the way.

To LORD NORTHBROOK.

Privy Council Office,
October 9, '72.

MY DEAR NORTHBROOK,

I have just received your letter of the 9th ult.

So you would like to hear about political matters. First, though, I must tell you that I believe you are quite right about your own political affairs—less taxation; fewer English laws.

The Government here is strong. The addition of Sir R. Palmer is a very valuable addition. Then, upon the whole, it is felt that they have got through the difficulties of last session very well—indeed more than that—that they got through them marvellously. Still there is a certain weariness of them: you will understand what I mean. Again, there are one or two of the ministers who are profoundly unpopular. You will also easily conjecture who those are.

Cardwell has gained much favour lately: he is greatly respected.

Forster is thought much of (he is really a great man: the more I see of him, the more I admire him), but, with his own people, he is in very serious disfavour. His speech, however, to his constituents was successful. On the contrary, Lowe's speech, though very clever and admirably expressed, has raised up dire enemies to him. I hear that the Lord Chief Justice is much displeased (naturally so) with that speech.

My own private opinion is that the grand difficulty

the Government will have to encounter next session is Dublin University, and anything that is of a similar nature—anything which tends to bring the R. Catholic supporters to the Govt. and their dissenting supporters into distinct conflict. Of course, though, you are as well aware of this danger as I am.

The croakers, and even those who do not croak habitually, are looking forward to the winter with much fear. Everything is dear. The capitalist and the employer of labour is not at ease with those whom he employs, or to whom he advances capital. And generally there is an anxious feeling to be noticed throughout society. I am not, however, afraid; when things are foreseen they are generally averted.

My own private fear is as to the declination generally of government influence, owing to the infinite absurdity of the Treasury. Perhaps you will say, that this is a mere Helpsian fear—the fear of a man who cares too much for, and believes too much in, the power of government to do good. But I could tell you such things tending to prove what I say, if you were in this room, and could give time to listen to a number of small details. Our Treasury is always at war with almost every office; and the degree of interference we have to endure is almost intolerable.

Now, for private affairs: I am hard at work at a new book which I intend to inflict upon the public at no very distant period. It will chiefly consist of conversations relating to the treatment of animals —my favourite subject—and one which I have

determined to work out, to the best of my ability, before I die.

No more time. I have written *currente calamo*, having to go down to Balmoral to-morrow or the next day.

Again, I have to scold you. *I will not write to you any more*, unless you tell me more about yourself. Are you well: are you happy: have you made any new friends: do you sometimes think of me, and wish that we were together at Stratton?

I can hardly tell you, and perhaps you would not believe me if I were to say, how much I miss you.

Do signalize yourself by doing something very clever, and very wise, and then come home again.

Always affec^ly.

ARTHUR HELPS.

This is from a lady, who, like many other women, naturally resented the low intellectual level of the conversations attributed to women, which the author introduced, rightly or wrongly, to lighten discussions, and make them more palatable. Of course they did not represent his real estimate of women's intellect and character.

From MARGARET MYLNE.

33, Ladbroke Square,
Notting Hill, W.,
6 Nov., /72.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

If one who is to you a stranger may address you so familiarly! to express the pleasure she feels and gratitude for your new Work on War

and Culture. Mr. Milverton's ideas have been mine since ever I can remember. With doctors and lawyers of "culture" for my nearest relations and only one uncle, a general in the Engineers, who used after sixty years in the army to thank God aloud that he was always denied the opportunity of shedding the blood of his fellow creatures!—a woman too, naturally cowardly and compassionate, I am aware I have little merit for my vague opinions on your subject. I can only say that I have always had them and always spoken them; hoping I might do *something* like the poor mouse in the fable who nibbled through the mesh which the lion could not rend. It was a great disappointment to me at the time the Germans were arming for a war of defence (not conquest as we then believed and the French for a vain boast) that of all the women who were so ready to care for the wounded in battle *only one* and she not an English, French or German but a Swiss, held up a finger of warning and implored men to avoid the wholesale murder. Very few of the newspapers published her protest. None commented on her courage and good feeling.

I happened to be reading Sismondi's letters at the time. He spoke of the wars of conquest by Napoleon 1st and his words were as much to the purpose as those admirable ones you have quoted of Macchiavelli. He prophesied as a man of culture could do the evil results of conquest for the future, and felt as a man of feeling its immediate effects in death and destruction of humanity. I was so impressed with his words of wisdom that I tried and

failed to get them inserted in a newspaper. All this will make you understand how much I value your testimony against war. *You* are not the mouse but the *lion* in the public eye. Still, little as I am (age has privileges) and I love to cheer you on. Only as the author of "Woman and her Social Position" (a reprint from an old Westminster Review I took the liberty to send you) I must make a criticism—*your* women *are very inferior* to your men, whose wives they are supposed to be! One wonders why they are introduced. They contribute nothing to the conversation—but a few jokes and jokes each at her mate. They do not even enliven their men by their naïve ignorance and curiosity. Excuse the freedom of my comment, and believe me,

Yours with esteem,

MARGARET MYLNE.

To LORD NORTHBROOK.

Privy Council Office,
Nov. 13/72.

MY DEAR NORTHBROOK,

Now, you *have* done it. Your last letter to me is all I could wish. It really tells me a great deal about yourself, and just the sort of things I care to hear.

How we did laugh (for I read out your letter at home) at the interview with the Rajah, which is most graphically and comically described, and brought the whole scene thoroughly before us.

What tickled my fancy most was "If His Excellency only expresses the wish they will be artists

at once—smile, and hint at industry and perseverance."

I saw and heard you saying this.

Those detestable telegrams, which are about the most discomfiting things of one's life, have been saying that you have been ill. I long to know, and so do many others, what is the truth of the matter.

It is idle to talk to you about taking care of yourself. Of course you will do that to a reasonable extent. But you are not a man whom one can thoroughly trust in such matters. If there came a pressing piece of business to be done—or what you supposed to be pressing—and you felt unwell, you would still go on working. I know you would.

If you are to be unwell, and you do not come home, we shall all hate you, and consider you to be a bad friend.

I have not much to tell you. Denman is the new judge. I sat next to him at dinner yesterday. He is thoroughly pleased with his elevation to the Bench. He will do his work well, I think. Hannen is to succeed Penzance. But what is the good of telling you these things. These hateful telegrams will have anticipated me.

Instead, I will tell you a good story. Perhaps you have heard it long ago; but I take the chance. I never heard it till the other day.

You remember Salisbury and Carnarvon and Gen. Peel going out of the Conservative Cabinet, and how it appeared that on one Sunday night they had been making elaborate calculations. Well, Lady Derby said to Lady Salisbury, "And did you assist

at these calculations?" "No, Lady Derby; but I made one calculation. I subtracted 3 from 16, and found that nothing remained."

That is quite Talleyrandish, is it not?

Enter Forster, who enquires about you; but I cannot tell him how you are, not knowing myself.

I am getting on with my book upon animals. I intend, at present, to entitle it "Animals and their Masters;" but titles are things which one never makes up one's mind about till the last. By the time it comes out, you will have mastered some Indian language, and will review the book in some Indian Macmillan or Cornhill. Whereupon 100,000 copies are instantly sold, and A. H.'s fortune is made.

I can't write any more to-day. I seldom see Rajahs here, and therefore my letters cannot be expected to be amusing; I'll bet though that our Harrison * (ill though he has been) has more life and liveliness in him than all your Rajahs put together.

Yours affec^ly,
ARTHUR HELPS.

To JOHN RUSKIN.

Privy Council Office,
Nov. 17th/72.

MY DEAR RUSKIN,

I was delighted to see your handwriting again. It is always a most welcome sight to me.

I did not expect you to care much about, or even approve at all of the main employment of Brassey's

* The Deputy-Clerk of the Council, a very energetic person.

life and time—namely the making of railways. I think with you that his energy would have been better directed if it had been used in the way that you indicate. I knew, however, that you would not fail to appreciate the worth of the man, and to approve, in some measure, of the way in which he did his work.

I was mightily pleased with your letter to the *Pall Mall*. It seemed to me that the right thing had not been said about the matter till then. I had observed the controversy, and had been puzzling over it myself endeavouring to see what was the root of the matter. And then you came and dug it up. I forgive you for having done what I feel I ought to have been able to do.

This, by the way, is a great stretch of forgiveness.

Now to quite another matter.

I am writing, and indeed have almost finished, a work which chiefly relates to the nature and treatment of Animals. I have had especial experience as regards this subject, having been the Chairman of the "Transit of Animals Committee," and being bent upon making the knowledge I have thus gained of some use to the world. Now what I want you to do is to give me a passage from some work of yours, which will go with one which I shall subjoin from Montaigne as a motto for my book. Alice, who is writing this at my dictation, and who, as a dutiful pupil of yours, declares she knows your books very well, cannot supply me with the kind of passage that I want. You must invent one if you cannot recollect one.

Alice desires to be most kindly remembered to you, and I am as ever,

Yours affectionately,

ARTHUR HELPS.

"Nous devrons la justice aux hommes, et la grace et la benignité aux aultres creatures qui en peuvent estre capables: il y a quelque commerce entre elles et nous, et quelque obligation mutuelle. Je ne crains point à dire la tendresse de ma nature, si puerile, que je ne puis pas bien refuser à mon chien la feste qu'il m'offre hors de saison, ou qu'il me demande."

From JOHN RUSKIN.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford,
Nov., 1872.

MY DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

Your letter made me very proud, yesterday, and especially happy in what you tell me of your book on the treatment of animals. It is in every way a subject which it was desirable you should take up, both in your much experience—and because you understand animals more deeply than any one I ever heard or read utterance of—except Scott, and he just the least bit put his dogs on the stage and gave them tragic business which took the bloom off them. Rollo has all his bloom on, always—never touched too insensitively nor made to stand on his hind legs.

And I think that I may have the delight of giving you some little help in what I have said of the horses of Achilles, p. 14 of "Fors Clav." for

September '71, or perhaps pp. 170–171 of "Eagle's Nest" may be more useful. I don't know if you have your "Eagle's Nest" yet—it will come by second post after this, if you have not. There will be a long bit on the myth of Chiron in "Fors" for December—but the horses are best, I think.

So many thanks to Alice for her beautiful writing and my love to her always. How I wish I could see more of you both.

Your old friend,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To JOHN RUSKIN.

Privy Council Office,
December 2nd/72.

MY DEAR RUSKIN,

This is only to ask whether you will be at Oxford during this week. I will tell you why I ask.

I should like you to see, before it is printed off, the proof page of the mottoes to my forthcoming book.

I shall read the new "Fors" to-night; as I do not feel sure, notwithstanding what you say, that there may not be something that may be available for me.

I agree with you in not caring for praise, unless it comes from, or can be offered to those whom we love and who love us. I mean more than the last sentence expresses. Praise, or at least recognition, is a pleasure to one when it gratifies the loving ones. You understand.

Now I do believe there are many people who have

a real affection for you—many that you have never seen or heard of—and, therefore, I think you ought to take more interest in life than sometimes, I fear, you do.

I know, on my own part, that it is a real pleasure to me to meet with people, as I often do, who have a great regard for you, and express themselves gratefully as to what you have taught them and done for them.

Always affectionately,
ARTHUR HELPS.

From PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

Park End, Oxford,
Dec. 16th, 1872.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Many thanks for your book *—it is serene like an autumn sky—soothing, satisfying, delightful. You see I have read it. How the world will take it who can tell? But I feel certain whoever reads it will be the better for it. I belong to those who like to be governed—I never had any ambition—I am ashamed to confess it—to be either driver or stoker of the big engine. I like a comfortable seat in a corner of a second-class carriage—not too much shaking—not too much of shrill whistling—and no upsets. I am very grateful for having now travelled in England for a quarter of a century without having any bones broken. But I must tell you honestly, I do not feel so confident as to the future as you do. I have seen in an English mob dangerous and

* "Thoughts on Government."

ferocious characters, and if they ever break out, were it only for a time, there will be desperate work. Therefore I quite agree with you, and I only wish you had said it more loudly, that the sum total of statesmanship in England at the present moment is the improvement of the lower classes. Irish Church, Purchase, Ballot, House of Lords are nothing compared with that. Education is not what it ought to be in England—from the Universities down to the Ragged Schools—and never will be, if you leave it to private enterprise: education is the first *imperial* duty, and ought never to have been delegated. All that talk about denominational and undenominational schools is mere dust and whirlwind. What is wanted is *efficient* education, and anything must give way to that, even Bible and Prayer Book, if need be, but there is no need for that.

The next thing is a better administration of the Poor Law, and there the Elberfeld system should be tried—not because it is cheap, but because it brings man in contact with man. Stop, stop, I hear you say—keep to Solar Myths and scholarship! Well, I will, and indulge at least in one conjectural emendation—page 204, l. 13.—do not the best MSS. read, "as is also," and was not this intended as an emendation for the less elegant "*and also*."

Yours very truly,

MAX MÜLLER.

When the Duke of Marlborough was Lord President of the Privy Council, A. H. used to call at Oxford on his way to or from Blenheim, and he told

Professor Max Müller that the Duke when in London had a telegram informing him that one of the emus had laid an egg—an event long looked for—and the telegram added, "in the absence of your Grace we have taken the largest goose to hatch it."

From GEORGE GROVE.

Crystal Palace, S.E.,
Jan. 7, '73.

DEAR A. H.

Thanks for your letter. I am very sorry to hear about your neuralgia and loss of eyesight, but what can such things as these signify when one is so good and sweet at heart as you? Cheer up, oh friend, take a little holiday, and don't make a speech during it, and come back refreshed.

The Paper shall go in as it is.* I believe if you told me to stand on my head on your steps in Downing Street I should do it cheerfully. I am not very cheerful though just now, but seedy, and the medicine I prescribe for you I can't take myself.

Yours ever affect^ly,
G. GROVE.

From the same.

Crystal Palace,
Feb. 19/73.

MY DEAR GOOD HELPS,

I won't delay a moment in thanking you for your book.† I am sure it is as good and nice as it is pretty—and to me it comes home specially,

* I cannot find to what this refers.—ED.
† "Animals and their Masters."

grieving as I am for the loss, by horrid thieves, of the finest, dearest dog in the world. I wish I had told you of a little fact which I brought home from the East, and which illustrates one of the good points of Mahometanism and Mahometans. I think you would have mentioned it if I had ever told it you. The wells in Palestine are small in diameter and bored deep down into the rocks,—they are closed by a stopper of stone. All round about the top the rock is cleared away flat, and cavities, about the size of saucers are made in the flat surface. Now it is the duty of every good Mussulman who draws water from the well, to fill these cavities that the birds may get water as well as he. That is a charming religious little custom—isn't it?

Good-bye. Long may you live to write many more nice books and to give me many an opportunity of saying how sincerely I am,

Yours affectionately,

G. GROVE.

From GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

The Priory, North Bank, Regents Park,
Feb., 1873.

MY DEAR HELPS,

So excellent a right had I to your book*—a right grounded on my being one of those who would most sympathize with it—that I had read nearly half of it before the second copy—yours—came to hand. I had been gurgling with suppressed laughter and emphasizing with pencil approbations at almost

* "Animals and their Masters."

every page ; and, having friends to dinner yesterday, had nothing more pressing than to impart several of the "good things" as the conversation suggested them, and after they had all departed to their virtuous, let us hope, beds, I found your letter had arrived. This morning the book itself arrived.

Of course you knew that I should like it, and of course also you knew that I should *not* have written certain parts better (at least of all the pages I have yet read) though confounded modesty makes you say so.

That scientific hypothesis of the genesis of Boys is, to use the reviewers' phraseology, "worth the whole price of the volume." But it is the undercurrent of really serious thought which will give the book its lasting value, however much the lambent play of humour may lighten it.

In the name of all the animals, this animal-lover thanks you !

Ever yours,
G. H. LEWES.

P.S.—Have you seen "Nature" with the letters from Darwin, Wallace, and others respecting hereditary hatred of butchers in a family of mastiffs ? These letters were in the numbers 172 & 3. Perhaps this week's, 174, will contain more.

In the next two letters Lewes as a physiologist criticises certain passages in "Animals and their Masters."

Thursday, Feb., 1873.

MY DEAR HELPS,

As the book undoubtedly will go to a second edition, I will tell you what modification I should like to see in it.

Preserving the spirit of your remarks, you might say that, while recognizing experiment as indispensable to the physiological *inquirer* (vivisection being only one large branch of experiment), the humane and considerate man would never keep out of sight the fact that he was *injuring* and *paining* animals, and therefore would altogether refrain from vivisection when *teaching* physiology to students, unless his teaching were of some contested point and he wanted to *prove* his position. All established or uncontested results of vivisection should be simply stated, not re-performed in presence of students.

Then too the inquirer himself should consider carefully *what* it is his experiment is going to prove, and whether if successful it will do so. This would save a great many reckless, inconsiderate experiments.

Finally, since there are but few experiments which cannot better be performed on an animal rendered insensible by chloroform, ether, or chloral, the inquirer should never dispense with that mode wherever it is practicable.

The object of your remarks should be to lessen the injury to animals by instilling more serious views into the operators.

I remember at one of the Meetings of the Medical Association the Rev. S. Haughton produced a striking oratorical effect—touching on vivisection (all present were alert), he said, "I consider that I have a perfect right to subject my dog to any experiment, however painful, which I am willing for science to *undergo myself*."

In great haste,

Ever yours,

G. H. L.

If you send me a proof of your modification when made, I will annotate it.

Friday, February, 1873.

MY DEAR HELPS,

In my hurry yesterday I forgot to add a note about Descartes confirming your impression that he did not maintain animals to have no feeling. With regard to your difficulty in finding any passage in which his opinion was distinctly expressed, the only one I know is that in his Letters ("Œuvres," vol. vii. p. 393), in which, however, you may observe that he qualifies the denial of feeling by saying "*comme en nous et aucun vrai sentiment.*" Now if you compare this with the passage vol. x. p. 208, you will see that he speaks of *thought*, "non de la vie ou du *sentiment.*" He adds, "je ne leur refuse pas même le sentiment autant qu'il dépend des organes du corps. Ainsi mon opinion n'est pas si cruelle aux animaux."

Ever yours faithfully,

G. H. LEWES.

From JOHN RUSKIN.

Brantwood, Coniston,
22nd Feb., '73.

MY DEAREST HELPS,

I have this moment (¼ to XI.) got your letter, having been reading the book all breakfast time. I think really the brightest—much as that is to say—wittiest—deliciousest—you have yet written (Ellesmere on Lady Ellesmere as a butterfly is exquisite !).

But your letter pleases me still more—in the thought that I can help you in this with all my heart. For I write this note inconveniently enough, on my thick Octavo Heyne's Virgil—the only smooth place I can find on my table, covered as it is with Ovids—Horaces—Lucretiuses—White of Selbourne's—all the editions I need necessary for the different notes, in which I am hunting down all my memoranda for three lectures to be given next month at Oxford on "the Robin," "the Swallow," and "the Crow." And if I don't say something about shooting and bird's-nesting that people won't like—I'll never trust the scolding side of my tongue more.

The bit about Cats is very interesting. I've only got as far as Milverton's—no, I am confusing,—as far as his *practical* thing. Please—all practical things are absurd. Teach children to love and look at animals. All practice will follow.

By the way—I remonstrate against the high

praise given to that passage of Barrow.* I think I can mend it! notch his arrow for him, as Locksley says in "Ivanhoe." Your second place, page 33, is "consistent ideas." Now Barrow's last sentence is inconsistent with his first. But substitute in the first sentence "infirm and infinite quicksand" for "firm and vast continent," and all will gain as much in truth as in harmony.

The *Packing* sheep? is awful. I've got a duck story somewhere to put with it.

All that about the humour of dogs is delicious—they are quite infinitely superior to cats in their intellectual sense of a joke. A cat is stupidly grave, even pursuing her own tail. Mine *will* put hers into the candles at night, and I always catch it out, weakly dreading for her the proper lesson she ought once for all to get if I left it in.

Ever your affectionate,

J. RUSKIN.

* "We have but a very narrow strait of time to pass over, but we shall land on the firm and vast continent of eternity; when we shall be free from all the troublesome agitations, from all the perilous storms, from all the nauseous qualms of this navigation: death (which may be very near, which cannot be far off) is a sure haven from all the tempests of life, a safe refuge from all the persecutions of the world, an infallible medicine of all the diseases of our mind, and of our state: it will enlarge us from all restraints, it will discharge all our debts; it will ease us from all our toils, it will stifle all our cares, it will veil all our disgraces, it will still all our complaints, it will wipe all tears from our eyes, and banish all sorrow from our hearts: it perfectly will level all conditions, setting the high and the low, the rich and poor, the wise and ignorant, all together upon even ground; smothering all the pomps and glories, swallowing all the wealth and treasure of the world."

From LORD NORTHBROOK.

Government House, Calcutta,
March 28/73.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I was thinking I had not heard from you for a long time, and your handwriting was a pleasant sight. Also the book was very welcome, to be kept with best cigars to read on the way up to Simla, where we hope to go next Easter week.

What is the reason why people get angry in argument? Is it because they are very earnest and want to convince their opponents? Or that they are very earnest but don't want to convince them and would like to knock them down or burn them rather? Is it because they are doubtful if they are right and therefore dislike to hear answers to which they can't make a good reply? Is it from the general infirmity of mankind?

Is it an altogether bad thing? when applied for example to a bore, or to a man who can't understand an argument and goes on saying the same thing over and over again?

Is it easier to keep one's temper if one has the power to decide a thing in arguing with a person who has less power or vice versa?

Is perfect calmness in argument a good thing? When should warmth be applied, and what are its limits? What rule is there to regulate the treatment of small and large questions?

A discussion we had the other day raised a quantity of these kind of queries in my mind, and I should have enjoyed half an hour with you on them.

I have refused to have any more income tax here, and have generally been getting rid of taxation and reducing expenditure, because I think this is the wisest policy. Some people don't like this and think it reactionary—cowardly—and what not: improve the country, they say, whether the people like it or not, and make them pay taxes whether they complain or not. These are our Indian Parties.

Why did not the Tories come in? surely Dizzy had a programme,* so had Carnarvon, so had Lord Salisbury, so had Lord Derby—but perhaps not the same programme—was that it?

If it was mere want of formulating (this is an Indian word) a policy, the days of Tadpole and Taper are over.

Perhaps they balloted for a programme, and the secret thoughts horrified the embryo cabinet, as they came out of the hat.

I have been writing nonsense for half an hour, and can spare no more time except to say that we are all well.

Yours very truly,

NORTHBROOK.

From LORD NORTHBROOK.

Government House, Simla,
April 24/73.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I have read your book and it delighted me. I am sure it will answer your purpose, for it

* Disraeli refused to undertake Government. "He had consulted his friends, and they were all of opinion that it would be prejudicial to the public interests for a Conservative Ministry to attempt to conduct business in the present House of Commons."—Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Vol. II., p. 46.

is so full of good things that any one who begins it must read on, and so ought to become interested in the questions you have so at heart, for I know that you have them greatly at heart, and have chosen your way of treating them deliberately and I think wisely.

For example, is it possible for me ever hereafter to boil gold fish slowly by putting them in a glass bowl on a London dinner-table as I have seen them in the dog days? If I were only ornamental enough I am sure I should begin to feel scales growing all over me, for the Glass bowl* existed in Calcutta to perfection. There is an abundance of new and good ideas in the book. One struck me especially—that we are more employed in arranging where power is to be placed than how it should be used.

But I will not go on quoting you to yourself, only why did you translate "j'y suis" *there* I am, at page 22?

You say very truly that it is difficult to express oneself properly in writing. In order that you may see in what way I have succeeded in the task at Calcutta, I send you a "minute" which took me days to write, about Indian Finance. If you ever impose upon yourself dull and disagreeable reading by way of penance, read it; and scrawl criticisms where you think it is not clear, or expressed in a clumsy way. I am not too old to mend, and can neither write nor speak in any degree to my satisfaction.

* In "Animals and their Masters," Milverton, one of the Friends in Council, says—"When I see those wretched creatures (gold fish) moving round and round about in a glass bowl, I don't know how it is, but I always think of the lives of official and ministerial people doing their routine work in a very confined space, under very unpleasant and continuous observation," etc.

Well—we have just come up 1177 miles, and are none the worse. Rattled through the Railway part of the journey at full speed, and came along the rest up our little hill of 6000 and odd gently and easily. My daughter riding 40 miles of the road without fatigue.

Things are going on well with us all as yet. Frank * has been to Nepal and shot a tiger (I suppose even you don't blame him for that)—and a rhinoceros (I am more doubtful about the second beast), and saw the Nepal army, who when they fire are faced about, for fear of the effect of their ramrods upon the reviewing officer and his friends—and otherwise enjoyed himself immensely. When with me he makes himself useful in business. Emma † does her part, not a very easy one, very well, and a native paper in their courteous language says that a benignant Providence had expressly fitted her for giving prizes to Native Schools.

As to politics—for I have not forgotten your injunctions—nothing from

Yours affy.,

NORTHBROOK.

To LORD NORTHBROOK.

Kew,
May 19th, 1873.

The Frenchman, my dear Northbrook, absolutely said, "When he go easy, I *am*." ‡ I put in the "J'y

* Viscount Baring.

† Lord Northbrook's daughter, afterwards Lady Emma Crichton.

‡ An allusion to a story of a Frenchman, who, recounting his experiences in the hunting field, said, "When he go easy I am, but when he jump hard I do not remain."

suis" as being the words which I thought were in his mind; but which he did not translate properly, leaving out the "there." And I could not put it in for him. I felt as you feel the awkwardness; but did not, and do not, see how to remedy it. I am very glad that you like the book, and more so that you think it will do good.

Now to another subject, your Minute, which I received last night with your letter. I must first tell you under what unfavourable circumstances I approached the reading of it. I got up an hour and a half earlier than usual to do so; found, of course, a fire just lit in the study; cleared the maid out of it; and set to my work. I must add that the wind is in the north-east, that I am rather unwell, and very much overworked. You may therefore imagine that I was in a very severe and a very critical frame of mind. Nevertheless, I say that, in my judgment, the Minute is simply excellent:—clear, logical, patient with the adversary, exhaustive and to my mind, absolutely conclusive.

* * * * *

A horrid thought often crosses my mind. It is whether you will come back as agreeable and lovable as you were when you went, and whether I shall like you as much as I used to do. You see you will have been accustomed to almost unbounded sway and boundless flattery. When, in future years, if I live to see them, I take my little objections to whatever you are saying or doing, will you be as tolerant of them as you always used to be in former days? Again, I say I doubt. But I recall what I

said a moment or two ago, for I shall like you just as well, only I shall say to myself, "There is the Governor-General reappearing in him," and I shall go out of the library at Stratton, retire to my own particular den; and persuade Miss Foulkes to come and be dictated to. I shall think to myself, "Well, he has been of great use in India; and of course one cannot expect him to be so pleasant a fellow as he was before. He is as little spoilt as one could expect him to be. Perhaps, too, he had not always his own way in Council, and that and the hot climate may have affected his naturally sweet temper."

Are you very cross with me for these imaginings? Please do not be so, for there is nobody who is more delighted at your success than I am, a success which is being universally acknowledged. Ripon and Forster and all our common friends rejoice in your doings, and they are greatly pleased when I communicate to them anything that you write to me. Let me give you a hint. It would immensely gratify some of them. I know how difficult it is for you to write such letters, because it seems that a letter from a Governor-General must be so significant and so good. But this is an absurd idea. Anything from you would please them much, as showing that you remembered them.

As regards politics, I have only to tell you that the Government are for the moment very strong, notwithstanding some defeats at Bath and elsewhere. Gladstone made a most magnificent speech about Emmanuel Hospital, which literally gained—as great speeches not often do gain—a good majority for the

Government. Then, too, he has spoken very well about the Church of England, in answer to Miall; and, altogether, things look well for the Government; but still at a general election there will be great changes. That I am certain of.

I am, always,
Yours affectionately,
ARTHUR HELPS.

To LORD NORTHBROOK.

Privy Council Office,
August 8/73.

MY DEAR NORTHBROOK,

I am preparing for the Council to-morrow, at which Mr. Gladstone will be sworn in as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe as Home Secretary, and Mr. Bruce* will be declared Lord President of the Council. All these curious events will have been known to you long before you get this letter—in fact, will be quite stale.

What is the good of writing letters to a man so placed? Charles Lamb, as I think I have mentioned before, felt what difficulty there is in writing to a friend who is at a long distance off. What would he have said, or what would he not have said, if to this difficulty were superadded the vexation of feeling that, however interesting your epistolary intelligence may be, it is sure to be anticipated by the operation of that detestable electric fluid?

A lion has something to say to another lion—to propose hunting together or bullying in concert

* Created Lord Aberdare afterwards.

an impertinent young tiger. Lion No. 2 understands bird-language; and when Lion No. 1 comes in panting and lolling his tongue out, his friend says, "Oh, I've heard all about it from that sparrow who was present when you were talking the matter over with your lioness." How disgusted Lion No. 1 would be!

Well, to return to these appointments. One must be very sorry for the additional labour that will be thrown on Mr. Gladstone. As for Mr. Lowe, you who know the work of the Home Office well will be a far better judge than I can be of his chance of success. An official who I suppose is also a sporting man has just come in here and said to me that Lowe will not have been a fortnight at the H.O. before he will have gone or got (I did not make out which) "a mucker." Now what a "mucker" is I have not the faintest notion: you, of course, have: every country gentleman is a bit of a sportsman; but one thing I can say is that if a "mucker" is something unpleasant, I agree with my friend who has just left the room—only that I think this "mucker" will take more time in coming than he imagines.

I am writing this letter in the midst of many interruptions. As you may conjecture, it is rather a severe day at the Council Office.

Well, now I have disposed of Mr. G. and Mr. L.—what shall I say of the other changes? I am very sorry to lose Ripon: we have got on admirably together: there have been no "muckers"; and I shall miss him very much. I am, however, very fortunate in having Bruce for his successor. I have

worked under Bruce before; and have always liked him greatly.

I have now exhausted this official subject; and have nothing more to say, except that I have been working on very hard at my new book that is to be, and that I begin to see the commencement of the end of it.

Good-bye.

Always affecly. yours,
ARTHUR HELPS.

P.S.—I think you would be amused with Ld. Lytton's last novel.

From THE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER.

Schwalbach,
Sept. 4, 1873.

MY DEAR HELPS,

As a correspondent you are an angel, and I a wretch. My hearty and humble thanks for both your notes. I only received the one from Hughenden last evening, for by miscalculation I managed to be letterless for a week. Now the paper tells me you are at Balmoral, so whether I shall find you on Monday at the office as I pass through I know not. Your mention of Disraeli interests me, and I confess myself pleased by your saying he spoke kindly of me, pleased and also somewhat conscience smitten, for he is one of the few men of whom I fear I have hardly ever spoken a good word, not that that matters to him, but I begin to suspect I am wrong, and that my antipathy has arisen from want of knowing him,

and also much from not remembering that he has been trained not merely to look at matters, but to deal with them very differently from myself. It is not easy to sympathize with men on a different plane from yourself.

I am much better and stronger for my tour, and feel as if I had got new strength for the struggle.

I am sorry for the Leaguers. They would have had a sensation of unmitigated joy had they been with me on the ice some days ago. Skipping across a deep and deadly crevasse, I miscalculated the width, and felt my right foot slipping on the further edge—my children thought I was in the crevasse, and the Leaguers would have thought me out of the Cabinet, but I recalled the agility of my youth, and therefore am here now. True the disappointment to beholding Leaguers would have been great, but then pleasure is worth pain in this world.

We have been delightfully hot, but now the weather is cool.

Hoping to find you really better,

I am,

Yours ever aff.

W. E. FORSTER.

From LORD ABERDARE.

Duffryn,
Sept. 11, 1873.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Now that I am President of the Council I have no desire or intention ever to leave this office,

which I believe to be one of the Fortunate Isles, the dream of our old classic friends. Why therefore should I embark in the Æolian, &c. ? What haven of refuge and repose can I find more agreeable than the present ? Besides, I love the solid earth.

Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

I am enjoying my idleness and wish for nothing better, at present. When I compare the lank sides of my present pouches (which Seton * tries to make respectable by the insertion of the daily newspapers), with the bloated bags in which Rutson appeared to have striven against the laws of Nature "to make the lesser contain the greater," I am reminded that

"The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme."

Poor Lowe! He is already in full possession of the honors of the H.O. in its special selection for martyrdom. The Trade Unionists denounce him as "heartless and vindictive" for not commuting a sentence which I had repeatedly refused to meddle with, and worse still, the *D. Telegraph* credits him with the intention of tampering with the Licensing Act, in favor of the publicans, on the faith of some returns moved for by the H.O., which *I* prepared and issued, for the purpose of obtaining and publishing interesting information.

Ever sincerely yours,
ABERDARE.

* Sir Bruce Seton, private secretary.

From MR. DISRAELI.

Blenheim Palace, Woodstock,
Dec. 12, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

I send you back by this post the papers in two packets, marked private. I have read them with interest, and shall watch the course of affairs anent with vigilance.

We have a gay and gorgeous party here, but the frost has stopped all the hunting, and the fog marred the shooting. Yesterday I accompanied the Princess to Oxford, but the atmosphere was not Aryan, and we could neither see, nor be seen. We had an amusing and agreeable luncheon at the Deanery, and I saw Jowett and Max Müller and Ruskin in the flesh, which was something. The first does not look like a man who could devise or destroy a creed; but benignant; the second was all fire, and the third all fantasy.

Yours sincerely,
DISRAELI.

To MR. DISRAELI.

Jan., 1874.

DEAR MR. DISRAELI,

You will be rather frightened at seeing another letter from me in re Cattle Plague; but I think it is one which you may be glad to have, and, perhaps, some day to make use of as it treats of the subject generally.

I want you to know, or rather fully to appreciate,

for you do know, how successful the legislation has hitherto been in this matter. For this purpose I must give you a little history of it. When the first outbreak was announced I was in the fortunate position of knowing a great deal about the matter. A considerable time before the disease appeared in England I had noticed what had been its results in Foreign Countries, and I had employed a gentleman in my office, who is at this moment acting as my amanuensis, to make certain calculations which showed the deadly nature of the disease.

Afterwards, I ascertained sundry Physicians, French and Italian, had carefully investigated the disease, and that the conclusion the best of them had arrived at was, that immediate slaughter of the infected animals and of those who had herded with them was the only remedy yet known.

Mr. Simon, the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, and Simonds, the well-known Veterinary Surgeon, were of the same opinion. I think if I recollect rightly, Dr. Watson was also of their opinion. The outbreak was at the end of the Session. Nothing was done in Parliament about it, and the whole matter was left to the action of the Privy Council. My Lords soon came to the resolve of directing by their Orders immediate slaughter.

Throughout the Country the adverse cry was raised against the Privy Council and the Pole axe. My Lords were obliged to give way to the cry. There is a curious diagram which has been formed of the progress of the Cattle Plague, by means of a series of ascending and descending lines and curves, and

this diagram clearly shows how salutary was the plan of immediate slaughter.

But now comes the thing which will interest you. Lord Northbrook and myself (Lord Northbrook taking far the greatest part) investigated the action of the Privy Council and Parliament as regards the outbreak of Cattle Plague in the last century.

We found this, that it was at first dealt with by Orders in Council; that Parliament then met and gave its most serious attention to the matter; that most elaborate and apparently well-devised Bills were prepared and submitted to Parliament; that they were largely discussed there; but that somehow or other, for reasons which we cannot ascertain from the meagre accounts of Parliamentary proceedings at that period, all these Bills came to grief: and the result was, that Parliament left the whole matter to the wisdom of the King in Council.

Of course numerous Orders were passed; but they were not by any means as good as our present ones, and the disease raged for twelve years in England.

Now the point that I want to show you is, that we in our day managed so much better as regards legislation than our Ancestors. You, political Personages, took the matter into your hands and really laid down those regulations by Act of Parliament which have succeeded in crushing the disease whenever it has disappeared.

I am afraid to sing a Song of Triumph before the battle has been thoroughly won; but I cannot help being struck by the great wisdom which in my judgment has pervaded legislation in this matter; and

I think it some day may be a valuable instance for you to show how judicious the action of Parliament has been in this matter.

It is almost impossible to overrate the importance of it. I dare hardly tell you the number of millions of cattle that a well-known German statistical man has given, as the number of cattle which died of this disease throughout Europe during the last Century. The movement of Armies and the results of Battles were greatly influenced by it. Of course the ordinary Historian makes no mention of it; but you, who have probably thought over the philosophy of history, will at once appreciate the important results to which this disease was a compelling cause.

However, what I was anxious that you should fully appreciate, and why I have written this long letter, which I hope will not be as tiresome as it is long, was to show you that in this case we who are sometimes supposed to be inferior to our Ancestors in prompt and forcible legislation have proved to be their superiors.

Forgive me for troubling you, and believe me to remain,

Very sincerely yours,

A. H.

To E. A. H.

Privy Council Office,
March 9/74.

I have just received your letter of the 11th Feby.

What a political collapse! Was there anything ever like it?

Of course you are sorry at Stone's* being thrown out.

Do you remember Ruskin's reviewing some pictures of Millais—when he said, "It is not a fall, it is a catastrophe, it is as when a man turneth a dish upside down." The same thing might be said of the Liberal Party. They are now considering whether Lord Hartington should lead them. Gladstone has let his house, and is going, as some say, to Syria: but, at any rate, he leaves the leadership. Forster came to dine with us the other day: he was immensely amusing. Here is a story of his canvassing. He goes into one of the grimiest parts of the town. He is surrounded by the colliers, I think. There is a boy amongst them. Forster makes play by talking to the boy about his going to school, etc., etc.

The father is greatly pleased and says, "Now, my lad, you'll always remember that Master Forster talked wi' ee: and you may talk to him again." Whereupon the boy looked up at Forster, and said, "Yow's collar's loose," as it was likely to be, and that was all the conversation.

I am very sorry to part with my old masters: in fact I could not like anybody better than Aberdare and Forster; but the Duke of Richmond and Lord Sandon are very good ones.

Let me tell you a "goak" of mine. Some frantic Whig came into the office and said that "beer

* His son-in-law, W. H. Stone, who lost his seat as Liberal Member for Portsmouth.

had done it all." "No," I said, "vinegar has had as much to do with it as beer." And then Ponsonby capped it by saying—"bitter beer." But there is a great deal of truth in what I said. The needless offence given by the Liberal party has been very great.

I am going to present Willie at Court this week. We are all in a state of fuss on the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. I dread the parties that will be given.

I have nothing new in literature to talk to you about: in fact I hardly ever read anything now but German books. A new field, as it were, is opened to me.

I breakfasted at Grillions last Saturday. There were the usual number of Whig and Tory ministers. At my table were, Lowe, Walpole and Adderley. We had many good stories. Walpole told us one which his father who I think had been present told him. People complained to Pitt of the silence of Sir Wm. Grant, a man of consummate ability, but who never said anything at dinner.

Pitt said he would take him in hand. He accordingly invited a large party to dinner. Grant among the number—Pitt secretly instructed all the rest to be perfectly silent until he himself should speak. The soup went off in solemn silence. Then the fish in solemn silence. Then came the oyster patties. Still silence—upon which Grant leaned forward to Pitt and said, "Anything serious happened, Pitt, any great political news?"

"No," said Pitt, "only this is what we should

come to if everybody behaved as you do at dinner parties."

" Ex luce lucellum "
As all people know ;
But if Lucy can't sell 'em
What then, Mr. Lowe ?

From LORD NORTHBROOK.

Government House, Calcutta,
March 20, '74.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Thank you for your two letters, Jan. 18 and Feb. 11. I have been hard, very hard, at work lately but not altogether out of spirits.

Only think, three letters by last mail. No. 1. recommending supplies of Warburg's fever tincture at 5/– a dose. No. 2. portable hammocks. No. 3. drawings of landing-places on the Ganges as essential to our success !

I am very sincerely obliged to you for having, upon occasions of which I have heard taken my part. I am not very sensitive, but it is really provoking to see public opinion led astray by such very imaginative telegrams as I have constantly read especially in the *Times*. However, I believe thousands of lives have already been saved by what we have done, and that even if some part of our organization should break down (which is quite to be expected) hundreds of thousands of lives will be saved before this sad year ends.

Some of our people are doing wonders, and all doing their best, and though it is a little disheartening to be treated with nothing but cavils and criticism

at home instead of encouragement, I mean from the mass of the press. I believe in the justice of Parliament and the Public and do not fear the ultimate verdict.

Yours affy.

NORTHBROOK.

I was much pleased, by the way, at the manner in which Dizzy noticed me in his speech at Buckingham. I don't know who told him I had "resource," *it rather smacks of A. H.*

This letter is an answer to one informing Arthur Helps that it was intended to bring forward his name as a candidate for the office of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh.

Privy Council Office, Downing Street,
4 May, 1874.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your letter of the 2nd instant.

I feel much honoured by your kind proposal to bring forward my name as a Candidate for the office of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh; but I am obliged to decline that honour.

In the first place I should not like to put myself in competition with either of the two eminent persons you have mentioned as candidates who will be brought forward at the ensuing election—viz. the Duke of Argyll and Lord Derby.

They seem to me to be excellent candidates. The Duke is a most eloquent man. Sometimes,

while listening to him in the House of Lords, I have thought that he is the most eloquent man of our day; and his eloquence is backed by much substance in his speeches.

Lord Derby seems to me about the most sensible and thoughtful man that we have in the rank of Statesmen.

Then there is another very potent reason why my name should not be put forward. These great men, though they may be at the head of offices, have a certain command of their time; whereas with me it is quite otherwise. I am obliged to attend Councils whenever and wherever they are appointed to be; and, if I were elected as your Lord Rector, I might be obliged to attend a Council at Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral on the very day on which it would be requisite that I should perform some duty in Edinburgh as your Lord Rector.

I am sure that, after you have read so far in my letter, you will see that I have good reasons for declining to avail myself of the honour you have done me in wishing to propose me as a Candidate for this high office.

Again thanking you for your courtesy and favourable appreciation,

I have the honour to be,
Dear Sir,
Your very faithful Servant,
ARTHUR HELPS.

JOHN WRIGHT COLLINS, ESQ.,
Edinburgh University.

To LORD NORTHBROOK.

Sept. 28, '74.

MY DEAR NORTHBROOK,

I have just received your letter of the 1st Sept., and I hasten to respond to it.

Your suggestion about our feelings, or what ought to be our feelings, on the death of friends, is a good one; and will be appropriated by your friend, A.H. "Je reprends mon bien par où je le trouve."

Now, for what you say touching religious, or rather theological matters—I quite agree with you. I, as you, was surprised at "the absence of any powerful exposition of liberal views on questions of opinions within the church." And, moreover, I am with you, too, in sympathizing a good deal with Gladstone's arguments. They are fully developed in the *Contemporary Review*. You will see all about them, as they are set forth in every paper, and notably in the *Times* of to-day.

Now, about yourself. This person, who is now writing, has, amongst his many other faults, a little love of teasing and making fun; and so he delights to represent you as coming back with a Nabobian nature; but, in reality (such is the weakness of his friendship) he believes you will come back as little unspoiled and as little Nabobian, as can possibly be hoped for.

One thing, however, he does wish—very selfish of him, but he does wish it—that you should come back with a little of that fiery vigour of yours, in the walking and riding way, quenched. He looks

forward to the time when you will say to him at Stratton: "Now, Helps, I don't mind going out with you; but don't take me too long a walk. You see I have not got any palanquin here."

That will be a great day for me, when I am the athlete, and walk with Western vigour and enterprize as far as the Kitchen garden, encouraging you to accompany me.

You will have had enough of my nonsense for to-day.

I am always,
Yours affecly.,
ARTHUR HELPS.

From LORD NORTHBROOK.

Hazarabagh,
Oct. 15, '74.

MY DEAR HELPS,

Thank you for your letter of the 3rd Sept., and for Merivale's book which came in a lamentable condition, there having been a fire in the train, which forced them to pump on the mails, especially the books. However the inside, for what it is worth, is sound and when bound it will be readable. I am sorry to see you write in bad spirits, I wish that I was in England so that you might pay me a visit at Stratton instead of stopping the dreary months in London looking after cattle plague. Is there any risk of real plague coming to England?

I have not had time to read Tyndall, and I doubt if I shall read him—what good can come of it?

I will give you another specimen of Baboo writing—&c.

Question. Describe a Bheel (one of the wilder Indian tribes).

Answer. A Bheel is a native of India, only much more hairy. He wears on his back a quiver full of archers. When he has shot you he throws your body into a ditch. From this you will know your Bheel.

Quaint, is it not?

I was getting a little knocked up and unfit for work owing to the heat and damp of Calcutta, so I have come down here for 3 weeks' holiday. It is a barbarous looking name but not so barbarous as it looks, meaning according to some "a thousand gardens." I can't say much for the gardens, but the air seems very bracing though as I only arrived yesterday afternoon and am writing in Indian fashion, before breakfast, I can't say much about it yet.

Our famine troubles are over, and we are winding up everything and selling off our surplus rice which after all is not very much, some 70,000 tons, which can't be called an undue margin in dealing with 20 or 30 millions of people.

By God's blessing we have had a most excellent rain, and there is every probability of an excellent harvest, so that the people will not be pinched, as would have been the case had there been even a partial failure this year, which at one time seemed very likely.

Things are fairly quiet in other respects.

Yours affy.,

NORTHBROOK.

Oct. 20, '74.

MY DEAR NORTHBROOK,

I have just received here your letter of the 20th ult.

Touching what you say about delay. I have been writing upon the subject of delay, but not at all in your sense. I have merely endeavoured to show how much there is of it in human affairs, and that we never make enough allowance for it. Your remarks about it would make very good heads for an essay.

The other question you discuss—on the merits of *viva voce* or writing—is a very interesting subject. A judicious combination of the two, is the right thing, if one has time and opportunity for it.

Now I must tell you an anecdote: if you have heard it before never mind. There were two brothers, merchants, I believe. One brother was a sweet-tempered and persuasive man in talk; but put a pen in his hand, and he was the very devil.

The other had a silvery pen, but the roughest of tongues. The two brothers found out their respective merits and demerits; and, as we say in Orders in Council, governed themselves accordingly.

On my way here, I stayed a few hours with the late Lord Advocate, Lord Young. He was immensely amusing. One, out of the dozens of good stories he told me, I will pass on to you.

An American whose business it was to paint wood so as to make it look like marble, thus expressed himself on the merits of his own work. "Waal,

stranger, it's so well done that if you throw it into the water, it will sink."

They are all here in much dismay at the publication of Greville's journal by Reeve, which has just appeared. I have not seen it, but there have been extracts in the papers. My gracious hostess is *horrified*—that is her word. I cannot help praising myself. There will be no papers found after my death—no diaries—containing disagreeable stories about people and telling all that I have seen and heard of strange things. I resolved from the first that there should be an instance of a man who saw and heard much that was deeply interesting, but private, and who could hold his tongue and restrain his pen, for ever. . . .

Lord Cairns is staying here as minister in attendance. He is very agreeable, and has something shrewd to say upon whatever subject is started. We had a great discussion during a drive yesterday with the ladies as to the 7 chief inventions for the benefit of mankind. Printing—the Steam engine—gunpowder—the telegraph—the compass—photography—were accepted. But there was much battle over the 7th; and it is not yet decided. I proposed chloroform, weaving, and paper; and assented to the proposing *the first musical instrument;* but a majority of voices was not to be obtained upon any of these proposals. I wonder what you would have said.

I must conclude now,

Yours affecly.,

A. H.

From A WORKING MAN.

15, Ferndale Road,
Clapham, Surrey, S.E.,
29 October, 1874.

SIR,

I am a working man who have by my own labour raised myself from the position of a shoeblack to one of great responsibility and respectability. Among the stepping-stones by which I rose, I reckon not least your very valuable works.

I yesterday obtained the last of and completed the entire set, and the purpose of my writing you is to ask you whether you would be so kind as to favor me with your autograph to place on the first page of "Friends in Council." If you would do so the feeling that I had writing done by the same hand as penned the books would add fourfold value to them, and I should be extremely grateful to you for your kindness.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
WM. FRED. TARN.

To LORD NORTHBROOK.

Kew,
November 18th, 1874.

MY DEAR NORTHBROOK,

I have received your letter of the 15th October, and am glad to find that I understand exactly what sort of person a Bheel is, and what he does—points upon which I was entirely ignorant before.

I regret to hear that you have been unwell. I much feared that a continuance at Calcutta would not be good for you.

I have a melancholy business on hand to-day, for I am going to attend Mrs. Hooker's funeral. It is not pleasant to me that I shall also have to meet Professor Huxley. You will wonder why, for Huxley is a very agreeable fellow, and a very amiable fellow. But I am furious with him just at present. I shall find it difficult to shake hands with him. He has written a horrid article in the *Fortnightly* about animals being automata. He begins by praising Descartes very much. He supports the arguments of Descartes by various modern experiments. Then he suddenly says—but perhaps these creatures have consciousness, and so let us be good and kind to them. Why then write the article?—since it leads to nothing but a doubt, which may assist cruel men in justifying their cruelty.

But, again, what folly it all is. Where is the man who has watched animals carefully, who can doubt that they have consciousness, and something like reasoning powers. There is a Persian kitten in this house, who is a living disproof of all Huxley's vain theories.

I regret having finished and sent to press my new work on Social Pressure (a publisher's title, not mine), for I am greatly minded to make an attack upon the scientific men of the day. You will exclaim—this is an impudent idea of Helps's. I fancy, however, that I perceive a curious want of logical power and consistency in some of the lucubrations of these

scientific men. Do you know it has made me think that, after all classical education is a very fine thing, as giving a severe training to our logical powers. What say you?

Gladstone's pamphlet * continues to make a great sensation; and he is considerably supported by Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, and other Catholics.

The whole world is becoming theological; and I assure you, my dear Northbrook, that when you come back to England, you will be nowhere in the intellectual world, if you have not read right through, all the writings of all the Fathers of the Church. This, of course, you will immediately commence to do, Viceroys of India having, as we all know, abundant leisure for deep study.

It delights me to hear about the prospects of your harvest, and that, apparently, you have done with that difficulty of famine, as regards which all people now think that you have acted very wisely. You will be made a terrible fuss with when you come home—that is until people find out, which I fear they will, that you have omitted to read through some two or three of the works of the principal Fathers.

I cannot write, or rather dictate, any more. My messenger has just come with the usual quantity of annoyances, which must be attended to.

Yours affectionately,

ARTHUR HELPS.

* "The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance: a Political Expostulation."

The next letter is from George Augustus Sala, who was a well-known journalist and member of the *Daily Telegraph* staff.

68, Thistle Grove,
Brompton, S.W.,
Thursday night, 30 Nov., '74.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR HELPS,

To that admirable Essay in your "Social Pressure" on "Over Publicity," you might add (in your next edition) some pregnant thoughts on "Over Rapidity in Journalistic Production." I was coming out of the *Daily Telegraph* office, last Monday evening, after having accomplished my tale of trials in the shape of a leader upon Something or Somebody (I am happy to forget what, or whom) when I was seized upon by a frenzied sub-editor who told me that a book of the first importance had just "come in,"—that Edward Levy was at Brighton, that there was no Reviewer "on hand," and that the book *must* be noticed that night for the ensuing morning's issue. So I went home and dined (Damocles was dining with a sword labelled "Social Pressure" hanging over him) and I wrote that which you may have seen in the *Telegraph* on Tuesday about your book. They sent relays of devils from the office; and it is a fact that I had to correct the first slip, in print, before I had written the last slip in manuscript. The article is very crude, very imperfect, and in parts may be offensive to you; but I am not ashamed to tell you that I wrote it. I did my best. A spontaneous act of kindness you did me three years ago sank into my heart, and whatever you

write has, to me, a particular interest. I have never spoken to you, and probably never shall, for I am both instinctively and systematically averse from contact with those whose grade in life is not mine; but I never forget kindnesses, and to me you will always be the kindly gentleman who congratulated me upon a victory which was to me the worst of troubles,

And I am,
Dear Sir Arthur Helps,
Always faithfully yours,
G. A. SALA.

To LORD NORTHBROOK.

Privy Council Office,
Dec. 1, 1874.

MY DEAR NORTHBROOK,

I have very little to tell you in the way of news. You will know, long before this letter reaches you, that our Prime Minister has been suffering from the gout, and has really been very unwell.

I never knew any book make so much fuss in London society as the Greville Journals—unless, perhaps, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I see that to succeed in literature, one must injure, insult, and vilify a great many people.

I forget whether I told you the passage that I think the most atrocious. "He goes to Lord Melbourne's; and, after much political discussion, takes his leave; but, as he goes, he sees a valet sweeping away a *bonnet* and a *shawl*——" the words underlined in the original. Now, you know, it

might have been a virtuous bonnet and a chaste shawl, but, whether or not, what a piece of treachery it is to commemorate one's observations in such a case. And this man was supposed to be a particularly fine *gentleman!*

I saw Whitbread the other day: he came about some Sheriff business; and we had some talk about you, not Grevillizing you much. What a singularly agreeable presence the said Whitbread has.

I have been staying for a few days at Hatfield; but did not enjoy my visit as much as I otherwise should, having caught a severe cold in attending Mrs. Hooker's funeral. The more I see of Lord and Lady Salisbury, the more I like them.

Now, I will tell you a good story.

There were two sisters much resembling each other. The one was a young widow; the other the wife of an Indian officer who had lately gone to join his regiment in India.

An unfortunate man at a London dinner party takes the *widow* down to dinner. She remarks that it is very hot. "Not so hot," he replies, "as the place to which your husband has gone."

So far it is a true story; but I want to add to it and to say that he added, "And I suppose that you will join him there."

Enter a clerk with a draft letter about the Treasury claim to a certain foreshore in Guernsey. Oh Lord, how many months have been spent in this correspondence!

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

ARTHUR HELPS.

The reference to Lord Melbourne in the above recalls an interesting letter from Henry Doyle to my father, in which he says, "I remember exactly the story Lady Duff Gordon told me, and it was this—Lord Melbourne had taken a box at the theatre for himself and friends, and the next day some one mentioned that a certain young gentleman of the party was not satisfied with his entertainment, upon which Lord M. said, 'Not pleased! not pleased! d——n the man, didn't he drive through the Haymarket and see the fish shops and the gaslights dancing on the lobster's backs.'"

The next letter, from Mr. Froude, gives a very interesting picture of the state of affairs in South Africa, and of the possibilities of the Colonies.

Sunday, December 6, 1874.
Bloemfontein, Orange Free State.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I have now driven eleven hundred miles through these Colonies—the result of my observations remain in Journals—or are sent home in letters which I was bound to write, but I promised you a word or two from time to time. Shall I write now and tell you that I am disenchanted with Colonies?—I well may, for what will you say when I tell you that I have been through a country twice as big as France—of a fertility which exceeded my imagination—where you have but to sow seeds to see them grow like the Indian juggler's Passion flower. Yet the people won't sow the seeds, they won't break the soil. The diamonds and gold have made them mad. On watered farms, the finest in

the world as nature made them, *they import milk condensed from Switzerland.* Their forests have been long cleared away—before the English came here. Over millions of acres there is not so much as a loose stone to stop the plough, yet the cost of common articles of food is four times what it is in England. A cabbage sold at the Diamond Fields for 18 shillings. A Cauliflower sold for seven and sixpence. Butter is seven shillings a pound and all else in proportion. It is not that money is so abundant, but they go without the common necessaries of life—you sleep on a straw mattress and pay as much for your bed as you would pay at the Grosvenor. The floor of your bedroom is made of sand and cow dung. You retire after breakfast to a packing case with a round hole in it in an outhouse. Oh it is a wonderful country! In Natal which you will have heard of in connection with Langalibalele there are a few sugar plantations close to the coast. I drove through the whole State after leaving the coast and I did not see one stroke of work being done by any human being, except wagon driving, into which all their industry has drifted. The wood trade from the interior has created a vast demand for carriage. Natal holds one of the two ports by which the Dutch States find their way to the sea, and raises two-thirds of its income by taxing *their* exports and imports. . . .

The Surveyor-General of Natal told me that the Colony produced every year in wild grass which they burn off, the equivalent of the food of 12 million human beings. If cultivated it would produce five times as much, and they produce nothing

but a little sugar. My friend, Judge P., for an experiment, bought and enclosed only *five years* ago, 45 acres of common land near Maritzburg. He ploughed it and sowed it with seeds. I went to look at it. The outer circuit is a belt of twenty kinds of Pines, Firs, Cypresses, Australian Gum Trees, Acacias, Oaks and Araucarias, now shot up as huge as in England they would grow in 60 years. Within this belt you are in the garden of Alcinous—Oranges, Lemons, Citrons, Limes, Loquats, Pears, Apples, Pomegranates are bearing in the wildest profusion. Three acres of coffee trees had a hundred pounds' worth of berries on them. Then there are every kind of flowering tree and shrub, then rose gardens of all varieties. Beyond again are Pine apples, Strawberries, Peaches, Apricots, Almonds, Plums, &c., Then kitchen garden—English and tropical vegetables growing as richly as things grow in market gardens outside London. All this cost P. a mere nominal price, and the place returns a handsome income to the man who keeps it and sells the produce. Point to this when you speak to a Natal Colonist, whose acres are barren as his hand, and who spends his time spouting his grievances as a member of the Legislative Council, and he will say, " Is not this exactly what I told you ? all this can be done for each of us and done so easily, yet the damned British Government leave us to starve in sight of plenty."

Curiously enough, you find the exact opposite of all this in the abused Boers. These poor Dutchmen have been belated in the Progress of mankind.

They are what their ancestors were and what our ancestors were 150 years ago. They built Cape Town so well that the houses have stood 100 years without repair. They planted vast avenues of oak and fir trees, which are a wonder as we look at them. In the country the Dutch alone are now cultivating the soil, but they won't cultivate to sell and make money. They don't care for money. Three generations of them live together on the same estate. Each son, as he marries adds a new enclosure. They live in rude and plain abundance. The big family Bible stands on the Hall table—with the Register of six generations. The women wake you at six in the morning with singing a Psalm to begin the day with. They have a serious and earnest grace before and after meals, without affectation or pretence. The lads look as if they might have sat to Teniers —the girls as if they had stepped down in the high gown and stiff caps out of the canvas of Van Eyck. . . .

The delightful features of this country are the roads and the vehicles which take you along. The roads are tracks made by waggons. When the ground is hard you go over a floor like a pavement littered with cannon balls, or jagged with teeth of rock which project a foot or so above the surface. They don't remove these ornaments. In the day you can avoid them. At night, when you are swept along sometimes by 10 horses 10 miles an hour, your movements are like those of the pith balls which we used to make dance on a plate of glass by electricity—you fly from your seat to the roof, from the roof you

fall back to your seat, till you partially lose consciousness, and find yourself then at the end of your stage. Convict parties of blacks are detached to mind these roads, but I usually saw them asleep in the shade of a rock, while the white officer was drinking at the nearest store. The country is intersected by big rivers and what are called Kloofs—chasms varying from ten to forty feet deep which the winter streams have cut up in the soft ground. You descend the sides of these latter places with more ease than you can desire. In fair weather your horses or mules have a chance, if thrashed till they are wild, of dragging you up on the other side. If the mud is deep you wait till an ox-waggon comes by, and, wanting to pass and unable to do so while you are in the way, lends you its team of heavy beasts who land you on the opposite brim. The rivers are a still more marvellous story. I came in a cart to the bank of the Mud River 3 days ago, so called from its qualities. It was in flood. There are no bridges in this country. We waited till morning, and as the river had scarcely begun to fall, we were told that we must cross anyhow. You never remonstrate in S. Africa, you submit to destiny as good Colonists should. The river was 200 yards across—our six horses were taken out and driven into the water. Their stable being the other side, they got over, the water running over their backs. Then six big oxen were sent across for us, led by two naked Kaffirs. The water was up to the Kaffirs' armpits. In the holes they rolled under and were dragged up again by the cords which

attached them to their beasts. They too reached us. We were inspanned, as it is called—Our bags and clothes were laid on the top of the seat and tied there so as not to be washed off. We laid ourselves on the top too, as high from the water as we could lift ourselves. We were then pushed down a mud bank not quite as steep as the wall of a house but nearly, and we were carried over somehow—the water washing pleasantly on the board where our feet ought to have been.

Niggers are a curious phenomenon in this country. There is a different law for them in every State, English or Dutch. In Natal they have tribal lands which they cannot part with. They squat freely on the Government lands. They have as many wives as they please, paying only £5 a-piece for them to the English Government. The wives are their slaves. They do no work thenceforward, and hunt, sleep, and steal cattle while the wives grow their corn and milk the cows. There are 17,000 whites in Natal and 400,000 of these natives who have got guns besides their own old weapons. The Zulu King Cetawayo lives on one side of Natal, with 40,000 warriors. Another chief with as many lives on the other. The British Government in its ingenuity forbids the Natal people to apprentice the Kafir children and so educate them into Industry. As a counterpoise it makes the Natal Governor Supreme chief. He is ordered to govern by Kafir law, and one feature of Kafir law is that if the inferior chief offends his supreme Chief the whole tribe is guilty, and may be eaten up, *i.e.* totally destroyed. The

Natal people have for some years been growing frightened at the disparity of numbers between themselves and the blacks, and exasperated besides at the determination of the blacks not to work for them. Langalibalele gave them the chance which they were looking for. . . . The Kafirs it is supposed have received a lesson and will behave better for the next few years. Langalibalele is himself in prison at Robben Island at the mouth of Table Bay, and let England say and do what it will, the Cape people declare they will not allow him to be taken out.

Yours warmly,
J. A. FROUDE.

From PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

Park End, Oxford,
6 Dec., '74.

MY DEAR HELPS,

As we cannot see much of each other or talk to one another, I suppose we shall all be driven in the end to write books for each other. You fulfil your part nobly, for a book from you is like a visit—I say *like*, for after all I prefer real presence, while poor me, no one cares for what I am writing except some black fellows in India. One of them congratulated me the other day in a letter on having finished my edition of the "Veda" as a "brazen monument of eternal glory." Well roared!

Kindest messages from my wife who is quite proud of her Bibliotheca Helpsiana.

Yours very truly,
MAX MÜLLER.

From G. H. LEWES.

The Priory,
21, North Bank, Regent's Park,
Wednesday, Jan. 1875.

MY DEAR HELPS,

I have been solacing myself the last four nights with the conversations of your Friends in Council * which remind me so vividly of the many delightful conversations at Vernon Hill—only more delightful than those of the Milverton group because I sometimes had the satisfaction of hearing the sound of my own voice! What a characteristic—and delicious—touch, for instance, is that at p. 148, where Ellesmere remarks that "Milverton says very good when I answer his secretary's objection. He did not say so when I answered his own." But the book is full of good things.

Query: wasn't the unknown sayer of that saying at p. 84 Goethe? † I have a dim sense that he was. But I am quite certain that Carlyle is not the author of the Valet de Chambre appreciation of the hero. He got it from Goethe who got it from Hegel (it occurs in the *Philos. der Geschichte*); correct this in your next edition and also modify that passage at p. 392 about the rapidity of nerve transmission. You must have read a very inaccurate account of the experiments, for the impressions do not travel much quicker in one man than in another—there

* "The Social Pressure."

† From "*Essay on Intrusiveness*"—"When a man has once done anything well, the world will take care that he shall not do anything more of the same kind."

are individual variations, but these all lie within very narrow limits, 29 to 33 metres in a second. (You see I can't move from my last, like a virtuous cobbler!)

I could go on scribbling for some pages, but the cloth is being laid for lunch, and you are spared further remarks.

Ever yours affectionately,

G. H. LEWES.

From THE REV. A. K. H. BOYD.

7, Abbotsford Crescent,
St. Andrews, Fife,
Wednesday Ev., Jan. 13, 1875.

MY DEAR HELPS,

It always does me good to hear from you or even to write to you, and as I am very tired and stupid to-night I need any good I can get.

I have read "Social Pressure," with great delight. There is the peculiar charm about it, the causes of which it would take time to set out, which makes me feel more interest in what you write than in the writings of any other English prose writer. And I see, knowing all your works and remembering them better (I dare say) than you do, that you are mainly possessed by the same cares and thought as long ago. Your burden will not grow light, though it should be "only the sorrow of others." This evening I was reading in "Social Pressure" and took out of it a text for my sermon next Sunday: "No human being ought to be disheartened." That shall be my topic: I shall find a text or motto for it somewhere in

Scripture. But after reading in S. P. I turned to my old and dear Vol., "the Companions of my Solitude:" and felt that no new book, not even by you, can rival or at any rate eclipse an old friend. I got it in 1852, when I was a young and hopeful fool, in the novelty of a parish and a house of my own; and I read it several times over in those solitary days. To-night, it was just as good as ever. And though I have read it through about 20 times, and repeatedly of late years, it brings back always the time when I read it first.

When I first met you, in 1860, in John Parker's* house, Kingsley was much there. I fear from what I read in the papers that he is nearing his journey's end. It is very sad: only 55, and he had reached at last a place in the Church which he told me was "all he ever wished and more than he ever hoped."

Of course you have read J. S. Mill's "Essays on Religion." The last impressed and touched me greatly.

The *Sat. Review* cut up severely the little Vol. I sent you lately. The candid reviewer had plainly not even turned over the leaves of the book. But "habit and repute" is an offence in Scotch Law, and I do not complain. One sometimes wonders what like the human beings are who lay themselves out to vex their fellow-creatures.

Believe me, ever with warm regard,

Yours very cordially,

A. K. H. Boyd.

* The house of J. W. Parker & Son, publishers, which was in the Strand.

APPENDIX

ARTHUR HELPS *to* T. CARLYLE, CHELSEA.

46, Chester Sq.,
September 11, 1844.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

Thanks for your kind note and your project of coming to see me at Vernon Hill. But there is no more Vernon Hill for me for some time.

I have been very unwell lately, and have been under Sir James Clark's care who orders me to go abroad forthwith: and I shall probably start on Wednesday next. I shall make for the Rhine and keep paddling about there. Railroad travelling always does me harm; but going about in those Rhine steamboats, getting plenty of air with the least possible fatigue, will be just the thing for me.

I do not see why some day you should not go over to Vernon Hill for a ride—make them give you a luncheon—(the governess and the children remain there) and you would get back comfortably in a day.

If you were to do such a thing, write and tell me how the children look. I mean, please God, to come back well and strong; but if I were not, it would be a very good-natured thing in you to redeem my promise for me and give the world a 2nd Volume of "The Conquerors, etc."

I see more than one critic detects the resemblance in our modes of writing (what will they say next?), and one of them bitterly regrets that I should have so completely adopted your style of writing and thought. This, however, being so, if you were to write the 2nd Volume, there would be a unity about the whole work, only the 2nd Vol., as being the real and original thing, would be far better than the first, as it always ought to be.

I am beginning to learn German. Sir James Clark has for the present prohibited all work in the sternest manner; but I am sure he will allow a little grammar and dictionary business which cannot be very exciting, and yet occupies the mind with something.

The dark Chorley* has been very good to me since I have been ill here.

Well, good-bye; remember me kindly to Mrs. Carlyle

And believe me,
Always yours,
ARTHUR HELPS.

ARTHUR HELPS *to* T. CARLYLE, CHELSEA.

Vernon Hill, Bishop's Waltham, Hants,
September 18, 1849.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

How are you? and how has your Irish journey agreed with you?

I do not know whether this will find you at home,

* One of the brothers Chorley, literary and musical critics, distinguished by the colour of their hair.

or still in Patland. I have not been long returned myself, and have not profited much in health from my journey. But it is well to have any scrap of life in one these times. Well, there is one comfort of living in the country: one shall be decently buried at any rate; indeed one may say, one is buried already, and with some appearance of decency.

What a perfect example of the want of administrative power these sanitary proceedings * have shown! I suppose we shall be a little wiser for the future. For a long time Wisdom has mostly been the child of Fear instead of Foresight.

I have nothing to say to you; in truth, as I get older, I have less and less to say to anybody; but I stretch out my hand (with a penny stamp in it) and say, "How do you do? I am not worse than usual; I hope you are the same."

Ever yours sincerely,

A. H.

Please give my kind regards to your wife.

ARTHUR HELPS *to* T. CARLYLE, CHELSEA.

Vernon Hill,
June 3, 1855.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

Your letter, received this morning, is very welcome to me, and helps to cheer me in my toilsome journey.

Often I am somewhat dispirited, and think (when I have time to think) that I might have given all

* Proceedings in connection with the outbreak of cholera in London.

this labour to other things with more effect. You know what interest I take in sanitary matters, and how I long sometimes to set to work at London, and see whether that huge creature could not be made a shade less ugly and pestilential.

I know, without talking vainly, that I have several of the qualities for doing something in that way. I am by nature (you won't esteem me the worse of that) a regular stump-orator; and by character, as in countenance, somewhat of a bulldog—melancholy, obstinate (you may cut off my tail bit by bit, and I don't let go my hold with my mouth). Well, the bulldog nature is a famous one for getting anything done, either in office, or in that den of other wild beasts, the H. of Commons.

So that I sometimes look back with regret at these years I have given to this book; * but I hope at last to make it something which other people at least may deduce some wisdom from. I don't suppose, for instance, that *you* will take my views on American history; but I want to give you something which should enable you to form your own views on a wider basis than can be obtained from isolated accounts of mere conquests. Enough of this!

I think, if you do not recalcitrate, I shall have another portion sent to you, when it is ready. It is easier for you to read it in this way; and then I shall have your remarks in the margin. All that you have made are good and serviceable. I doubt, though, whether you observed that the brother of the Queen of Scotland was an old man. Perhaps that may get

* "The Spanish Conquest in America."

us out of the difficulty. Craik has been considering it; also James Doyle, the brother of Dick, who is a very intelligent fellow and a sound historian. Amongst us, we shall be able to make out the thing rightly, before the book comes to a second edition, if it ever does so.

By the way, is there anybody whom you would like me to send a presentation copy to (I am now making up my list), some poor man, for instance, who would care about the subject, but could not afford to buy the book—one of those men to whom all books properly belong?

I wish you were here.

Always yours,
A. H.

ARTHUR HELPS *to* T. CARLYLE, CHELSEA.

Council Office,
March 9, 1870.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

You have relieved me from my "tremmock"; and, for the last few weeks, I have experienced several little shakes, which reminded me of my great "tremmock," when sending you the book,* for I greatly value your good opinion, and am always afraid lest I should not have it as regards anything I do.

It is evident to me that you rather like the book, though you think the author a queer fellow—an opinion which I had some dim notion before now, that you entertained.

* "Casimir Maremma."

An infliction will come upon you in the course of the next three months. It is now your turn to have a "tremmock." I meditate dedicating to you my "Life of Cortes," in a long epistle, which will give me an opportunity of saying some things which I want to say—especially to declare that this book is not a mere warmed-up portion of the Spanish Conquest.

I wish you would not talk about "a head growing gray." In the first place I deny the fact: there is not enough hair left for anybody to say what colour it is. In the next, it would seem to insinuate that I am growing old, whereas I never felt so young as I do now. My troubles and my sorrows seem to have educed from me some latent juvenility to bear them.

The next thing will be, that *you* will be pretending to be growing older, whereas I declare that I never found you more alive and more jovially—shall we say tempestuously vigorous than when I last met you at dinner at our dear friend, Froude's.

I am ever,

Yours, with much affection and gratitude,

ARTHUR HELPS.

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